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PUNCH

Vol. CXXXIV.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1908.

punch

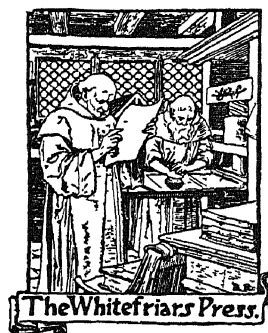


Vol 134.

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1908



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Punch's Almanack for 1908.



CALENDAR FOR 1908.

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MR. PUNCH'S PROBLEMS.

I.—If CAPTAIN LACKLAND SEIZES THIS OPPORTUNITY OF PROPOSING TO MISS GOLDBAGS, WHAT EXPLANATION WILL HE GIVE TO THE HEAD KEEPER AFTER THE DRIVE?

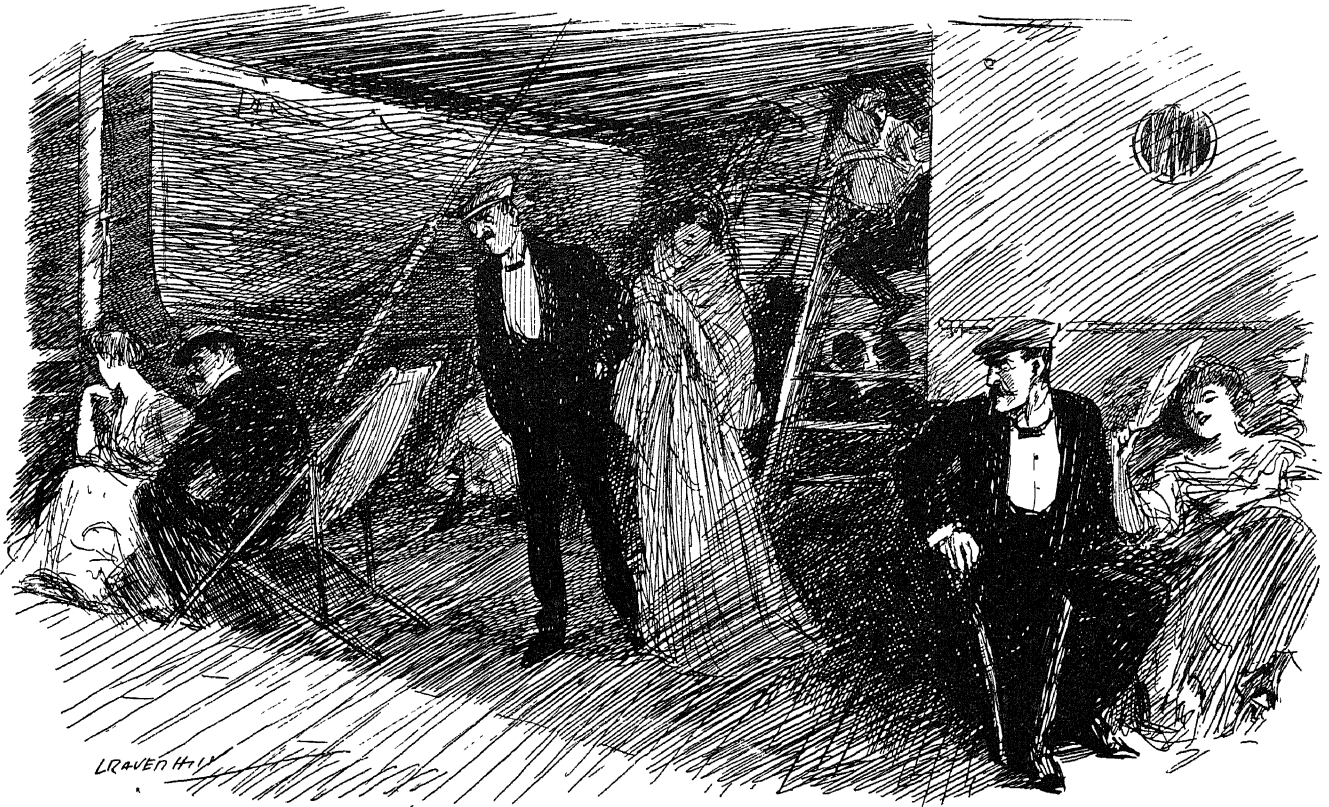


II.—Will MR. B. RESCUE MRS B BEFORE OR AFTER HE LANDS HIS FIRST SALMON?



MR. PUNCH'S PROBLEMS.

III.—Is "YOUR BEATER, I THINK?" THE CORRECT THING TO SAY IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES?



IV.—Is IT BETTER TO BE FIRST AND GET THE ODD CORNERS AND BE DISTURBED BY THE OTHERS, OR TO BE LAST AND FIND ALL THE BEST PLACES TAKEN?



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

Visitor (whose hand has been forced). "AND WHEN IS YOUR BIRTHDAY, TOMMY?"

Tommy (who has been parentally warned never to fish for birthday presents) "OH, IT'S GONE BY A LONG TIME—A YEAR NEXT SATURDAY."



Old Nurse (to young lady who is going to New Zealand). "SO YOU'RE GOING AWAY TO ONE OF THEY COUNTRIES, MISS MARY, WHERE THEY HAVE DAY WHEN WE HAVE NIGHT, AND NIGHT WHEN WE HAVE DAY?"

Miss Mary. "YES, NURSE."

Old Nurse. "EH, IT WILL TAKE YE SOME TIME TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE CHANGE!"



NOW THAT MOTORS ARE SWEEPING THE CHILDREN OFF THE ROADS, THE RAILWAY TRACKS REMAIN THEIR ONLY AVAILABLE PLAYGROUND. AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH A TRAIN.



Real Burglar (to guest, who has been told "not to mind any noise he may hear in the night, as it will only be the boys playing a practical joke"). "NAH THEN, WHERE'S YER MONEY?"

Guest. "Now, look here, young sir. YOU THINK YOURSELF VERY FUNNY, DON'T YOU? BUT I SHALL CERTAINLY TELL YOUR FATHER IN THE MORNING!"

TO A FORTUNATE BABE,

TO WHOM, HOWEVER, ONE GREAT GIFT HAS BEEN DENIED.

INFANT, whose orbs—the blue of bluest china—
Scan with a like dispassionate regard
Your toys, your Christmas-tree, your dolly *Dinah*,
And me, the motley bard;

Little you dream (nor could it be expected
Of one so innocent, so freshly green)
How near—had history's course a shade deflected—
Our kinship might have been.

Twenty-five years ago, when I was younger,
And wore a figure less maturely blown,
I loved your Granny with a wasting hunger
That gnawed me to the bone.

She was a girl of more than common merit;
When I would jest she smiled from ear to ear;
Also she promised shortly to inherit
£5,000 a year.

Judging from well-directed sighs and glances
(Mute testimonials), I deemed that she
Deftly reciprocated my advances;
But—it was not to be!

Her captious father clumsily collided
With our arrangements, castled high in air;
Without consulting me, the brute decided
That I must woo elsewhere.

I thought to drown myself, but Heaven stayed me,
No river being handy but the Cam;
Therefore instead I took an oath that made me
The celibate I am.

My lady did the like, but hers was broken;
She wed Another One—I can't think how;
And you are here to-day, a living token
Of Granny's fractured vow.

Infant, I blame you not at all, nor grudge it,
Though fair the gale that on your future blows,
Promising health and beauty and a budget
Rosy as your own toes.

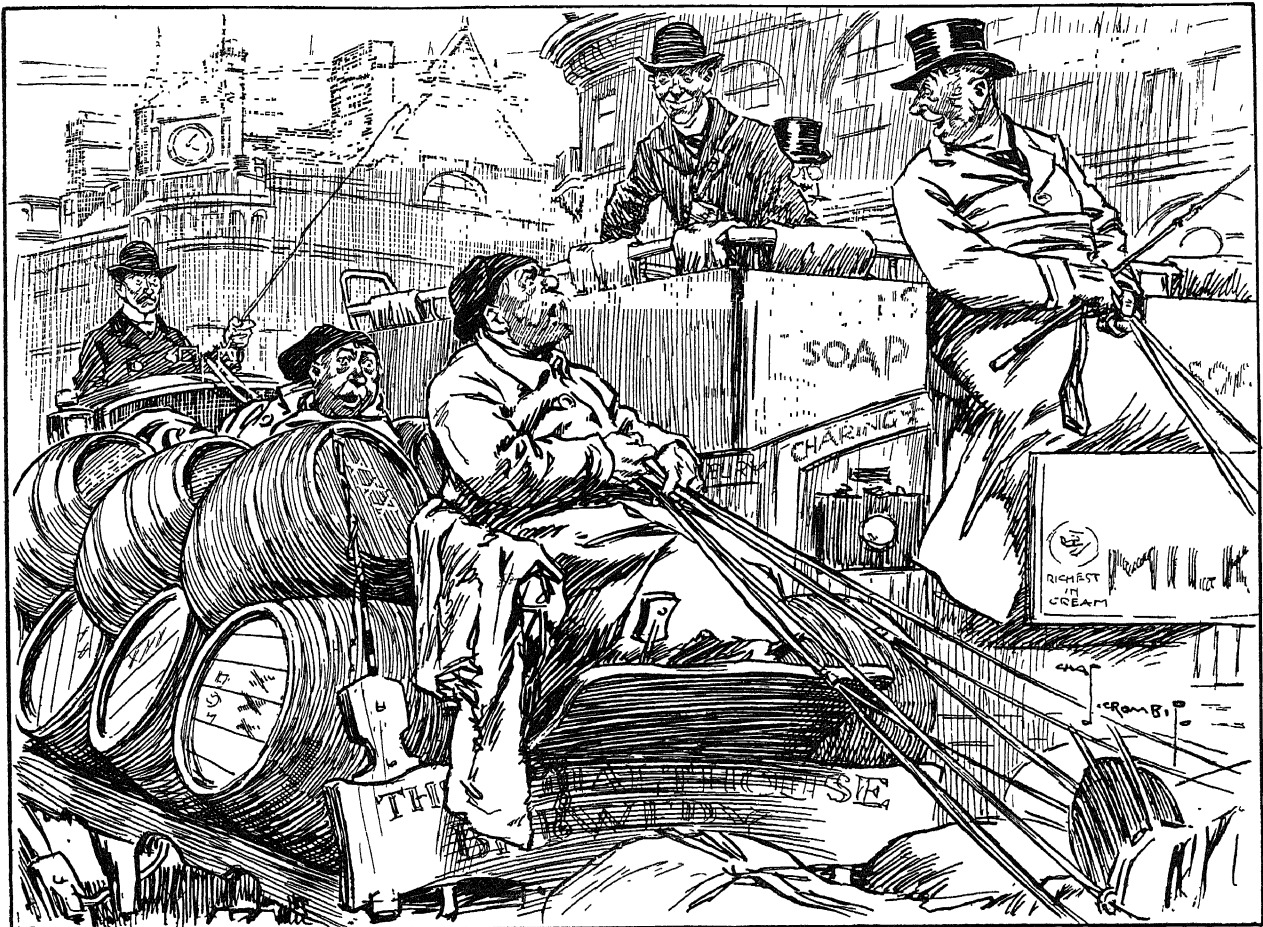
And yet, whatever favour Fortune's hand adds,
One grace you lack that must be missing still:
You might have counted me among your Grandads—
And now you never will!

O. S.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



Conductor (leaning over side to watch passenger alight, stamps foot vigorously for driver to go on. No notice being taken, stamps again, and again. Finally shouts). "AVE YER GORN TO SLEEP, BILL, OR WHAT?" *Irate Old Gentleman (apparently in great pain).* "THAT WAS MY FOOT YOU WERE STAMPING ON!" Conductor "Oh, was it? I THOUGHT IT FUNNY BILL COULDN'T 'EAR!"

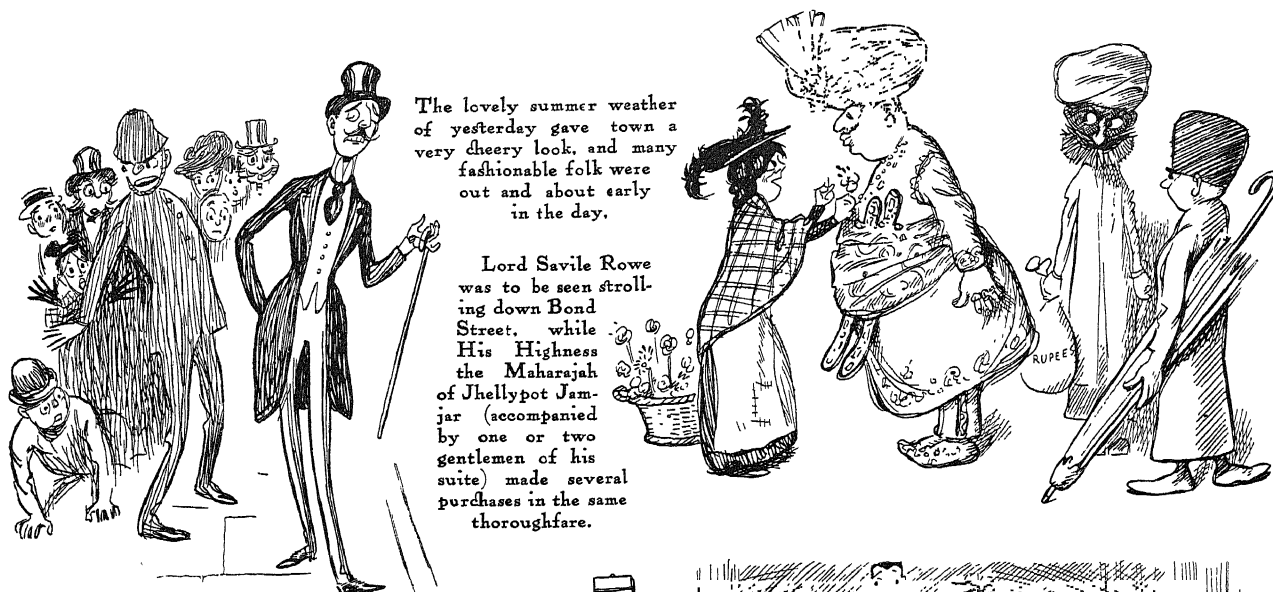


Rear Drayman (to driver of dray) "GO ON—TALK TO 'IM, MATE!" Bussy (in exaggerated astonishment). "STREWE, 'ENERY, I NEVER SEE SUCH A THING BEFORE! THEY'RE BOTH OF 'EM AWAKE!"

Punch's Almanack for 1908.

A DAY IN TOWN.

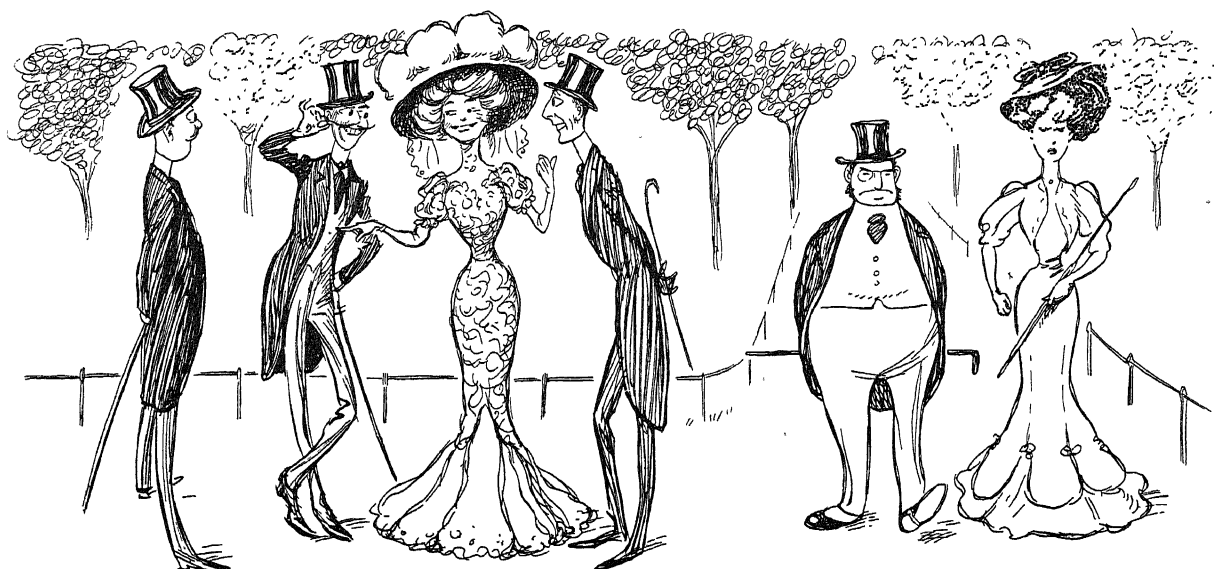
Pictured by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) from descriptions in the Society Journals.



The lovely summer weather of yesterday gave town a very cheery look, and many fashionable folk were out and about early in the day.

Lord Savile Rowe was to be seen strolling down Bond Street, while His Highness the Maharajah of Jhellypot Jamjar (accompanied by one or two gentlemen of his suite) made several purchases in the same thoroughfare.

At the luncheon hour all the smart restaurants were filled to overflowing.



During the afternoon the sunshine brought many well-known people to the Park. Among them was to be seen Mrs Spicer (in a wonderful confection from Paris), who was holding an animated conversation with several friends-while Lady Gwendolyn Jobkins was walking with her husband.

A DAY IN TOWN.

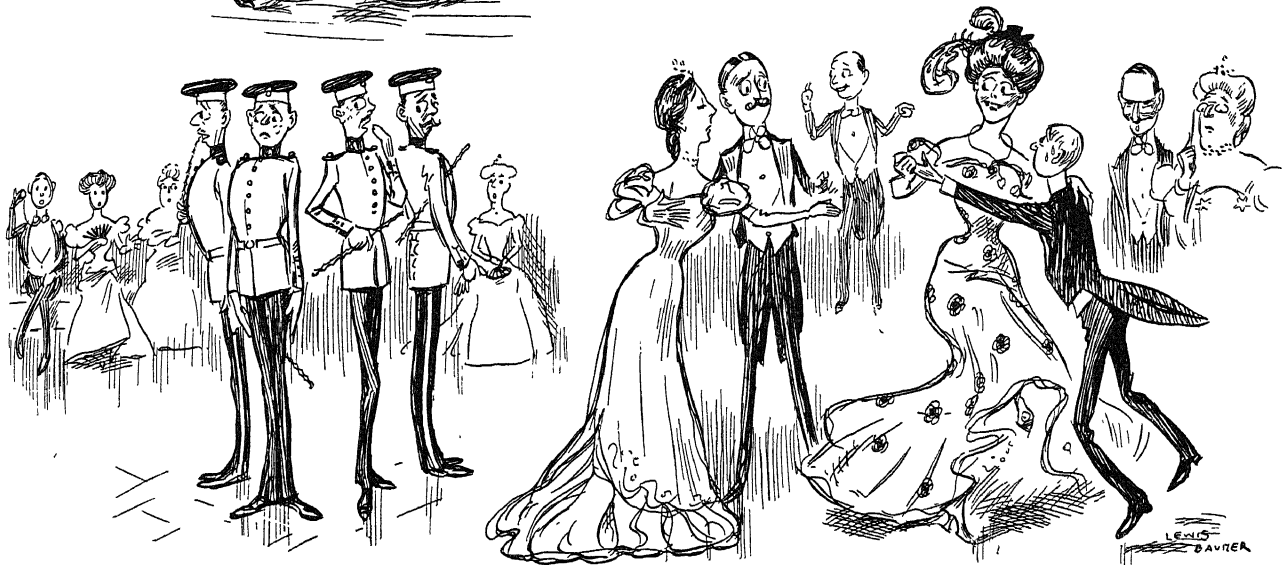
Pictured by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) from descriptions in the Society Journals



During the afternoon, also, Society flocked to the bazaar in the grounds of Fleecingham House, where the great attraction was the magnificent display of "lingerie" by the Countess of Frillaby.



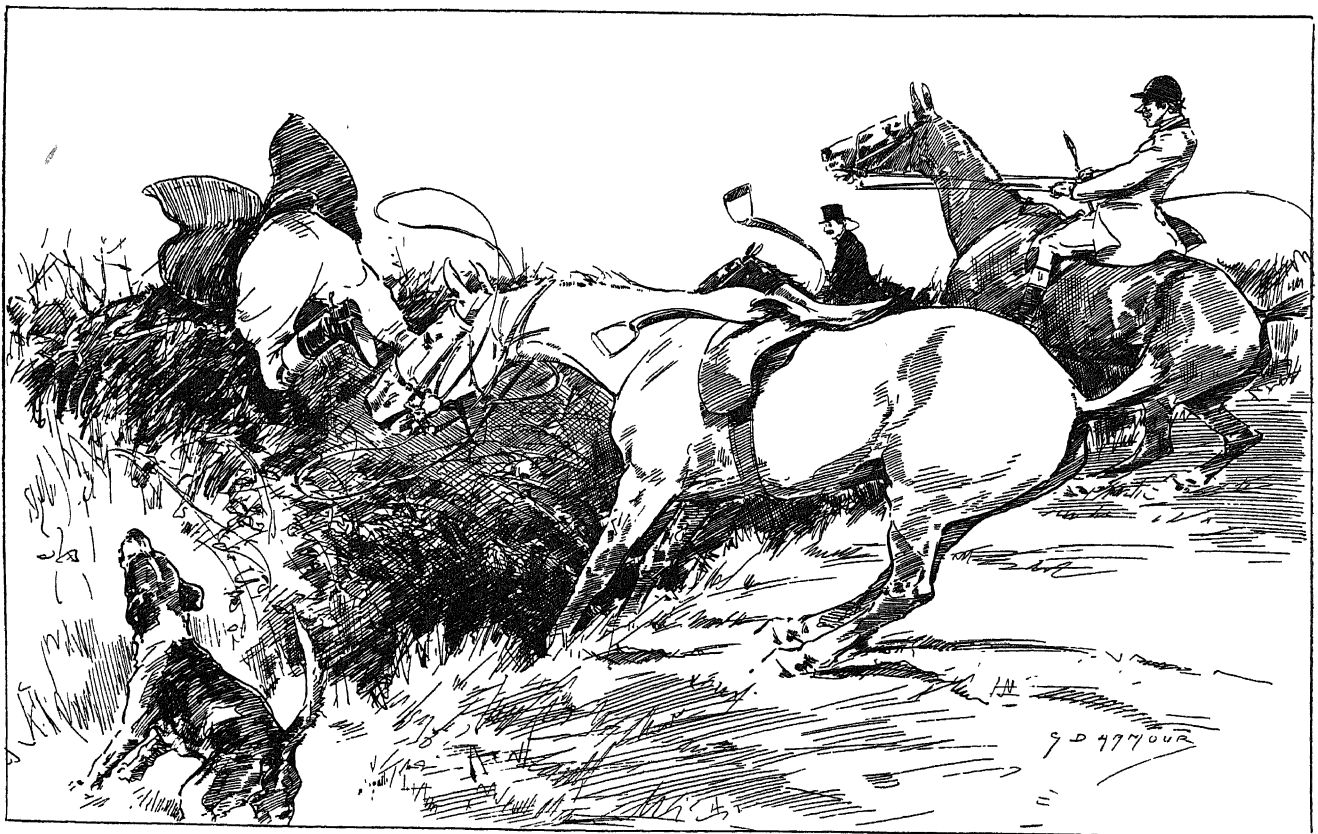
Many important functions took place last night. Everybody in town seemed to be at the Duchess of Crushington's reception. Her Grace, who was blazing with the famous Crushington diamonds, welcomed her guests at the head of the grand staircase. Lady Catcham-Young, who had given a "boy and girl" dinner for the occasion, brought on her guests in a body. Later on there was dancing in the sumptuous ball-room.



Towards midnight a number of guardsmen appeared on the scene, while Mrs. "Hoppy" Skipton, who came on from the Opera, was a conspicuous figure.



"IN THE ADVERSITY OF OUR FRIENDS WE OFTEN FIND SOMETHING WHICH DOES NOT DISPLEASE US."



"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."



"MOUNTAINS MAY BE REMOVED BY EARTHQUAKES"



AWKWARD SITUATION OF YOUNG LUMPKINS, WHO, HAVING INADVERTENTLY SHOT A FOX, HAD CAREFULLY HIDDEN IT. UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, HIS RETRIEVER HAD NO SUCH FALSE MODESTY.



Colonel (home after long absence abroad, to his sister and hostess) "WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'VE GOT OVER THERE? IS IT A MINOR POET, OR A PIANO PRODIGY, OR WHAT?"
 Hostess. "THAT? OH, THAT'S ONE OF OUR SMARTEST YOUNG BLOODS"
 Colonel "THEN, WHY DON'T HE GET HIS HAIR CUT, AND TRY TO LOOK LIKE A GROWN-UP MAN?"

TO AN UNPOPULAR YEAR.

O you that from the first
 Have steadily been cursed
 As just about the worst
 In mortal ken,
 Upon whose watery way
 The sun diffused no ray,
 Barring, perhaps, a stray
 One now and then—

Sweet Weather, fare you well!
 Tho' there be few to swell
 The dirge, or raise the knell,
 Accept, I beg,
 This (tho' the metre's hard)
 Small tribute from a bard
 As bald as bladdered lard,
 Bald as an egg.

The joys that others greet
 As excellent and sweet,
 Long days of quivering heat
 And brassy skies,
 But aggravate my woes,
 That am, from start to close,
 A skating-rink for those
 Infernal flies.

As, when the young stars wake,
 Th' unerring wildfowl make
 A bee-line to the lake;
 As the dry mule,
 Freed from his toilsome pack,
 Unless you hold him back,
 Finds, by a happy knack,
 The nearest pool;

So to my candid pate
 These insects congregate,
 Come early and stay late,
 From far and near;
 They leave the sunny wall,
 They find the ceiling pall,
 They do not seek at all
 The chandelier;

Only to this gay spot
 They come, and falter not;
 Such is my yearly lot,
 My summer woe;
 Their everlasting buzz
 Would rile the Man of Uz;
 And being tickled does
 Annoy me so.

Wherefore, tho' some complain,
 Finding your cold and rain
 Go sorely 'gainst the grain
 (As well they might!),
 In that you made a clean
 Sweep of those flies, I ween
 This Orb has rarely seen
 A year more bright.

Also I make this plea:
 That other years may be
 As beastly, and as free
 From this my ruth;
 That shall be all my pray'r,
 Being (from loss of hair)
 Bare as a boot is bare,
 Bald as the truth.

DUM-DUM.

In an action brought against the owner of a dog which had bitten a child, the defence was put forward that it was the child's fault, as he had attempted to take away a bone from the dog. Upon cross-examination it transpired that the bone referred to belonged to the child's leg.

THE MAKING OF A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY.

(With acknowledgments to the Christmas numbers of our contemporaries. NOTE—As usual, readers of the story may safely disregard the pictures, while admirers of the pictures would do well not to have their attention distracted by the story.)

YULETIDE!

London at Yuletide!

A mantle of white lay upon the Embankment, where our story opens, gleaming and glistening as it caught the rays of the cold December sun. An embroidery of white fringed the trees; and under a canopy of white the proud palaces of Savoy and Cecil reared their silent heads. The mighty river in front was motionless, for the finger of Death had laid its icy hand upon it. Above—the hard blue sky stretching to eternity; below—the white purity of innocence. London in the grip of winter!

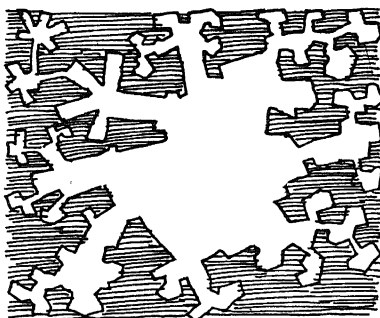
[EDITOR. Come, I like this. This is going to be good. A cold day, was it not?

AUTHOR. Very.]

All at once the quiet of the morning was disturbed. In the distance a bell rang out, sending a joyous pæan to the heavens. Another took up the word, and then another, and another. Westminster caught the message from Bartholomew the son of Thunder, and flung it to Giles Without, who gave it gently to Andrew by the Wardrobe. Suddenly the air was filled with bells, all chanting together of peace and happiness, mirth and jollity—a frenzy of bells.

The Duke, father of four fine children, waking in his Highland castle, heard and smiled as he thought of his little ones. . . .

The Merchant Prince, turning over in his Streatham residence, heard, and turned again to sleep, with love for all mankind in his heart. . . .



SNOW-FLAKE
ENLARGED 25,000,000 TIMES

The Pauper in his workhouse, up betimes, heard, and chuckled at the prospect of his Christmas dinner. . . .

And, on the Embankment, Robert

Hardrow, with a cynical smile on his lips, listened to the splendid irony of it.

[EDITOR. We really are getting to the story now, are we not?



LITTLE JIM'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS MORNING.
(Facsimile of Coloured Supplement already exhausted)

AUTHOR. That was all local colour. I want to make it quite clear that it was Christmas.

EDITOR. Yes, yes, quite so. This is a Christmas story. I think I shall like Robert, do you know?

It was Christmas day, so much at least was clear to him. With that same cynical smile on his lips, he pulled his shivering rags about him, and half unconsciously felt at the growth of beard about his chin. Nobody would recognise him now. His friends (as he had thought them) would pass by without a glance for the poor outcast near them. The women that he had known would draw their skirts away from him in horror. Even Lady Alice—

Lady Alice! The cause of it all!

His thoughts flew back to that last scene, but twenty-four hours ago, when they had parted for ever. As he had entered the hall he had half wondered to himself if there could be anybody in the world that day happier than himself. Tall, well-connected, a vice-president of the Tariff Reform League, and engaged to the sweetest girl in England, he had been the envy of all. Little did he think that that very night he was to receive his *congé*!

What mattered it now how or why

they had quarrelled? A few hasty words, a bitter taunt, tears, and then the end.

A last cry from her—"Go, and let me never see your face again!"

A last sneer from him—"I will go, but first give me back the presents I have promised you!"

Then a slammed door and—silence.

What use, without her guidance, to try to keep straight any more? Bereft of her love, Robert had sunk steadily. Gambling, drink, morphia, billiards, and cigars—he had taken to them all; until now in the wretched figure of the outcast on the Embankment you would never have recognised the once spruce figure of Handsome Hardrow.

[EDITOR. It all seems to have happened rather rapidly, does it not? Twenty-four hours ago he had been—

AUTHOR. You forget that this is a SHORT story.]

Handsome Hardrow! How absurd it sounded now! He had let his beard grow, his clothes were in rags, a scar over one eye testified—

[EDITOR. Yes, yes. Of course, I quite admit that a man might go to the bad in twenty-four hours, but would his beard grow as—

AUTHOR. Look here, you've heard of a man going grey with trouble in a single night, haven't you?

EDITOR. Certainly.

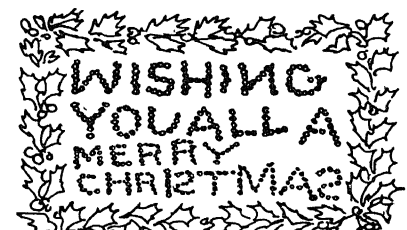
AUTHOR. Well, it's the same idea as that.

EDITOR. Ah, quite so, quite so.

AUTHOR. Where was I?

EDITOR. A scar over one eye was just testifying—I suppose he had two eyes in the ordinary way?]

—testified to a drunken frolic of



A PRETTY DEVICE EASILY WORKED
IN HOLLY LEAVES & BERRIES

an hour or two ago. Never before, thought the policeman, as he passed upon his beat, had such a pitiful figure cowered upon the Embank-

ment, and prayed for the night to cover him.

The—
He was—
Er—the—

[EDITOR. Yes?
AUTHOR. To tell the truth I am rather stuck for the moment.

EDITOR. What is the trouble?

AUTHOR. I don't quite know what to do with Robert for ten hours or so.

EDITOR. Couldn't he go somewhere by a local line?

AUTHOR. This is not a humorous story. The point is that I want him to be outside a certain house some twenty miles from town at eight o'clock that evening.

EDITOR. If I were Robert I should certainly start at once.

AUTHOR. No, I have it.]

As he sat there, his thoughts flew over the bridge of years, and he was wafted on the wings of memory to other and happier Yuletides. That Christmas when he had received his first bicycle . . .

That Christmas abroad . . .



ELASTIC STOCKING for BICYCLE

The merry house-party at the place of his Cambridge friend . . .

Yuletide at the Towers, where he had first met Alice!

Ah!

Ten hours passed rapidly thus . . .

[AUTHOR. I put stars to denote the flight of years.

EDITOR. Besides, it will give the reader time for a sandwich.]



"IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY." (See page 15.)

Robert got up and shook himself.

[EDITOR. One moment. This is a Christmas story. When are you coming to the robin?

AUTHOR. I really can't be bothered about robins just now. I assure you all the best Christmas stories begin like this nowadays. We may get to a robin later; I cannot say.

EDITOR. We must. My readers expect a robin, and they shall have it. And a wassail-bowl, and a turkey, and a Christmas-tree, and a—

AUTHOR. Yes, yes; but wait. We shall come to little Elsie soon, and then perhaps it will be all right.

EDITOR. Little Elsie. Good!]

Robert got up and shook himself. Then he shivered miserably, as the cold wind cut through him like a knife. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing over the stone parapet into the dark river beyond, and as he gazed a thought came into his mind. Why not end it all—here and now? He had nothing to live for. One swift plunge, and—

[EDITOR. You forget. The river was frozen.

AUTHOR. All right, I was just going to say that.]

But no! Even in this Fate was against him. The river was frozen over! He turned away with a curse . . .

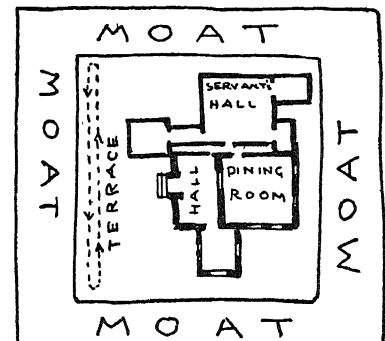
What happened afterwards Robert never quite understood. Almost unconsciously he must have crossed one of the numerous bridges which span the river and join North London to South. Once on the other side, he

seems to have set his face steadily before him, and to have dragged his weary limbs on and on, regardless of time and place. He walked like one in a dream, his mind drugged by the dull narcotic of physical pain. Suddenly he realized that he had left London behind him, and was in the more open spaces of the country. The houses were more scattered; the recurring villa of the clerk had given place to the isolated man-

sion of the stockbroker. Each residence stood in its own splendid grounds, surrounded by fine old forest trees and approached by a long carriage sweep. Electric—

[EDITOR. Quite so. The whole forming a magnificent estate for a retired gentleman. Never mind that.]

Robert stood at the entrance to one of these houses, and the iron entered into his soul. How different was this man's position from his own! What right had this man—a

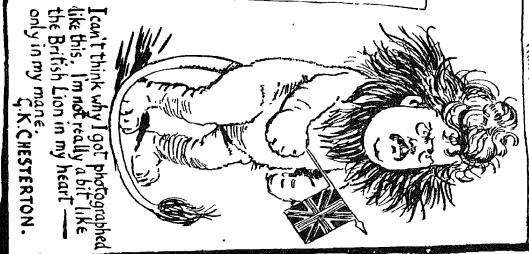
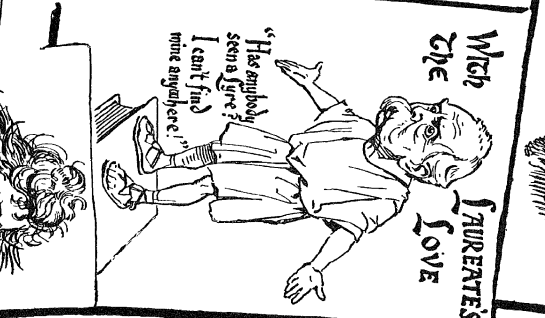
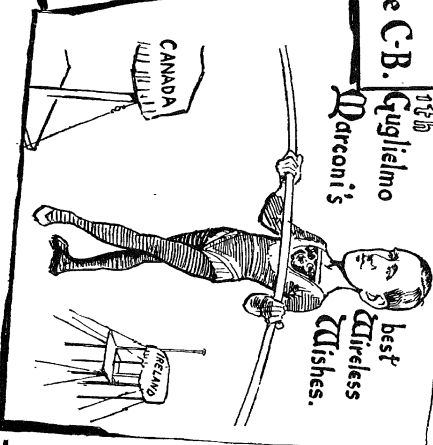
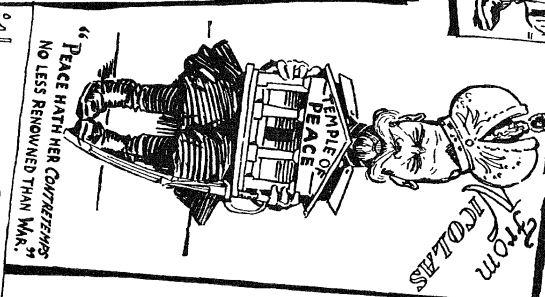
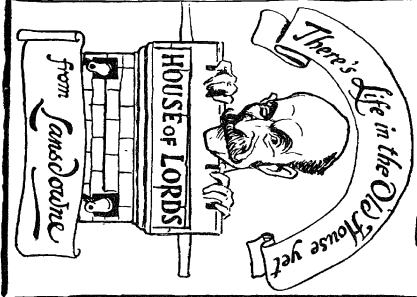
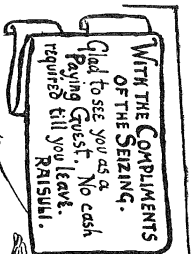
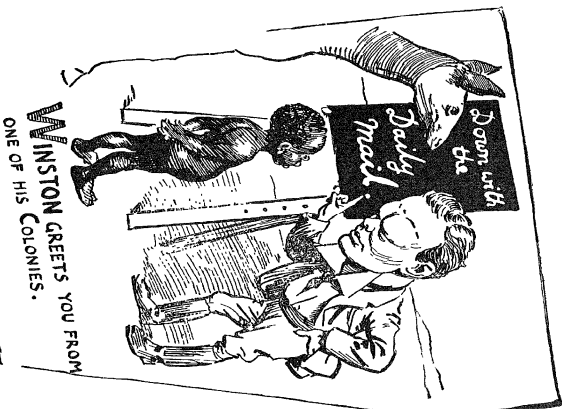


PLAN of MOATED GRANGE
DOTTED LINE SHOWS GHOST'S PROMENADE

perfect stranger—to be happy and contented in the heart of his family, while he, Robert, stood, a homeless wanderer, alone in the cold?

Almost unconsciously he wandered

For the purpose of this study, the following hypotheses were formulated:



Punch's Almanack for 1908.

down the drive, hardly realising what he was doing until he was brought up by the gay lights of the windows. Still without thinking, he stooped down and peered into the brilliantly lit room above him. Within all was jollity; beautiful women moved to and fro, and the happy laughter of children came to him. "Elsie," he heard someone call, and a childish treble responded

[EDITOR. Now for the robin.

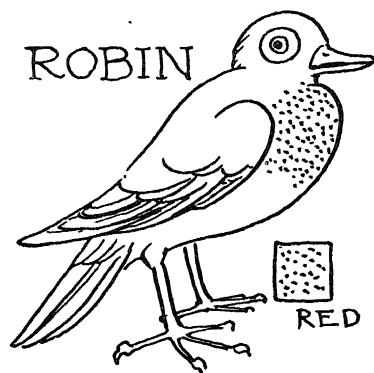
AUTHOR. I am very sorry. I have just remembered something rather sad. The fact is that, two days before, Elsie had forgotten to feed the robin, and in consequence it had died before this story opens.

EDITOR. That is really very awkward. I have already arranged with an artist to do some pictures, and I remember I particularly ordered a robin and a wassail. What about the wassail?

AUTHOR. Elsie always had her porridge UPSTAIRS.]

A terrible thought had come into Robert's head. It was nearly twelve o'clock. The house-party was retiring to bed. He heard the "Good-nights" wafted through the open window; the lights went out, to reappear upstairs. Presently they too went out, and Robert was alone with the darkened house.

The temptation was too much for



a conscience already sodden with billiards, drink and diabolos. He flung a leg over the sill and drew himself gently into the room. At least he

would have one good meal, he too would have his Christmas dinner before the end came. He switched the light on and turned eagerly to the table. His eyes ravenously scanned the contents. Turkey,



"WITHIN ALL WAS JOLLITY."

mince-pies, plum-pudding—all was there as in the days of his youth.

[EDITOR. This is better. I ordered a turkey, I remember. What about the mistletoe and holly? I rather think I asked for some of them.

AUTHOR. We must let the readers take something for granted.

EDITOR. I am not so sure. Couldn't you say something like this: "Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons upon the wall?"

Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons upon the wall.

[EDITOR. Thank you.]

With a sigh of content Hardrow flung himself into a chair, and seized a knife and fork. Soon a plate liberally heaped with good things was before him. Greedily he set to work, with the appetite of a man who had not tasted food for several hours. . . .

"Dood evening," said a voice. "Are you Father Kwistmas?"

Robert turned suddenly, and gazed in amazement at the white-robed figure in the doorway.

"Elsie," he murmured huskily.

[EDITOR. How did he know? And why "huskily"?

AUTHOR. He didn't know, he guessed. And his mouth was full.]

"Are you Father Kwistmas?" repeated Elsie.

Robert felt at his chin, and thanked Heaven again that he had let his beard grow. Almost mechanically he decided to wear the mask—in short, to dissemble.

"Yes, my dear," he said. "I just looked in to know what you would like me to bring you."

"You're late, aren't you? Oughtn't you to have come this morning?"

[EDITOR. This is splendid. This quite reconciles me to the absence of the robin. But what was Elsie doing downstairs?

AUTHOR. I am making Robert ask her that question directly.

EDITOR. Yes, but just tell me now—between friends.

AUTHOR. She had left her golliwog in the room,

and couldn't sleep without her.

EDITOR. I knew that was it.]

"If I'm late, dear," said Robert, with a smile, "why, so are you."

The good food and wine in his veins were doing their work, and a pleasant warmth was stealing over Hardrow. He found to his surprise that airy banter still came easy to him.

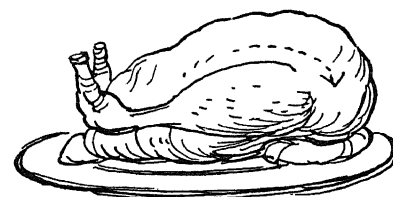
"To what," he continued, "do I owe the honour of this meeting?"

"I came downstairs for my dolly," said Elsie. "The one you sent me this morning, do you remember?"

"Of course I do, my dear."

"And what have you brought me now, Father Kwistmas?"

Robert started. If he was to play the rôle successfully he must find



TURKEY

[TO CARVE—CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE.]

something to give her now. The remains of the turkey, a pair of finger-bowls, his old hat—all these came hastily into his mind, and were dis-

missed. He had nothing of value on him. All had been pawned long ago.

Stay! The gold locket studded with diamonds and rubies, which contained Alice's photograph. The one memento of her that he had kept, even when the pangs of starvation were upon him. He brought it from its resting-place next his heart.

"A little something to wear round your neck, child," he said. "See!"

"Thank oo," said Elsie.

"Why, it opens!"

"Yes, it opens," said Robert moodily.

"Why, it's Alith! Sister Alith!"

[EDITOR. Ha!

AUTHOR. I thought you'd like that.]

Robert leapt to his feet as if he had been shot.

"Who?" he cried.

"My sister Alith. Does oo know her too?"

Alice's sister! Heavens! He covered his face with his hands. The door opened.

[EDITOR. Ha again!]

"What are you doing here, Elsie?" said a voice. "Go to bed, child. Why, who is this?"

"Father Kwithmath, thithter."

[EDITOR. How exactly do you work the lispings?

AUTHOR. What do you mean? Don't children of Elsie's tender years lisp sometimes?

EDITOR. Yes; but just now she said "Kwistmas" quite correctly—

AUTHOR. I am glad you noticed that. That was an effect which I intended to produce. Lipping is brought about by placing the tongue upon the hard surface of the palate, and in cases where the subject is unduly excited or influenced by emotion the lisp becomes more pronounced. In this case—

EDITOR. Yeth, I thee.]

"Send her away," cried Robert, without raising his head.

The door opened, and closed again. "Well," said Alice calmly, "and who are you? You may have lied to this poor child, but you cannot deceive me. You are not Father Christmas."

The miserable man raised his shamefaced head and looked haggardly at her.

"Alice!" he muttered, "don't you remember me?"

She gazed at him earnestly.

"Robert! But how changed!"

"Since we parted, Alice, much has happened."

"Yet it seems only yesterday that I saw you!"

[EDITOR. It was only yesterday.



"AS HAROLD LISPED 'A MERRY KWITHMATH TO YOU, THIR!' GALLOPING DICK'S PISTOL DROPPED FROM HIS REMORSEFUL HAND."

(Drawing left over from last year.)

AUTHOR. Yes, yes. Don't interrupt now, please.]

"To me is has seemed years."

"But what are you doing here?" said Alice.

"Rather, what are you doing here?" answered Robert.

[EDITOR. I think Alice's question was the more reasonable one.]

"I live here."

Robert gave a sudden cry.

"Your house! Then I have broken into your house! Alice, send me away! Put me in prison! Do what you will to me! I can never hold up my head again."

Lady Alice looked gently at the wretched figure in front of her.

"I am glad to see you again," she said. "Because I wanted to say that it was my fault!"

"Alice!"

"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? If you knew what my life has been since I left you!"



WASSAIL BOWL

If you knew into what paths of wickedness I have sunk! How only this evening, unnerved by excess, I

have deliberately broken into this house—your house—in order to obtain food, and (who knows?) perhaps even more than food? If you knew, I—"

With a gesture of infinite compassion she stopped him.

"Then let us forgive each other," she said with a smile. "It is Christmas day, Robert!"

He took her in his arms.

"Listen," he said.

In the distance the bells began to ring. A message of hope. It was Christmas Day.

[EDITOR. I thought Christmas Day had started on the Embankment. This would be Boxing Day.

AUTHOR. I'm sorry, but it must end like that. I must have my bells.

EDITOR. Then you must make it the 24th when the story opened.

AUTHOR. That would spoil everything. Let's leave it as it is. You can explain somehow.

EDITOR. That's all very well. I have a good deal to explain as it is. Some of your story doesn't fit the pictures at all, and it is too late now to get new ones done.

AUTHOR. I am afraid I cannot work to order.

EDITOR. Yes, I know. The artist said the same thing. Well, I must manage somehow, I suppose. Good-bye. Rotten weather for August, isn't it? A. A. M.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

HARRY, when you proposed to me last night

In that blunt clumsy way of yours, although

It was not unexpected, I took fright And answered No.

The wedding-ring has terrors for me, Harry;

Its apparition set me in a whirl; But, all the same, I don't want you to marry

Some other girl.

The very thought torments me; though prepared,

Nay, satisfied, to face the world alone,

What would my future be should yours be shared

By Grace or Joan?

Don't look upon the thing as settled, will you?

Why should we, either of us, suffer pain?

And I, for one, can't eat or sleep until you

Ask me again.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.



Recognising the fact that all forms of holiday have become played out, and the cry is for Novelty, the Brigands' Holiday Capture Syndicate, Ltd., have secured tracts of lonely land, such as Beachy Head, for the formation of Brigands' Camps.



Several eminent Brigand Chiefs from Italy, Albania, Greece, Morocco, &c., have been engaged.



Visitors arriving will be arrested, blindfolded, and taken to the interior of the camp.



And there introduced to the Brigand Chief who happens to be on duty.



Musical evenings will be arranged



And among the amusements provided will be predatory expeditions (by arrangement with neighbouring farmers).



At the end of his holiday, the visitor, after paying his ransom and tipping the assistants, will be allowed to depart.

THE BRIGANDS' HOLIDAY CAPTURE SYNDICATE, LTD.

Punch's Almanack for 1908.

MINCE-MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste)

A MEAN multi-millionaire who suffered terribly from sea-sickness on his way back to New York, has, it is said, demanded a rebate off his fare, claiming special terms as a "returned empty."

**

We are sorry to hear of the illness of one of our most interesting centenarians. The poor fellow, who lately celebrated his 102nd birthday, now fears he will not make old bones.

**

It is wonderful what appetites—and digestive powers—folk have in the provinces. We came across the following notice in a Birmingham hotel:

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO BOLT YOUR DOOR BEFORE RETIRING TO REST.

**

"Renaissance Pudding" is the attractive item which caught our eye recently. It is certainly more subtle than "Resurrection Pie."

**

There have been several cases recently of bridegrooms failing to put in an appearance at the marriage ceremony, and this is pointed to as one more sign that pluck is a fast-vanishing quality among us. Careful brides are now insisting on their fiancés having understudies.

**

"The Majority take So-and-So's Pills," says an advertisement. Personally we are not anxious to join the Great Majority.

**

A certain American plutocrat who has amassed his wealth in a very questionable way, is about to retire from business, and it is said that,

attracted by the name, he has made the Duke of SUTHERLAND a tempting offer for Dunrobin Castle.

**

It has been asserted that more than half the motor accidents which occur are caused by the moustache. Men who have absolutely no capacity for the calling become chauffeurs

pace. "Never mind," said Angelina, brightly, "it'll take him longer to do his hour, and serve him jolly well right!"

**

"A Musical Extravagance" was the descriptive sub-title which a theatrical manager recently gave to a production of his. The excuse the

Public made for staying away was that they could not afford extravagances in these bad times.

**

A gentleman responsible for certain sensational novels writes to the proprietors of a fountain pen: "I have written all my books with your pen. It is certainly a great boon to the author. I use nothing else." Here and there you get an author who uses brains as well.

**

A distinguished literary lady whose name is prominently associated with a cosmetic, is, we hear, now engaged on a great poem to be entitled "Hair-washa."

**

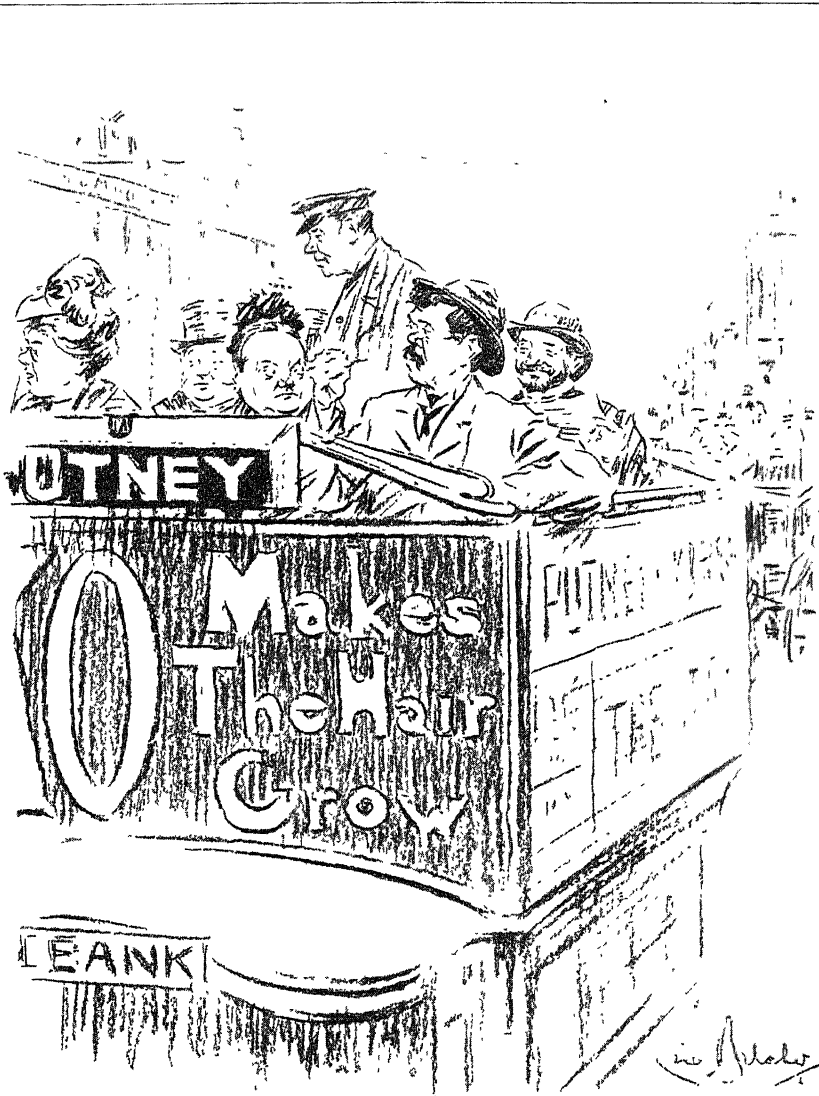
A regrettable affair is reported from the Zoo, as the result of which the Skunk and the animal in the opposite cage do not speak to one another now. The Skunk, the tale goes, was asked how he was. "Not very well. I have

**

a cold," he said, "and can't smell." At which his neighbour cried, "Hooray!" If we may say so, we think it absurd for the Skunk to be so touchy.

**

A dear old lady on reading a description of some Golf Links which were stated to have eighteen holes, wondered why it was that the proprietors did not put the place in repair.



HARD TIMES.

She. "VERY CHEAP THESE MOTOR BUSES, AIN'T THEY, BILL?"

He. "YUS. YER GOT TO WALK A LONG WAY TO SAVE A PENNY NOWADAYS, AIN'T YER?"

simply because they will not then be compelled to shave like other servants. Our experience, however, is diametrically opposed to this. It seems to us that all chauffeurs have a peculiar affection for the close shave.

**

Edwin and Angelina, having a number of calls to pay, hired a cab by the hour. The obviously discontented cabby drove them, as is usual in such circumstances, at a funeral



A FINE AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

MUCH ALARM HAS BEEN FELT LATELY AT THE SPREAD OF THE EAST END ACCENT IN CIRCLES WHERE ONE WOULD LEAST THINK TO FIND IT. DEEDS WILL DOUBTLESS FOLLOW WORDS, AND NEXT SEASON SUCH SCENES AS THESE MAY BE CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED.



SATURDAY NIGHT IN PARK LANE.

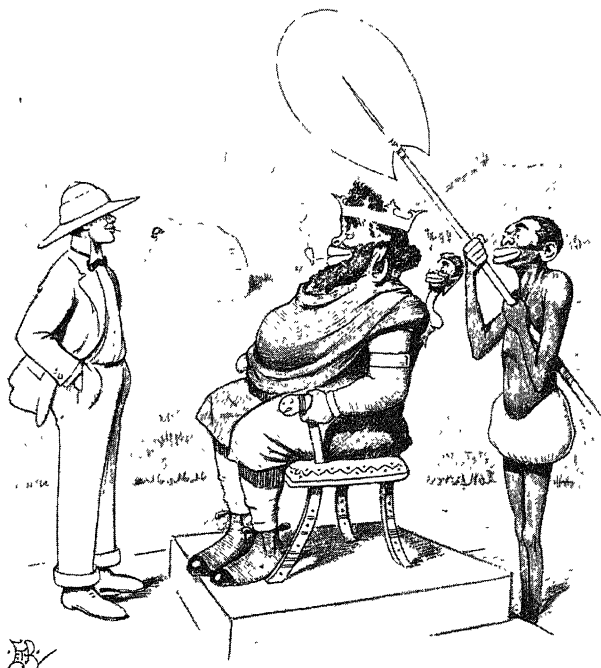
SIDE-LIGHTS ON WINSTON'S STATE VOYAGE.



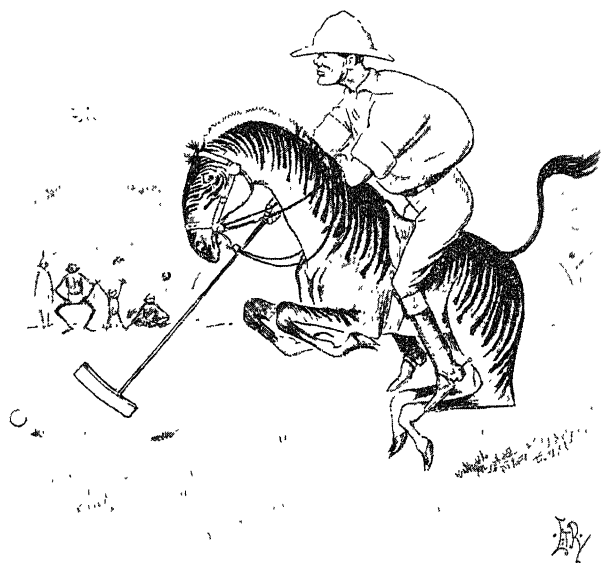
THE "WINSTON WALK" IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

(The effect on the natives of a visit from the Rt Hon. W. Churchill)

"Oh, why do dey call me a Winston boy—Winston boy—Winston boy?!!" etc., etc.



Winston (to local King). "You remind me a little of dear old Elgin.
Might I try your crown on?"



Our artist has never had the pleasure of meeting an Okapi in real life, so he feels there may be something wrong somewhere.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF ROOSEVELT
WHEN HIS TERM OF OFFICE IS CONCLUDED?



Will a Music Hall Syndicate offer him a three-years' engagement in Europe, at £500 a week, for a fifteen-minutes' turn of bronco-busting, revolver-shooting, &c.?



Will the Bishop of London, in recognition of his muscular Christianity, give him a curacy in the Shadwell or Wapping district, with the prospect of working his way up the river to something better?



Will he become a City Alderman and eventually rise to the title and dignity of Sir Theodore Roosevelt, Bart., Lord Mayor of London?



Or will he accept an invitation from the Emperor of Sahara to act as Deputy Emperor, under the name of Tedi-Rozuv-el-Tin, during his Majesty's visits to Paris?



Conjuror (to Harry, who has kindly stepped up to assist with the card tricks). "Now, Sir, you know what a pack of cards is?"
Harry (determined not to be made a fool of). "I KNOW WHAT A PACK OF CARDS ARE!"



Golfer (to excited pedestrian, who has been already driven into by couple coming in opposite direction). "FORE!"
Excited Pedestrian. "ORL RIGHT, GUV'NOR! YOU AIN'T GOT A RABBIT BURROW 'ANDY, 'AVE YER?"



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

His Worship the Mayor of Higginborough (to African traveller, after lantern lecture). "NOW, THESE 'NATIVES' YOU SPEAK OF, 'AVE THEY ANYTHINK EQUIVALENT TO OUR GREAT MUNICIPAL BODIES?"



YE MERRIE CHRYSTMASSE DINNER.

Queen of the Revels. "DON'T YOU REALLY FEEL THAT WE'RE BACK IN THE DEAR ROMANTIC OLD DAYS?"
Father Christmas (after fifteen minutes of silent torture). "PERKINS, UNHOOK THIS BEARD "



Off on the
skis for a little skating.



The Very Place



Finding his ice legs.



Losing one of his snow
feet.



"Come back, you brute!"



!!!!



Stranded.



Signs of
a catastrophe



The search party.



Found unconscious.



The worship of St.
Bernard. Victim still
unconscious.



Victim regains consciousness.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.



LYNNING-KING

Tourist (who has been patiently listening to abuse of the rich and plans for betterment of things in general). "BUT, MY GOOD MAN, IF THESE CHANGES WERE CARRIED OUT, IT WOULD MEAN A TREMENDOUS SOCIAL UPHEAVAL"

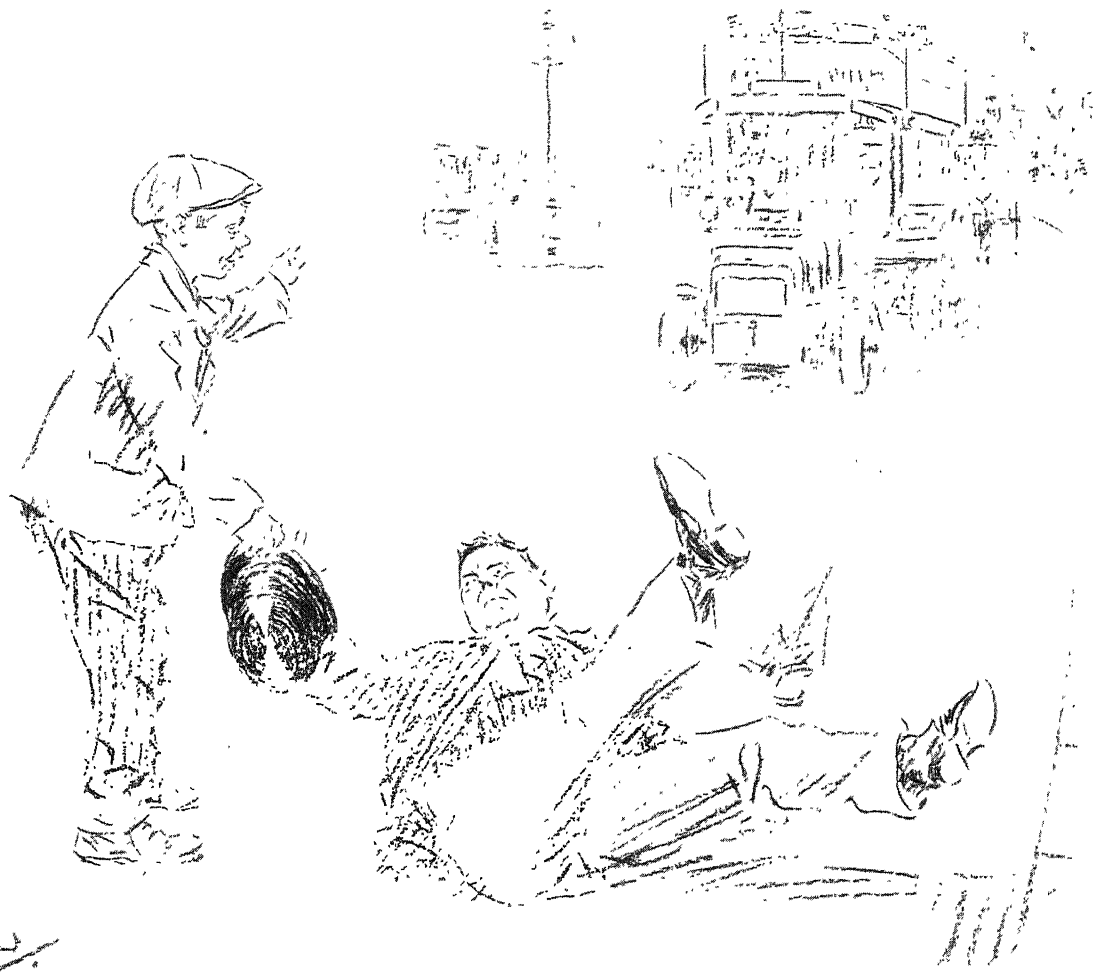
Old Man (slapping his thigh). "DEMME, I'D RISK IT!"



LYNNING-KING

THE CHRISTMAS-SERMON.

Little Girl. "DADDY, DOES HE KNOW THAT WE DINE AT ONE?"



Helpful Boy (to gentleman who has fallen while trying to jump on a motor bus). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR—'ERE'S ANUVVER ONE COMIN'!"

THE OPEN ROAD.

SWATHED like a mummy in his furs
Sits Mammon at the wheel,
And onward, ever onward spurs
His steed of flame and steel.
The monster moans and hums and
purrs,
And, as the life within it stirs,
Makes ready for its meal.

The song-bird, stricken in mid air,
It grinds into the mire;
The squirrel scurrying to its lair
Dies 'neath the deadly tire;
And golden summer's pageant rare
That makes the hedgerows fine and
fair
It blasts with smoke and fire.

And, as its note of savage pride
Is tuned to screaming pitch,
Age, bent and bowed and heavy-eyed,
It spurns into the ditch,

Digging more deep at ev'ry stride
The gulf, already yawning wide,
Between the poor and rich.

It taints the freshness of the dawn,
The fragrance of the night,
The veil by dewy darkness drawn
It rends with blinding light.
And nymph and dryad, fay and faun,
Flee from its hateful pathway, strawn
With trophies of its might.

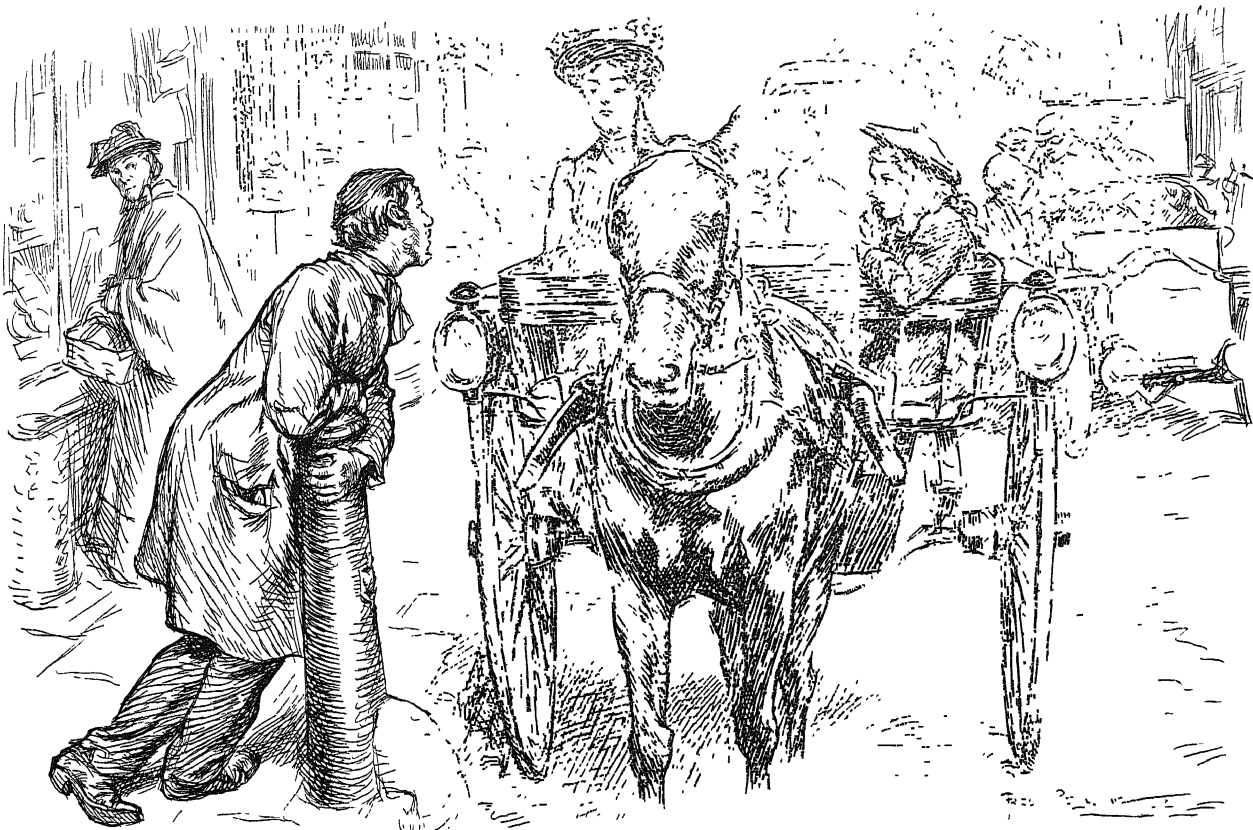
No open road remains secure
From Mammon's fell attack;
No obstacle can he endure,
No warning turns him back;
But racing over down and moor
He turns the playground of the poor
Into a railway track.

Such are the thoughts that in me rise,
Such fury in me grows,

When choking dust assails my eyes
And choking fumes my nose;
Till, scorning to be mild or wise,
My indignation rashly flies
Beyond the bounds of prose.

With Tories of the truest Blue
Till now identified,
I find the motoring Yahoo
Has made me change my side,
And, growing *capable de tout*,
I join the bottle-throwing crew
With GRAYSON for my guide.

And yet, should Mammon ever deign
To take me in his car,
The maggot works within my brain,
I chafe at check and bar;
I reckon not of the maimed and slain;
I only know that I am fain
To travel fast and far.



THE SPIRIT'S WILLING.

Loafer. "'OLD YER 'ORSH, MUM?"

Lady. "No, THANK YOU."

Loafer. "CAN I RUN ANYWHERE FOR YER, MUM?"



A TRUE BRITISH SPORTSMAN.

The Convalescent. "I'M MUCH BETTER NOW, NURSE. WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ME AT THE WINDOW? I FEEL I COULD KILL A FLY."



THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.



DELEGATION.

DEAR old New Year! Thy coming used to find
 Me given more or less to introspection,
 Which is undoubtedly a state of mind
 That means for most of us profound dejection.

"Can naught curtail," I whined, "that crescent bunch
 Of tradesmen's bills with which my desk is freighted?"

And can't my breakfast hour from that of lunch
 Be even slightly differentiated?"

To-day I meet thee with unruffled brow,
 Thy advent casts no more a shadow o'er me;
 I know from long experience that thou,
 Dear old New Year, wilt solve these riddles for me.

TO ENGLAND IN 1908.

Dedicated to the author of "Forty Singing Seamen," by one of them.

[The following verses are modelled on the metrical scheme of a poem appearing in Mr. ALFRED NOYES's new volume (BLACKWOOD) and entitled "To England in 1907; a Prayer that she might speak for Peace." For those who have never read this fine outburst of optimism, a brief quotation may serve to illustrate Mr. NOYES's motive and method.

The poor and weak uplift their manacled hands
To thee, our Mother, our Lady and Queen of lands;
Anguished in prayer before thy footstool stands
Peace, with her white wings glimmering o'er the sea.

Others may shrink whose naked frontiers face
A million foemen of an alien race;
But thou, Imperial, by thy pride of place
O, canst thou falter or fear to set them free?

Speak, speak and act! The sceptre is in thy hand;
Proclaim the reign of love from land to land;
Then come the world against thee, thou shalt stand!
Speak, with the world-wide voice of thine own sea.]

Now, England, stretch the dismal pall above
The dead year's hopes of universal love;
While to her ark returns the futile dove
Disconsolate o'er the grey diluvial sea.

This was that year of Conference at the Hague,
And the results I find extremely vague;
Rumours of War still raven like the plague,
And still Bellona goes it strong and free.

I bade you speak for Peace, and speak you did,
Trying your best to do as you were bid—
Waste words, as when a cuttle-fish (or squid)
Mottles with squirted ink the indifferent sea.

Did you not promise in the open Press
To build no fewer than one ship the less
If they, the Powers, would sign a joint address
Making the entrance to Millennium free?

None with a like authority could speak.
You are an island: you are thus unique;
Safe as a cert behind your narrow streak
Consisting, all the way, of sundering sea.

Some folk have frontiers—always such a bore;
It means a slavish lust for local gore;
But you, with Ocean's barrier round your shore,
Imbued at birth the trick of being free.

By land, as on the brine, you take the lead;
Your patriot heirs are bred of manhood's breed,
Each one (per cent.) prepared to die at need
Rather than lose his lien upon the sea.

Yet, England, what availed your wistful cry?
Judge, if you please, by Germany's mute reply:
She lays her keels regardless—we know why:—
To jump our claim to set the nations free.

And shall we hear that menacing voice dictate
Liberty's terms within our seaward gate?
Let nineteen-seven go! Here's nineteen-eight!
We'll teach them who's entitled to the sea!

You, as I said before (and say again,
For fear the rest should fail to read it plain),
Have the sole right, as Mistress of the main,
Will they or nill, to say they *shall* be free.

Enough of words. Build *Dreadnoughts* two to one;
And let your children, every mother's son,
Shoulder the rifle, prime the rakish gun,
And fling this shattering challenge o'er the sea:—

" 'Tis ours to stamp the world with Freedom's brand!
Love us, or we will blow you out of hand
Into the *Ewigkeit*. So understand,
We mean, this way or that, to make you free!"

Thus shall the reign of Peace be shortly due,
Based on a general funk, superbly blue,
Or else because there's no one left but you
Upon an otherwise unpeopled sea.

O. S.

THE TREE.

I HAVE not written much lately. We have all been busy getting ready for Christmas, buying presents for people, and keeping the secret, and wondering who's going to send us presents and what they'll be like, and doing up the house in holly and misletoe. We hung a bit of misletoe to the chandelier in the hall, and I went to Mrs. AUSTIN and told her somebody wanted to see her—somebody she knew very well, but I wasn't to mention his name. She said she must make herself tidy, but I told her he couldn't wait more than half a minute and she must come at once. So she came, and when I got her under the misletoe I took a good jump at her and gave her a kiss, a regular smacker. She couldn't make it out, but I told her to look up, and then she knew. She said she never did see such a owdacious young spark in all her born days, but she didn't mind really. I tried Miss WILLS next. I got her under a picture on which we'd stuck some misletoe, and then I got on a chair and tried to kiss her, but I missed her face and it landed on her shoulder. She didn't mind either. NINA said if JIM tried to kiss her she would plunge a stiletto in his something heart. I think the word was recarrent, or something like that. I hadn't heard it before, and when I asked NINA she said she wasn't quite sure how it was spelt. She said she had once heard it in a theatre. The man who had that heart, she said, was a villain.

But the best joke we had was the Christmas-tree for everybody—for us and the servants and all. It was to be at half-past four, and we were all to have tea together in the dining-room afterwards. The tree was in the school-room upstairs. We'd covered it all over with presents, and there were a lot more laid on the floor under it and on the earth round about. It was in a box. There were candles all the way up it, and strings of silvery balls, and all the things they put on Christmas-trees. NINA was the Spirit of the Season. She was a real fairy this time, and no mistake. She had a muslin dress and a pair of wings, and a wand done up in silver paper. First the servants all came in. There was Mrs. AUSTIN, and ELIZA the parlourmaid, and JANE the housemaid, and ETHEL the kitchenmaid, and TOM the boy who does the boots and knives. MACBEAN, the gardener, came with his little girl EMILY, and JIM came from the stables. Mum was there, too, and Uncle DICK and Aunt MARGERY. They were spending Christmas with us. All the servants sat round the wall on chairs and never said a word. They were all dressed in their Sunday best and looked very uncomfortable, especially MACBEAN and JIM. JIM had got on a black coat and very tight trousers, and a stiff collar and a red tie with a great big horse-shoe pin stuck in it. He didn't seem to have any of his jokes left. He didn't laugh at all!



**VIOLIN RECITAL.
PROGRAMME.**

THE TWILIGHT OF THE LORDS.
FANTASIA. *Campobello.*

ÉTUDES PACIFIQUES.
McKenna.

DANSE ANTI-BACCHANALE.
A STUDY IN COUNTERPINT
Asquith.

IRISH RHAPSODY.
Birrell.

THE INFANT PRODIGY.



RURAL INDEPENDENCE.

Vicar. "A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, GILES."

Giles. "RIGHT O!"

when I asked him if he fancied the looks of any of these fillies. That's the way JIM speaks in the stable, but when I said it to him in the school-room he only wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said nothing. When he sat down I thought his trousers were going to crack, but I'm sorry to say they didn't.

Well, they all sat there as glum as possible, and every now and then Mum said a word to one of them and they whispered something back. Mrs. AUSTIN was in black silk, and she looked hotter than ever. First NINA came in and she danced round the room, and then she stopped in front of the tree and said a bit of poetry. She said it was a glad season and everybody was joyful. Happiness was spread all over the earth, and the people in it were having heaps of mirth. She said she could hear the sounds of rejoicing and laughter, and she told them now was the time to throw care away and join in revelry on this festal day. It was something like that, and she did it very well, but they all sat there quite silent till Uncle Dick said, "Bravo, little 'un,'" and then they began to clap their hands and whisper to one another. Then NINA went and sat on Mum's lap, and there was a loud knock at the door. I knew who it was and dashed to open it, and in came Santa Claus—Dad, of course, but I didn't tell the rest. He thought I didn't know him, but I recognised his eyes, and I saw his own moustache under the white one. Besides, I'd heard him talking about it with Mum. He'd got on his

brown dressing-gown, with cottonwool on it for snow, and a long white beard and a red cap with holly on it, and he really did look rather old and jolly. The servants laughed a bit when he came in, but it didn't last long. Dad came up to the tree and said in a funny voice—"What scene of riotous revelry is this? Do I, indeed, behold my old friend, MACBEAN?" Everybody looked at MACBEAN, and MACBEAN looked as if he didn't see anything. Then Dad went on:—"I have a gift for MACBEAN," and he gave him the wrong parcel, which was a little doll in a bath meant for EMILY; but it didn't matter. Dad went on talking and giving away presents off the tree, mostly wrong, and at last he shouted out, "Do my eyes deceive me? No, they do not. It is, it is Mrs. AUSTIN. Say, fair one, shall we tread a stately measure together?" Then he pranced up to Mrs. AUSTIN and got her off her chair and did a dance with her. This set them all off. JANE and ELIZA simply screamed with laughter, and JIM got hold of ETHEL and MACBEAN took NINA, and when Dad and Mrs. AUSTIN tripped up and fell down, I never saw anything like it. It was ripping. Afterwards, when Dad and Mum and Uncle Dick and Aunt MARGERY went away, we all went to the dining-room and had the most gorgeous tea, and they all talked away and kept laughing like mad. JIM was the worst of the lot, but he never tried to kiss NINA. He kissed everybody else, and they all slapped his face. It was a very jolly evening.

R. C. L.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CHIMNEY-PIECE.

WE don't know his real name, but we have decided to call him ARTHUR. ("Sir ARTHUR," I suppose he would be.) He stands in bronze upon the chimney-piece, and in his right hand is a javelin; this makes him a very dangerous person. Opposite him, but behind the clock (Coward!), stands the other fellow, similarly armed. Most people imagine that the two are fighting for the hand of the lady on the clock, and they aver that they can hear her heart beating with the excitement of it; but as a matter of fact the other fellow doesn't come into the story at all. Only MARGERY and I know the true story. I think I told it to her one night when she wouldn't go to sleep—or perhaps she told it to me.

The best of this tale (I say it as the possible author) is that it is modern. It were easy to have invented something more in keeping with the knight's armour, but we had to remember that this was the twentieth century, and that here in this twentieth century was Sir ARTHUR on the chimney-piece, with his javelin drawn back. For whom is he waiting?

"It all began," I said, "a year ago, when Sir ARTHUR became a member of the South African Chartered Incorporated Co-operative Stores Society Limited Ten per cents at Par (Men only). He wasn't exactly a real member, having been elected under Rule Two for meritorious performances, Rule One being that this club shall be called what I said just now; but for nearly a year he enjoyed all the privileges of membership, including those of paying a large entrance fee and a still larger subscription. At the end of a year, however, a dreadful thing happened. They made a Third Rule: to wit, that no member should go to sleep on the billiard table.

"Of course, Sir ARTHUR, having only got in under Rule Two, had to resign. He had, as I have said, paid his entrance fee, and (as it happened) his second year's subscription in advance. Naturally he was annoyed . . .

"And that, in fact, is why he stands on the chimney-piece with his javelin drawn back. He is waiting for the Secretary. Sir ARTHUR is considered to be a good shot, and the Secretary wants all the flowers to be white."

At this point MARGERY said her best word, "Gorky," which means

"A thousand thanks for the verisimilitude of your charming and interesting story, but is not the love element a trifle weak?" (MARGERY is a true woman.)

"We must leave *something* to the imagination," I pleaded. "The Secretary no doubt had a delightful niece, and Sir ARTHUR's hopeless passion for her, after he had hit her uncle in a vital spot, would be the basis of a most powerful situation."

MARGERY said "Gorky" again, which, as I have explained, means, "Are such distressing situations within the province of the Highest Art?"

When MARGERY says "Gorky" twice in one night, it is useless to argue. I gave in at once. "Bitter," I said, "placed upon the haft of the javelin, would make it slip, and put him off his shot. He would miss the Secretary and marry the niece." So we put a good deal of butter on Sir ARTHUR, and for the moment the Secretary is safe. I don't know if we shall be able to keep it there; but jam does as well, and MARGERY has promised to stroke him every day.

However, I anticipate. As soon as the secretarial life was saved, MARGERY said "Agga," which is, as it were, "Encore!" or "Bis!" so that I have her permission to tell you that story all over again. Indeed, I should feel quite justified in doing so. Instead I will give you the tragedy of GEORGE, the other fellow (no knight he), as she told it to me afterwards.

"GEORGE was quite a different man from Sir ARTHUR. So far from being elected to anything under Rule Two, he got blackballed for the St. John's Wood Toilet Club. Opinions differed as to why this happened; some said that it was his personal unpopularity (he had previously been up, without success, for membership of the local Ratepayers Association); others (among them the Proprietor), that his hair grew too quickly. Anyhow, it was a great shock to GEORGE, and they had to have a man in to break it to him. (It's always the way when you have a man in.)

"GEORGE was stricken to the heart. This last blow was too much for what had always been a proud nature. He decided to emigrate. Accordingly he left home, and moved to Kilburn. Whether he is still there or not I cannot say; but a card with that postmark reached his niece only this week. It was unsigned, and bore on the space reserved for inland communications these words: *The*

old old wish—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"But what about the javelin?" I asked MARGERY. (This fellow had a javelin too, you remember.)

"Gorky," said MARGERY for the third time, which means—

Well, upon my word, I don't know what it means. But it would explain it all.

Meanwhile Sir ARTHUR (he was in *my* story, you know) is still waiting for the Secretary. In case the butter gives out, have I mentioned that the Secretary wants *all* the flowers to be white? A. A. M.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MADAME TETRAZZINI's last message to the British people has, we understand, created a profound impression on the Cabinet, and her spirited advocacy of Old Age Pensions has greatly encouraged Mr. ASQUITH. On the subject of Tariff Reform her guarded utterances have disappointed the Editor of the *National Review*, who has indeed gone so far as to describe her as a candidate for the fiscal Mandarinate; but, on the other hand, the followers of Mr. BALFOUR hail her as a welcome recruit. It is reassuring to hear that there is no foundation for the rumour which attributed to her the intention of standing for the Presidency of the United States.

Madame TETRAZZINI's gigantic and pyramidal success has, not unnaturally, set the tide once more flowing strongly in the direction of Italianised nomenclature, and in the course of the next year quite a number of well-known artists have decided to make a fresh start under new and picturesque aliases. Prominent amongst these are Madame CLARA TONNELLATA and Signor BIZZARROGUADO, Signor ENRICO UCCELLO, and Signor PLUNCHETTO VERDI, who must not be confused with his namesake Signor CHENSALE VERDI, the characteristic name adopted by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

An interesting correspondence, arising out of the recent publication of Professor METCHNIKOFF's epoch-making treatise on "The Prolongation of Life," has lately been appearing in a Bessarabian contemporary. Discussion having arisen as to what calling was most conducive to longevity there has been an almost universal consensus of expert opinion in favour of Italian opera chorus singers. It is believed that at this moment there are several singers still alive who took part in the first per-

formance of *Don Giovanni*, and it is on record that on one occasion, at a gala performance at the Paris Grand Opera, NAPOLEON, pointing to the chorus, observed to JOSEPHINE that twenty centuries looked up at them from the stage.

The valuable services rendered by the "BALFOUR Political Choir" at Coatbridge, on the occasion of a recent Unionist demonstration addressed by Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, remind one that several other similar institutions are in existence. Prominent amongst them are the "BIRRELL Anti-Coercion Choral Society," which makes a specialty of the "Ranz des Vaches" and "O GINNELL go and call the Cattle home."

A fresh evidence to the popularity of Sir EDWARD ELGAR is forthcoming in an unexpected quarter. We understand that in temperance circles his famous melody is now invariably sung to the words "Band of Hope and Glory."

We are glad to be able to supplement Dr. HANS RICHTER's gratifying announcement as to the forthcoming performances of the *Ring* in English at Covent Garden, by giving a complete list of the cast, which, according to authoritative information, will be as follows:—

RHEINGOLD.

Wotan—Mr. MOBERLY BELL or Mr. H. E. HOOPER.

Loge—Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Donner—Mr. FULLER-MAITLAND.

Froh—Will be presented by Mr. FROHMAN.

Mime—LITTLE TICH.

Alberich—Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

Fafner—Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Fasolt—Sir GEORGE MARTIN.

Fricka—Mr. HARRY RANDALL.

Freia—Miss VESTA TILLEY.

The Rhinedaughters—The Sisters FINNEY.

DIE WALKUERE.

Siegmond—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Sieglinde—Miss EVIE GREENE.

Fricka—Mr. HARRY RANDALL.

Hunding—Mr. BEERBOHM TREE.

Wotan—Mr. H. E. HOOPER or Mr. MOBERLY BELL.

Brünnhilde—LA MILO.

DIE WALKUEREN:—

Waltraute—Miss LOTTIE VENNE.



SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS IN THE COUNTRY.

Elderly Sportsman. "I SAY, BOY, JUST TELL ME WHERE THE BEST INN IS, WILL YOU?"

Boy. "WELL, THERE'S THE WHEELER'S ARMS ON THE GREEN WHERE THE CYCLISTS AND THE MOTOR FOLKS GOES, BUT WHERE THE GENTRY MOSTLY GOES IS TO THE FOX AND 'OUNDS UP THE TOWN"

Gerhilde—Miss BILLIE BARLOW.

Ortlinde—Miss MARGARET COOPER.

Schwertleite—Miss JULIA NEILSON.

Helmwige—Miss MADGE VINCENT.

Siegrune—Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.

Grimgerde—Miss MARIE LLOYD.

Rosswisse—Miss LOUIE FREEAR.

SIEGFRIED.

Siegfried—Mr. HARRY LAUDER.

Brünnhilde—LA MILO.

Wotan—Mr. ARTHUR WALTER.

Erda—HAPPY FANNY FIELDS.

Mime—LITTLE TICH.

Fafner—Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Stimme des Waldvogels—Miss ETHEL HENRY BIRD.

GOETTERDAEMMERUNG.

Brünnhilde—LA MILO.

Grane—PERSIMMON.

Siegfried—Mr. HARRY LAUDER.

Hagen—Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.

Gunther—Mr. GUNTER (of Berkeley Square).

Gutrune—Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.

The Three Norns—Mrs. JOHN WOOD, Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Admiralty has decided to carry out a series of tests of modern magazines on the old battleship *Colossus*. The favourite at present is *The Pall Mall Magazine*, owing to the fact that it is publishing Mr. H. G. WELLS'S "The War in the Air."

The most wonderful metamorphosis of recent times is about to take place. The War Office in Pall Mall is to be converted into a club-house for Automobilists—the apostles of speed.

"The Berlin Board of Education, by making the study of English compulsory in all its higher schools, has," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "laid one of the strongest corner-stones of the temple of universal peace." There is no doubt that all those persons who study our language end by respecting a nation of which every member can speak it more or less fluently.

"I go to gaol more cheerfully than I ever went to Westminster," said Mr. GINNELL. One asks oneself whether his reception by his new colleagues will also be more cheerful.

"Dr. HENRY COWARD," says *The Glasgow Herald*, "has been appointed conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union, in succession to Mr. JOSEPH BRADLEY, who is going to New Zealand to conduct the concerts of the Sydney Philharmonic Society." But why take all this trouble? Surely he could conduct the Sydney Society just as well from Glasgow as from New Zealand.

A correspondent writes to *The Times* to complain of the number of murders there have been recently, the perpetrators of which have been undiscovered. It is, we think, a nice question whether the time has not now arrived when murderers should be compelled to register themselves.

Sometimes there is a windfall, and one comes across a charivarium ready-made. A *Daily Chronicle* reporter was accorded an interview last week with Mr. CHARLES WOOD, the brother of Mr. ROBERT WOOD; and Mr. CHARLES WOOD, in discussing the offers received by Mr. ROBERT WOOD from theatrical managers, remarked, "I suppose that this is, in a sense, the penalty of greatness."

Sir MATTHEW NATHAN, the new

Governor of Natal, has already, it would seem, felt the influence of environment. According to a contemporary he appeared recently at a Government House reception in brown boots and a bowler hat—a costume which approaches curiously near to that of the Zulus.

A well-known publishing firm recently addressed Mr. ZANGWILL in the following terms:—"Dear Sir,—We venture to send herewith a prospectus of Professor CHANDLER'S new work in the English Literature Series, as we think that you may be interested to know that reference is made to your name in these volumes." Mr. ZANGWILL felt flattered until he looked at the prospectus. The title of the work was "The Literature of Roguery."

Dr. EDWARD WESTERMARCK, in an address on the evils of our present marriage system, spoke approvingly of a custom prevalent among various Bechuana and Kaffir tribes whereby a youth is prohibited from marrying until he has killed a rhinoceros. As a precautionary measure the specimen in the Zoological Gardens is now being guarded night and day by detectives.

Let us hope that the following paragraph from *The Standard* contains a *non sequitur*:—

"BY SEASHORE AND COUNTRYSIDE.

BRIGHTON.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the well-known author, has been presented with an illuminated address for assisting the police in the arrest of a burglar. From his bedroom window Mr. Kernahan saw a constable struggling with a man, and promptly went to his aid. Brighton will be remarkably well off this season for pantomimes."

"A butterfly has just been caught in Victoria Road, Scarborough," reports *The Express*. Further details are not yet to hand, but it is believed that the prisoner was captured while trying to enter a gentleman's private residence through an open window.

"At the Hippodrome, last night," we read, "Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS presented a tabloid version of DICKENS'S 'Christmas Carol.' Why not re-name this production 'The Christmas Caramel'?"

A coloured gentleman writes to point out a remarkable misprint in a recent number of *The Daily Mail*, where an article was headed "A Wonderful Berry Year," instead of "A Berry Wonderful Year."

"Society," says *The Lady's Pictorial*, "is looking for a novel form of entertainment. Let hostesses issue invitations bearing the request that every lady shall bring her 'pet aversion.'" The only obstacle we see in regard to our contemporary's proposal is that so many ladies would have a difficulty in getting their husbands to come along.

A Bargood tradesman and his wife are, according to *The Western Mail*, in sorrow. The wife composed a Limerick line which the husband described as "rotten," so it was not sent in. An identical sentence won a prize of £155. Still, the husband's opinion could not have been more strikingly confirmed.

A lady writes to a contemporary to say that in the course of her shopping she often has a farthing returned to her in her change, and that she makes a practice of leaving it on the counter for the assistant. Ourselves, we always hand it to the manager, with a request that he will see that it is equally divided between all the assistants.

"The '365' Series of Cookery Books provides," according to advertisement, "dainty and appetising dishes for each meal for every day in the year," but it seems to us that purchasers of these volumes will be face to face with a tragic situation on the 29th of February next.

THE APPEAL REASONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I am a little girl named MARION DOLBY. My father is a barrister, and my mother is very pretty, and lived at Chislehurst before her wedding. I have three brothers and two sisters. My brothers are named GUY, JACK and PATRICK. My sisters are named EVA and MARGUERITE. I am twelve, and the oldest of the lot. PATRICK is the youngest—he is five. It is because I am the eldest that I am writing to you, because the eldest always has to do things; but as a matter of fact I don't mind doing it at all, because the others write so badly, and Eva can't even spell Teusday right. It was decided in our own particular attic, which we share with a hot-water cistern, yesterday that I should write to you in the hope that during the new year 1908, when I shall be thirteen, you will try to think of some plan to prevent us getting as many of the same presents. This

Christmas it has been perfectly absurd. I will tell you the list:—

ME.

- 3 sets Diabolo. (I hate Diabolo now.)
- 2 mechanical Diabolo players, to wind up.
- 4 dolls. (I am not fond of dolls any more.)
- 3 *Peter Pan* story-books.
- 2 *Alice in Wonderland*, by RACK-HAM.
- 1 *Alice in Wonderland*, by ROBIN-SON.
- 1 Golliwog book. (I am too old for this.)
- 6 other things that don't matter.

GUY.

- 2 sets of Diabolo. (He hates it.)
- 1 clockwork train.
- 3 paint-boxes. (He can't paint.)
- 1 top. (Much too clever for him.)
- 1 puzzle. (He is too old for puzzles.)

Etc.

JACK.

- 4 sets Diabolo.
- 3 *Arabian Nights*.
- 2 LANG fairy books.
- 1 theatre. (He is not clever enough for this.)
- 1 gun. (This is very dangerous.)

PATRICK.

- 2 sets Diabolo. (He is too young to play.)
- 3 clockwork Diabolo players.
- 4 sets of swords and helmets.
- 2 clockwork trains.
- 1 paint-box. (A very good one, much better than mine.)

Etc., etc.

EVA.

- 3 *Alice in Wonderland*, by RACK-HAM.
- 2 *Alice in Wonderland*, by WOODWARD.
- 4 *Peter Pan* story-books.
- 2 work - baskets. (She never works.)
- 1 *Golden Treasury of Poetry*. (She hates poetry.)
- 5 Diabolo sets.

Etc., etc.

MARGUERITE.

- 2 *Peter Pan* story-books.
- 1 *Alice in Wonderland*, by RACK-HAM.
- 3 *Alice in Wonderland*, by WOODWARD.
- 5 Diabolo sets.
- 2 clockwork Diabolo players.

Etc., etc.

Dear SANTA CLAUS, if you read these lists carefully you will see that they are very silly. Another thing is that we have none of us got exactly what we really hoped for. The one



Margaret (to young brother—coaxingly). "OH, WILLIE, ARE YOU AN ANGEL?"
Willie. "NOT IF IT'S ANYTHING UPSTAIRS."

thing I wanted was a clay man's head to sow grass on. GUY wanted a lot of pieces of iron to put together into a crane. JACK wanted a ticket-collector's outfit. PATRICK wanted a clockwork mouse. EVA wanted a book called *The Playmate*. MARGUERITE wanted a doll's perambulator. If you read the lists carefully you will see that none of us have got anything like these.

That is why I write to you, and as I don't know your address I send the letter to Mr. Punch, who of course knows it.

Your sincere friend,
MARION DOLBY.

"FENCING IN THE DRUCE VAULT."
Pink poster.

This sounds like the little affair of honour between *Romeo* and *Paris* in the Capulet vault.

More Fiscal Arithmetic.

"In 1890 the excess of foreign manufactures imported to this country over British exports to those markets was £68,600,000, while last year the excess was just over £61,700,000—a decrease in our net exports to foreign countries of £6,900,000."—*The Morning Post*.

Pausing a moment to congratulate the writer on the accurate way in which he has discovered the difference between the two sets of figures, and admitting as we pass that figures are only illustrations, and that good round numbers are of more importance than those "d—d little dots" (as a Tory Chancellor once called decimal points), we still feel it our duty to put the following question to *The Morning Post*:—"If father was four feet taller than TOMMY in 1890, and last year was only one foot taller, is it absolutely certain that TOMMY has *decreased* three feet in those seventeen years?"



DESPERATE REMEDIES.

Jarge (who has fallen a victim to his curiosity to know if the ice would bear). "ELP! 'ELP! PULL ME OUT! I CAN'T SWIM, I TELL 'EE!"
Farmer (rising to the emergency). "OH, JARGE, I CAN'T A-BEAR TO SEE THEE DROWN!"

[Thus stimulated, Jarge contrives to escape a watery grave]

ERGOPHOBIA.

[It is reported that there are fifty inmates of Wandsworth Workhouse who are so comfortable there that they refuse to go out to look for work.]

FIFTY work-sick paupers we,
 Work-sick with a right good will;
 Fifty years hence we shall be
 Fifty work-sick paupers still.

Thrice and four times blest the
 mortals

Who reside within these portals,
 For the quarters they are cosy
 And the living it is high;

Here in luxury we batten
 While we watch each other fatten
 On a diet adiposy—

How we make the victuals fly!

In the morning we awaken
 To the hiss of eggs and bacon,

While a whiff of fragrant kippers
 Scents the early morning blast.
 Oh, distinctly appetising
 Are the odours that are rising
 As in dressing-gown and slippers
 We descend to break our fast.

There are some who tell you fables
 Of the Trocadero's tables
 Close to Piccadilly Circus,
 Of the Carlton or the Ritz;
 With a smile I hear the stories
 Of their culinary glories,
 For the *menu* at the work'us
 Knocks the others into fits.

Why, oh why then should a chappie
 Leave a home where he is happy
 In the undisturbed possession
 Of a life so passing fair?
 In the *dolce far niente*
 Of this house of peace and plenty

Let him ply the sweet profession
 Of the pauper-millionaire.

Fifty work-sick paupers we,
 Work-sick with a right good will;
 Fifty years hence we shall be
 Fifty work-sick paupers still.

The Motor-Bus Lullaby.

Rock-a-by, baby, in the house-top,
 When the bus comes the cradle will
 rock,
 When the bus passes the house-top
 will fall,
 Down will come baby, cradle and
 all.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The cold north-east wind blowing on the
 diving board from the four corners of the
 earth in no way upset the competitors."—*Daily*
Mail.



LEAP-YEAR;
OR, THE IRREPRESSIBLE SKI.



First Golfer. "I SAY, OLD MAN, THAT'S ROTTEN GOLF."

Second Golfer. "YES; BUT IT'S THUNDERING FINE CROQUET. W. AT?"

OUR DECLINING DRAMA—AND HOW TO RESTORE IT.

(A Paper which will not be read before the Stage Society)

THERE is no doubt about the decline. We hear complaints from all quarters of a disastrous Theatrical season. Serious, well-constructed, and thoughtfully written plays, after delusively enthusiastic first-nights and sympathetic encouragement from the Press, expire in a fortnight or three weeks, amidst tepid applause from houses principally composed of "paper." And Dramatists and Managers can't imagine what it is the Public *do* want. It may be presumptuous, but I am going to attempt to enlighten them. I may even succeed in showing them how such calamities may be avoided in the future. It seems to me that Managers do not sufficiently realise the change that has taken place of recent years in the habits and tastes of the community. Some of them do, no doubt, but the majority do not. Take the hour at which they begin their performances, for instance. Some plays begin as early as nine, or even at eight-thirty, and the audience are actually requested to be in their seats before the curtain rises on the first Act!

That means dining at half-past seven, and hurrying over dinner at that. Now really, it is all very well for actors and actresses to dine at unholy and unfashionable hours—it is a penalty attaching to their profession—but they can hardly expect any really smart audience to make a similar sacrifice to art—or, if they do, the result is apt to be disappointing.

Now I have a suggestion which would, I venture to say, dispose of the whole difficulty in the simplest

fashion. This is *my* solution. Provide every West End theatre that does not possess one already with a first-class restaurant, and (this is where the novelty comes in) enable theatre parties to dine luxuriously and at leisure in the auditorium itself, and *during the performance*. I don't claim absolute novelty for this idea. On the Continent the floor and balcony of Variety Theatres are often provided, as everybody is aware, with little tables, at which the audience sit and enjoy beer and sausages. Beer and sausages of course would scarcely attract the Stalls and Dress Circle over here. A London Manager would have to do his Public better than that, but, provided that he engages a *chef* with a Parisian reputation, and that his charges are unconscionable enough to be *chic*, he need not be in the least apprehensive as to the reception of his play. That will be sure of a run, whatever its intrinsic merits. Indeed, the less it distracted the attention of the diners, the better would be its prospects of remaining in the bill. For the fact is, Dramatists as a class have been getting too much ahead of their audiences of late. They have grown, if they will pardon my saying so, too artistic and intellectual for the General Public. Which is why the General Public goes to music-halls instead. Let me explain. Would a modern Dramatist open his play nowadays with a dialogue between two domestics explaining the general situation? He would rather die than be guilty of such a solecism. The critics would be down on him at once. The consequence is that the unfortunate audience has to make everything out for themselves, and only the Pit and Gallery, who have dined early and done digesting, are in a favourable position for doing so; and even they require the support

of continuous chocolates. Soliloquies and asides, too: when a character indulged in them, you knew at once what he or she was driving at, you had a key to the motive. But soliloquies and asides are alike forbidden now, so you have to guess the kind of people the characters really are, which is frequently almost impossible.

Admitting that this mental strain is desirable in an entertainment at all, it would at least be alleviated by the simultaneous enjoyment of a really *recherché* little dinner, followed, naturally, by a cigar or cigarette. The more enlightened Managers are already willing to permit smoking during a performance, if the audience so desire; but this is a half-measure which I fear will not attract the class of patrons most worth winning.

Only allow your *gourmet* to finish his cigar on the spot where he has originally dined—which (according to my proposal) will be the space now occupied by the stalls—and he may regain a taste for the Drama. I do not promise that he will applaud, unless the curtain can be timed to descend between the courses, but he will certainly come again if the *menu* and the wines prove up to the mark.

And there is another advantage about this suggestion of mine. It will deprive the Dramatist of one of his greatest grievances. At present, as he frequently laments, he is compelled to unravel a complicated plot in the brief space of two hours or two and a half at most. Under my proposed arrangement he could begin, say, at 8.15, and go on till a quarter past twelve, without inconveniencing anybody, since the majority of the audience would probably remain to sup in the theatre, instead of adjourning to a restaurant, as at present. I should not advise him to drop his final curtain *later* than 12.15 (or 11.45 on Saturdays), because, of course, the lights would have to be lowered a quarter of an hour before closing time, while the bills were being presented and paid. But a good many social problems could be thrashed out on the stage in less than four hours without boring any audience—I mean, if my system were adopted.

Well, if Managers can't see their way to adopting that, I have another as good, perhaps even better: Everybody must have observed one increasing tendency of the age we live in—its strong desire to turn even its pleasures to some pecuniary advantage. The present Public is an educated Public; it loves to employ its intellect in arithmetical calculations, in literary competitions. But its thirst for mental improvement does require stimulating by, at all events, the possibility of a prize in hard cash. It delights in a sensational romance, but it reads one with far greater avidity if the publisher will but offer a reward to the first purchaser who can divine its secret. And no prudent person would launch a new literary journal—be the staff the most brilliant and popular journalists procurable, and the contents precisely what the public is craving for—without offering the hope of a permanent income for life as some inducement to become a subscriber. We see a similar method employed even in developing the popular taste for such necessities as tea and cigarettes.

Very well, then. Apply these methods to the Drama, and you will soon see the nation once more becoming alive to its importance. Let some enterprising West End Manager advertise a series of rewards on an ascending scale, something on these lines:—A prize of one guinea, or, better still, a souvenir—to the playgoer who sends in the best summary of the plot of the current piece; another of £50 to the one who guesses most correctly the amount of the gross receipts at the end

of each week; £3 a week during the run of the piece to the writer of the best reply to the question why he or she likes the performance; and £5 a week for life, with admission to the Royal box on every alternate Monday, to the author of the Worst last line to a Limerick composed by the fireman of the theatre.

Only try this, and if it does not bring about the Renaissance of the British Drama, I am very much afraid that nothing will.

This is my advice. You may call it too idealistic, unpractical, wanting in knowledge of human nature—anything you like. I offer it for what it is worth. I make no charge for it. F. A.

OUR TURN.

SISTERS, arise! Now dawns the magic year

Designed for our relief by ancient fables;

Man's autocratic rule is out of gear,

The season of *our* mastery is here;

In short, the hour is ripe, the road is clear,

To turn the tables.

To arms! For twelve long months (my dears, it's grand!)

We need not chafe and scheme and fret to please him,

'Tis *his* to come to heel at *our* command.

Let there be no mistake, but understand

We have him in the hollow of our hand

With power to squeeze him.

Up, then, and enter smartly on the fray,

Don't bide your time too long or be too clever;

The sun that lights nineteen-nought-eight won't stay

Eternally, so, sisters, make your hay,

Harvest your humbled husbands while you may;

It's now or never.

The Land of the Free.

Many people have imagined of late that there is no crime which cannot be committed in America with impunity; but this is by no means the case. According to *The New York Times*, CHARLES SMITH, who "laughed at a Newark (N.J.) policeman in a derisive manner on Thursday night," has just been fined 20 dollars. In giving judgment, "the Court said that mocking a policeman meant mockery of the established social system. Such action was immoral. . . . SMITH said that he didn't mean to be immoral." My *dear* SMITH!

According to *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* the attack at Grimsby on a Rabbi (or, as another contemporary has it, a Rabbit—the details still lack confirmation) had an unexpected sequel—

"The rev. gentleman was conveyed home, where he is now under medical treatment. Result: Motherwell, two goals; Third Lanark, one goal."

The policy of the Irish Members in urging that Gaelic should be the recognised language of their country is a remarkably short-sighted one. In *T. P.'s Weekly* we read:

"Lord K.'s inventions, notably that of his invaluable mariner's compass, were almost innumerable."

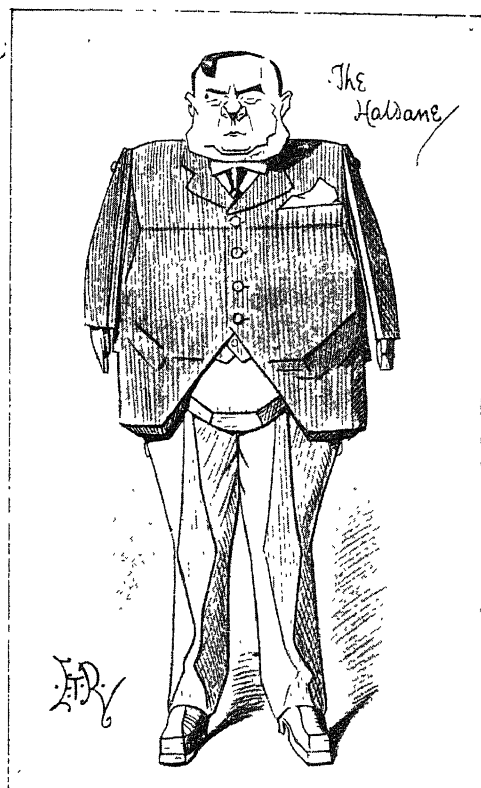
You could never have put it just like that in Gaelic.

"No; there is the spectre at the board, that eternal Dull Care that rides behind the horsemen—to remember our Virgil—the 'Memento more' of the Egyptian feast."—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

The writer's memory seems so uncertain that it would perhaps be a pity for him to "remember more."

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No IV.—ANOTHER MEDLEY OF CELEBRITIES.

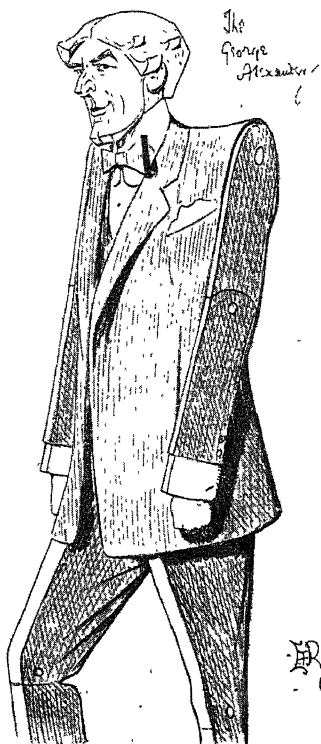


"THE CALL OF THE LUNGS."

JACK MANCHESTER (NEW YORK).

(A Study in Criticism after Some American Publishers.)

We have little hesitation in saying that this is a book to be read. Even more than this world-famous story-teller's other latest work, trenchant as that is with humour and understanding, *The Call of the Lungs* will be the most talked of book of the season. *John Sprod* is a man—a strong, tender, hot-veined man. He is shooting Indians in Idaho when he meets *Lady Gwendolen Cholmondeley-Colquhoun*, who, wholesome and sweet and human woman that she is, weary of the inanities of effete society, longs for a vital feeling of the big forces that are animating the boundless West. She has disguised herself as an old Indian war-chief, and single-handed has held at bay through the interminable Arctic-like winter seven regiments of United States troops. When spring



breaks she has once more the old tired feeling of her race. Seated among her piles of scalps she has just finished her fifth Manhattan cocktail one evening when she hears a voice calling to her from across the boundless prairie hundreds of miles away. It is strong and tender and vital. It is *John's* voice, and it calls "Gwen." It is a clash of races, and her deep, vivid, passionate nature responds. In a moment he looms beside her, a real living thing, his big, soft, pulsing arms about her, in all the thrill of rich, tender fiction. The book is big; it burns hot with harsh but hopeful truth. The title is not new, suggesting as it does *The Call of the Wild*, *The Call of the Blood*, etc.; but we do not hesitate to assert that *The Call of the Lungs* will make, if possible, an even bigger splurge than these.

"The Essex and Suffolk had a merry burst of twenty-five miles."

East Anglian Times.

There's no stopping them in Essex or Suffolk.

THE HOLIDAY STAGE.

I AM sure that Mr. WALKLEY must before now, in one of his parenthetic discourses on the Greek drama, have instructed us about that sense of "a bursting subjectivity" (SCHLEGEL's phrase, I fancy) which an ancient audience derived from the illusion of being in the secrets of the high gods. And something of the same feeling helps, if less consciously, to expand the chests of a first-night audience at a Drury Lane Pantomime. As we watched, through the gloom of a primeval chaos, the shifting of natural scenes, the movement (up and down or sideways) of forests, the reorganisation of landscapes, the adjustment of the orbs of night or day, we seemed to be assisting at the very sources of cosmic evolution.

"We caught for a moment the powers at play."

This flattering thought remains among the deepest impressions stamped upon my mind after witnessing the first performance of *The Babes in the Wood*. Let me say at once that the Hellenic note was not sustained. I missed the political allusiveness of the Aristophanic *parabasis*. The topical element that was once the pride of our Pantomimes seems to have yielded to purely spectacular claims, thus reflecting the modern phase which gives Matter the preference over Mind. On the other hand, I enjoyed two pleasant disappointments. (1) I found that the legend of *The Babes in the Wood*, though the theme of *Robin Hood*

got thrown in gratuitously, was sustained with an unwonted consecution of argument. At almost any point it was possible to recognise easily that the subject was neither *Cinderella* nor *Robinson Crusoe*. (2) I gathered from my programme that the Management's threat to dispense with the Harlequinade (as plaintively recorded in a cartoon of Mr. Punch's last issue) was a false rumour. I was thus able to rejoice in spirit (for my body had retired at a reasonable hour) with the half-dozen precocious children that figured in a packed house. (P.S. I hear that the Harlequinade was cut out after all.)

That was a pretty scene in Lollipopland where the ballet simulated a fascinating variety of toothsome

sweets. Of these the *marrons glacés* served as a very happy comment upon the humour of the pantomime, for seldom have I had the satisfaction of recognising so many frosted chestnuts among the *jeux d'esprit*. In the scene of Indigestion that followed (as the night succeeds the day) one wondered how the names of the makers of patent medicines came to be omitted from their bottles. Certain descriptions of soup, soap, cakes, and even a weekly journal (read by a robber) had in previous scenes been advertised with a most refreshing frankness.

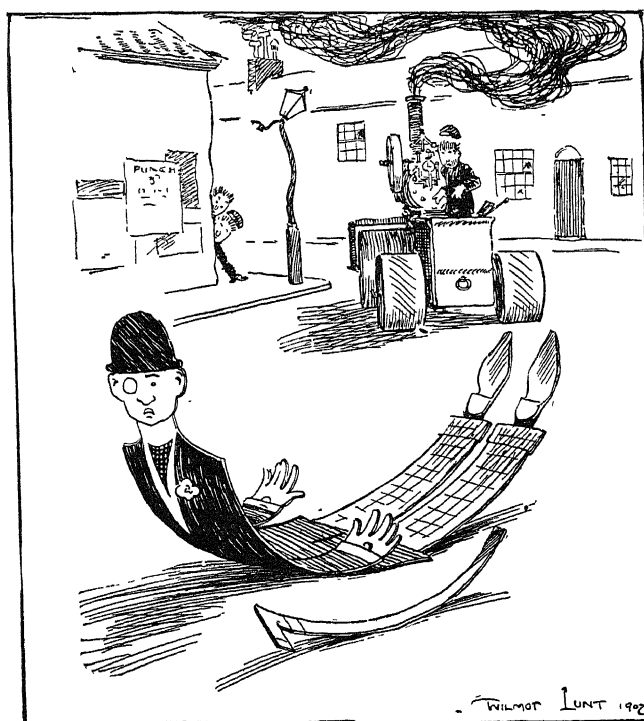
Mr. WALTER PASSMORE, as the Male Babe, was pleasantly diverting,

and ALDERS, a delightful burlesque of the stage duel.

I do not feel that I can do full justice to the performance, as I was only present for about three hours. But I shall pay several further visits of the same duration, and thus hope eventually to cover the whole ground.

Since I saw *Peter Pan* two years ago there are not many improvements to record, but then how could there be? Miss SYBIL CARLISLE is a great advance upon the previous Mrs. Darling. Perhaps the most graceful figure upon the legitimate stage of to-day, she here communicates a touch of pathos which, if not perfectly

maternal, is the next best thing. Miss PAULINE CHASE may perhaps want something of the subtlety of others who have played the title-rôle, but she has the quality of perpetual boyhood; in this she shows a consistency which Mr. BARRIE himself might envy. I missed in the new interpreter of *Hook* that air of fallen nobility which Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER imparted to this deplorable character. Mr. MATTHEWS, as *Darling père*, seemed a little sorry for himself in the kennel scene; and I am not surprised. It is the play's weak spot, defiantly preserved. For the rest, the adorable *Wendy* persists, like *Peter* himself, in refusing to grow older by a single hour. O. S.



Johnnie. "HOW PROVOKING! NOW MY TROUSERS ARE CREASED THE WRONG WAY!"

but the best lines were given to the Baroness, Mr. NEIL KENYON, who delivered them in braid Scots, *très sec*. I can quite understand that the eternal fitness of things demanded that she should be a man; also why the rôle of the Babes' Governess should be assigned to Mr. HARRY FRAGSON (for how else was he to work his French songs in?); but I don't so clearly see why, in the *Robin Hood* section, that swashbuckler villain Lord Hugo (not the CECIL) should be played by a lady with a thin pipe of a voice. But I do not expect to understand everything at a pantomime. Among the things I really did grasp with intelligence was a rough-and-tumble fight between *The Robbers*, Messrs. DREW

the following advice for the guidance of his readers.]

SHOOT THE BURGLAR INSTANTLY

1. If he betrays any desire to discuss the fiscal problem.
2. If he is jumping on your chest with hob-nailed boots.
3. If he is leaving the house with all your nether garments under his arm.
4. If he talks like any of the burglars in magazine stories.

REFRAIN FROM SHOOTING

1. If he is moving towards your rich uncle's bed-room. (In this case the prerogative of taking first shot belongs to your uncle. Better that the burglar's feelings should be hurt by apparent neglect than that your rich

WHEN TO SHOOT A BURGLAR.

[In view of recent correspondence in a contemporary regarding the right rules of etiquette for the reception of burglars, Mr. Punch offers

uncle should be offended by your interference.)

2. If your bulldog has the burglar by the throat. You might disturb the noble animal.

3. If your teething infant has just gone to sleep. The burglar might be a father himself, and would respect your motive.

4. If you are on the verge of bankruptcy. A timely burglary accounts so neatly for the disappearance of portable property.

5. If you couldn't hit a hay-stack at ten yards. The burglar probably could.

6. If your wife is a Suffragette. Leave him to her—unless you apprehend the wrath of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Burglars. (But see next section.)

ASK THE BURGLAR TO SHOOT FIRST

1. If your wife is a Suffragette.

2. If you are heavily insured against accident. Point out to the burglar that a bullet through the calf would give you a six months' trip down the Mediterranean.

IN DOUBTFUL CASES

1. Do not shoot till you have warned the burglar.

2. Do not tell him that he is running a risk of the gallows.

3. Remind him that, if he kills you, Mr. HALL CAINE and Mr. BART KENNEDY will almost certainly publish psychological studies of his demeanour in the dock. He will probably burst into tears at the thought, and go home a sadder and a better burglar.

On this same theme a correspondent communicates the following useful hints:—

It is not necessary to wait for a formal introduction before entering into conversation with a burglar, but it should be remembered that he is by nature something of a recluse, and may possibly resent any interest, however intelligent, which may be taken in his work.

A little thought will readily suggest suitable conversational openings. For instance, noticing that he has his jemmy with him, you may inquire, "And how is little JAMES?"

In case of a dispute it is not usual to offer the burglar the choice of pistols or swords. If he has his own weapon with him he will probably prefer to use that.

As to the exact moment for pulling the trigger, a polished burglar will always utter the word "Fire" in an audible voice when he is ready.

Some authorities hold that a burglar may be shot at sight. This



Fourteen-stone Scot. "COME AWA NOO! HURRY UP, YE WEE RAT, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE THANKSGIVIN' SERVICE!"

is risky, as he may possibly be a guest from a neighbouring house party.

To obviate errors in this direction it is becoming the fashion for all properly qualified burglars to wear when on active service all their tickets-of-leave and other orders and diplomas.

In big burglar shoots dogs are frequently used, but it is considered ostentatious to employ loaders.

AUTRES PAYS AUTRES NOELS.

SCENE.—Café Anglais, Paris.

TIME.—Christmas Day, 8 p.m.

Dramatis Personæ.—Various English People.

He. Well, what have you been doing?

She. We have been to the Renaissance.

He. Ah, yes, the *Enigme Intime*. What did you think of it?

She. Very disgusting.

He. Oh, yes, of course, disgusting; but what did you think of it?

She. There's no doubt about its being strong. The most powerful thing I ever saw, I think.

Another She. I never saw anything quite so cynical. Of course one

doesn't want even a woman to do such things, but when it's a man—

He. Oh, yes, of course.

She. That's what I thought. For a man to be like that. Perfectly disgusting.

He. Are you going again?

She. Oh, I don't know. Very likely. *VEBER* is so fine.

Another She. What did you do last night? *Le réveillon*?

He. Yes, and I *réveilléd* till all hours. It was a quarter to seven when I got into bed. I felt as tired as—as an English postman.

She. Ah, an English postman. I had almost forgotten them. What a time they must have been having this morning!

He. Well, we are well out of it all.

Omnes. Yes, indeed.

Another She. Where are you going to-night?

He. Oh, to the Moulin Rouge. One must be gay at Christmas.

All. Yes, gay at Christmas!

Glimpses of Great Lives.

More light on *à BECKET* from the schoolroom:—

"Thomas Becket used to wash the feet of leopards and misticants, and stunted himself of food."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. TUCKWELL'S *Reminiscences of Oxford* (SMITH, ELDER) carry him back to the Thirties, a distance which leaves few living contemporaries. The fact almost requires sworn testimony for its acceptance. On the verge of fourscore, when the life of ordinary man is but labour and sorrow, Mr. TUCKWELL preserves and displays almost boyish high spirits. It is the salt of humour, best of antiseptics, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT once said, that has preserved the springs of youth. He has keen scent for a humorous story, which happily suffers nothing in his hands. His good things illuminate every page, and are told with that brevity which is essential to success. As adventures are to the adventurous, so quaint incidents and odd personages come in the way of a man of humour. Gifted with a marvellous memory, Mr. TUCKWELL recalls the *bons mots* of Dons, the escapades of undergraduates, in an Oxford to-day as extinct as the Heptarchy. Incidentally, unpretentiously, he adds to literature some valuable portrait-sketches. PUSEY, with whom he often walked and talked; NEWMAN, for whom he had less personal affection; THOMSON, later Archbishop of York; gruff-mannered TEMPLE, whose highest ambition was a college living or the head-mastership of a public school; MARK PATTISON, with his life of "abrupt precipitations and untoward straits," and JOWETT, the "little white-faced lad with shrill voice and cherub face," who won a Balliol Scholarship—all live again in these pages, sketched by a master hand, which, though sympathetic, is unpromising. Of PUSEY and NEWMAN there are reproduced rare pen-and-ink drawings, a portrait of PUSEY in the Thirties, and NEWMAN in 1841. Of HAYMAN, for a brief time head-master of Rugby, Mr. TUCKWELL writes: "He was a pleasant fellow and a good scholar, though what the waiter in *The Newcomes* would call a 'harbitary gent.' " It is with diffidence I venture to suggest that for once Mr. TUCKWELL stumbles in his reminiscences. Wasn't it FORSTER whose character a cabman, hustled in the matter of his fare, summed up in the familiar phrase, to the great delight of CHARLES DICKENS?

The Letters of Edward Lear (FISHER UNWIN) would have been twice as good if the book had been half as long. Lady STRACHEY, with loyal, well-deserved, but in effect disastrous adulation of the author of *The Book of Nonsense*, finding a pile of letters addressed by him to his friends CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, and Lady WALDEGRAVE, has tumbled them all out into a stout volume. The relations between LEAR and the member of the House of Commons whom some of us remember as Chief Secretary for Ireland were intimate and affec-

tionate. LEAR, when he had a moment to spare, took up his pen and babbled. With judicious selection the book, not at its best ranking high amongst published correspondence of eminent men, would have been readable. There is, for example, a delightful account of the company LEAR happened upon at a riverside inn on the Thames. For the most part the correspondence runs on the following lines, quoted from a letter written from what the writer—such a wag!—spells "Hupper Seemore Street, Portman □". "O mi! how giddy I is. Perhaps it is along of the cliff of Ain Giddi; perhaps of the glass of sherry and water close by—only I ain't drank it yet." When LEAR is not thus determinately funny he is very good. Writing about an idiotic sermon he happened to hear in a country church he asks a question which has often occurred to less gifted persons: "Why are men allowed to talk such nonsense unsnubbed in a wooden desk, who would be scouted in an ordinary room?" LEAR is happily unconscious of his share in creating the current craze for the balderdash known as Limericks. It would be a meet punishment for him to

know that whilst he received only £125 for his first *Book of Nonsense* £300 or more is paid to the prize-winner in the weekly contests of enterprising newspapers.

With E. GRANT RICHARDS as accessory before and after the fact, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS has committed, or at least has published, *The Unpardonable Sin*. From the safe harbourage where the critics ride peacefully at anchor he has sailed out into the troubled seas of fiction, fearless of its rocks and shoals. It is a brave act, even for a DOUGLAS,

but I question its wisdom. At first all is plain sailing. The opening scenes of his novel—the boyhood of his Irish-Methodist hero and the religious riots which dispute with ship-building the honour of being the chief industry of Belfast—are admirably conceived. But after that he is blown out of his course by the treacherous wind of Imagination. To the black-coated preacher enter a Scarlet Woman, the most beautiful and wealthiest lady in the world, who has met more monarchs than even Mr. LE QUUX. On the Thames Embankment, somewhere about where the Savoy and the Cecil and the Savage now stand, she out-Vaticans the Vatican with a building which includes a cathedral bigger than St. Peter's, besides an opera-house, a theatre, art galleries, concert-rooms, terraced gardens, and goodness knows what else, and installs her little Methodist lover, who has meanwhile married another, as its Pope. And the rest is love and jealousy and extravagant absurdity. I am afraid Mr. DOUGLAS must try again—unless, like a good cobbler, he elects to stick to his last.

TITLE FOR A JUDGE IN A MOTOR-CAR RACE.—Petrolius Arbitrator.



A riverside villa during the recent floods.

Householder. "WELL, WHAT IS IT, MARY?"

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S A MAN JUST COME IN A PUNT. SAYS HE'S CALLED FOR THE WATER-RATE."

NEW YEAR SECOND THOUGHTS.

SECOND thoughts are best.

I had grave doubts about most of those good resolutions last week, and now I know I was hasty and impetuous.

Nothing done in a hurry is ever any good.

I will not be in a hurry again this year.

As to "scrupulous honesty in word and deed," I wonder. That was rather a rash undertaking. After all, as JOHN MORLEY and several other persons have said, compromise is a necessity of life—particularly civilised life. And as CHARLES LAMB, and perhaps others, have said, the truth is not for all: many men do not know what to do with it when you hand it to them, so I will let that clause go. I make no promises, but I will try to maintain a decent level of verity.

Early rising again. One can overdo that kind of thing very easily. Who am I to get up so long before other people? Before the world is warmed? Why be so arrogant? The early riser is always a conscious saint: he grins through his halo as though it were a horse-collar. Of all the minor offences of human nature self-satisfied rectitude is the most irritating. I will get up early when I want to, and undertake to do no more. It is enough. My belief is it is too much.

There is smoking. Why on earth I made that solemn vow to reduce my smoking I cannot now conceive. What is there about smoking

to be so virtuous over? A harmless soothing habit. I consider that tobacco has averted thousands of domestic difficulties that might otherwise have proved very trying. And it is not as if I have ever smoked too much, except very occasionally. Let us forget what I said about smoking.

humiliated like that at home? Ridiculous. But the whole business of the first day of the year and its good resolutions is ridiculous.

Why the first day of the year?

Yes, indeed, why?

It is a purely arbitrary selection of day. It is quite on the cards that

Midsummer Day is the real first of the year, counting backwards. Who decided that January 1 should be that day I have no notion.

And why January?

Why not any other month?

As a matter of fact every man's new year begins differently—on his birthday—and that is the real time to make good resolutions.

My birthday is December 20. I have been premature. I should have waited till then.

I will wait till then.

A number of well-known people have contributed to a contemporary their "Hopes for 1908." If Mr. ALFRED NOYES had been among that number we have no doubt that his hope would have been "To meet the Editor of the *Irish Times*." For this is how that paper quotes one of his most touching poems:

"And far away in lonely homes the lamp of hope is burning,
All night the white-faced women wait with aching eyes of prayer,
All night the little children dream of father's glad returning;
All night he lies beneath the stairs and—dreams no more out there."

Only a real artist can get such an effect of quietly hopeless tragedy."



"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."

SHAKESPEARE.

And drinking too. Why was I suddenly so excited about a little harmless claret? Moderation hurts no one, and I have never been anything but moderate, and yet there I am, an ordinary sane man, so carried away by an excess of pious promises on the first day of the year that I suggest drinking wine in future only at dinner.

Why should my poor body be

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT COLD.

TIME WAS, SEPTIMIUS, back some decades three,
While yet I had the makings of a hero,
When I would crow for very mirth to see
The glass descend below the line of zero;
When, to the blast impervious, I would go
Steel-shod across the ringing plains of ice,
Fretting their polish (purposely or no)
With many a quaint device.

'Tis otherwise to-day; this bitter snap
Threatens to petrify my skating muscles,
To parch my humours, corrugate my sap,
And cause a poverty of red corpuscles;
Torpids with cold, my veins no longer hum
Ecstatically with the coursing blood,
And, if I fell, I know that I should come
A most infernal thud.

Bucolic sportsmen, such as have a hide
Of the consistency of rhino leather,
Or he that wears a nose already dyed
May wallow in this "seasonable" weather;
Young people may allege it makes them fit,
And cheery elders say, "It might be worse;"
I'm neither young, nor cheery, so I sit
Inside my grate and curse.

Mind you, I'm not a grumbler: I respect
(Broadly) the rules of Nature and of Reason;
I hope I should, on principle, reject
A dish of strawberries gathered out of season;
And, if I overheard the cuckoo's sign
Uttered, in error, on a winter's day,
I should pretend I hadn't, and decline
To give the bird away.

I am not exigent, nor claim to bask
Just now in punts at Maidenhead or Marlow;
But is there not some happy mean? I ask;
Must I be forced to fly to Monte Carlo?
Must I, against my will, be driven to roam
In that lone alien clime, who might have done
My honest toil contentedly at home
At 40° in the sun? O. S.

LETTERS OF MARK.

THE Post Office High Court sat yesterday to try criminal cases. The judges took their seats on the mailbags at 8.0 a.m. Great interest was shown in the trial of ALF. GUMLICHER, 19, post-office clerk, of Little Pimpley-on-the-Pond (three words) under Floodwater. GUMLICHER was accused of having postmarked a letter in such a manner that not only the name but the date was legible. The prisoner, having complained of cold, was accommodated with a newspaper wrapper, but was cautioned to leave the ends open. He pleaded "not exceeding," and conducted his own defence.

The first witness for the prosecution was the post-mistress of LPP (under FWR). She had often had to caution the accused about the dangerous clearness of his date-stamps, and always felt sure in her heart of hearts that he would come to a bad end. (The witness was here reminded that her communication must be confined to formal matter only; anything in the nature of a letter would necessitate, etc., etc.) The witness, continuing, said that when she first caught sight of the incriminating

envelope, with its ghastly post-mark shouting the accusing message, she nearly swallowed a parcels label. She never saw such a horrid sight in her life. Every letter and figure could be read with the naked eye. When she confronted the prisoner with it he blushed like a pillar-box.

The accused in his defence said that at the time of the alleged crime he was of unsound mind, having been engaged in deciphering an inland telegram written by a lady with the office pen and blotted on the office pad.

After a space (provided for that purpose) the Lord High Judge of Registration-Fees, wearing the Blue Cross of St. Martin's, charged with two D's copper, arose and informed the Court that the jury, having carefully balanced the evidence and found it overweight, had made out a bill against the prisoner. That miserable malefactor was thereupon, whereas, and hereinafter sentenced to become one of the public, and to read three country postmarks a day.

The prisoner was carried out insensible.

THE PRINTER'S ANGEL;

OR, THE PERFECT TYPE

SWEET ERMYNTRUDE JONES has two beautiful eyes,
Their colour is azure, the same as the skies.

Her eyes: ○ ○

Pure Grecian her nose is, and moulded with grace;
And *never* was nose more in keeping with face.

Her nose: >

Her lips are so soft, and as rich as red tulips;
And the breath they emit has the scent of mint-juleps.

Her lips: ~ ~ ~

Her teeth are as pearls and I take them to be
Just as good as the best that come out of the sea.

Her teeth: vvvv

Like the bright burnished gold of Aurora her hair is;
And twiddles in curls like a fay's or a fairy's.

Her hair: SSSS

Then her wee shelly ears—ah! how graceful each
turning—

But hush! or I set these appendages burning.

Her ears: ○ ○

Oh could I the wealth of the Indies command,
I'd forfeit it all for sweet ERMYNTRUDE's hand!

Her hand: ☞

And, were I sole monarch from Croydon to Crète,
I'd lay down my sceptre at ERMYNTRUDE's feet.

Her feet: JL

"HOW TO READ THE MENU"—This little book will prove of much use to the majority of people who are in the habit of dining in style. It has been compiled for the purpose of assisting the diner to easily acquire the method of translating the French menu in a few hours.

The Broad Arrow.

But anybody can translate the menu in a few hours. What we can never do is to decide on the spur of the moment, and under the eye of the waiter, between *crème d'orge* and *cure-dents*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 8, 1908.



POKER AND TONGS;

OR, HOW WE'VE GOT TO PLAY THE GAME.

KAISER. "I GO THREE DREADNOUGHTS."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO ILL-FEELING, I RAISE YOU THREE."

DEFERRED EXECUTION.

POOR old picture! There, staring us in the face, is just the very piece of bare wall that would have fitted it; and yet it will never, never know what it really is to be hung, much less to be hanged.

It is, by the way, partly the picture's own fault. There is clearly no sense in wanting to be hanged, much less in wanting to be hung. Hanging is the very last thing that one reserves for one's worst enemy. I daresay that even I have on occasion desired someone to be hanged, but, speaking to memory, I have never actually hanged anybody. The most harsh thing to say to a person who has incurred your wrath is, "You be hanged," unless you are that sort of brute who would say, "You be. . ." But, no—that is unthinkable. I am sorry I ever suggested it. If I thought you would talk like that, I could never write another article for you to read. Promise me you never will. If you did and I heard you, I should go straight and tell the Editor. (I once began a poem:—

The nicest-mannered men I know,
Although it is myself that's said it,
Are those terrumpy-umpty-o
Whose lot in life it is to edit.

I should not trouble to complete the third line, if I were you. If you did, you could not hope to win a prize, and we should only stick to your sixpence.) And so we come round again to the subject of the picture.

I came into possession of the Flat on January 3rd, 1907, arriving at 8 p.m. with a kettle and a dozen pictures. By 9.45 p.m. I had hung—hanged—hung eleven of the pictures, and written home:—"Arrived safely. Kettle tired, but otherwise complete. Practically finished hanging pictures. Love. JACK." Then I determined to smoke a well-earned pipe before completing the job. But you know how one pipe leads to another, and another leads to bed.

On January 4th, at 8.25 p.m., I was on the point of hanging the twelfth picture when something told me not to. Think how welcome, when things began to pall, the sight of a fresh picture would be! "All right, something old man," I conceded, "though I am determined to hang it to-morrow, I will let us off to-night."

On January 7th, at 8.43 p.m., I broached the question again, but came to the conclusion that it was foolish to expect one to write to one's best girl and hang one's pictures on the same evening.



PLEASURES OF THE SYNDICATE SHOOT.

Manager (to latest member). "You'RE NUMBER SIX, I THINK? WILL YOU GO AND STAND BY THE OAK-TREE AT THE CORNER?"

Latest Member (with dignity). "I'M BLOWED IF I WILL! I PAID SAME AS YOU, 'AVEN'T I, AND I'LL BLOOMIN' WELL STAND WHERE I LIKE!"

On January 10th, at 8.50 p.m., I could not help thinking that, dash it all, I had the place on a three-years' lease, and surely a man could hang one picture in two years and three hundred and fifty-five days! And how about the extra day in 1908?

On January 16th, at 8.55 p.m., I got ready to hang the picture, but wanted the rest of the picture-cord to tie up a parcel.

On January 24th, at 9.1 p.m., I made up my mind to hang the picture.

On February 5th, at 9.15 p.m., I thought it would be a good thing to do a little picture-hanging.

On February 28, at 9.37 p.m., I

thought "How about that old picture?"

On March 31st, at 9.57 p.m., I said to myself, "Look here. We really must—but, by Jove, it is nearly ten o'clock!"

On May 17th, at 10 p.m., I said, "Old fellow, we are going to bed now; but let us hang that picture to-morrow, shall we?"

On June 4th, the glorious Fourth, at 11.33 (ah! but that was A.M.), I bought some more picture-cord. Mind you, I do not generally put on side, but there are times . . .

Somewhere among the less familiar a.m.'s of August 1st I went off for my holiday. Restless energy is perhaps the most glaring of my many

merits, and I will not deny that I put myself to some trouble and expense to notice how pictures ought to be ha—, hu—, hanged. (There is this to be said for that other unmentionable word, that if one did want to use it, one would not have to worry about grammar. One would simply say "Be . . .," and there one would be. There would be no need even to consider the possibility of "Be dumn." But then, of course, one never *would* use it.)

On September 1st (m.) I returned, but wasn't going to let myself spoil a good holiday by hanging pictures on the last evening of it.

On November 5th (there is something inspiring about that day) I saw that the picture must now be suspended, but I could not find the cord.

It is now nearly midnight on December 31st. To-morrow will be the first day of the new year, and the next day will be the second day of the new year. So we shall go on for 366 days till we get to next 31st of December, which will be the last day of the new year. The day after that will be . . . But why drag in days when we are talking about pictures? I have taken the picture in question from its resting-place, and am condoling with the dear old man on his bad luck. Stroking his tired old back, I find the cord neatly tied on him all ready for use. Whoever tied it there? . . . No, No. It is very kind of you to suggest that, but I protest that I was never equal to it. It cannot have been I. If only we had found this out on November 5th, who knows what might have then happened? Who knows but that . . . ?

There! I have dropped the whole sordid affair.

Hang the thing!

Yes; that, of course, is what we have been trying to do all along. But how can one hang a picture which bears all the unmistakable signs of being smashed to smithereens?

Very well. Then there is no way out of it but—" . . . the thing!"

"To learn how to trill "r," open the lips, keep them quite still, lift the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and say *ur-r-r-rour*. Aim for a continuous roll of the consonant; it will soon come. This exercise should be practised before a mirror. Above all, watch that the lips don't close to *oo*; that is the weak spot, not the tongue"—*Musical Herald*.

This new game should bring mirth and happiness into many a cheerless home.

TO MY GREAT-GRANDSON, HAROLD.

I HAVE written it out like this. No doubt the legal terms are all wrong, but I understand that, so long as the butler writes his signature across the penny stamp in witness thereof, it doesn't really matter how you put it.

"This is the first Will and Testament of Me. I being of sound mind and body do hereby dispose of my worldly goods as follows, to wit. I will and bequeath my bank balance of £5 2s. 7d. to . . . and my pianola to . . . and my bicycle lamp to . . . and the alleged rabbit 'Vercingetorex' together with the hutch thereof to . . . and the . . . and . . .

"And I do hereby will and bequeath to my great-grandson HAROLD the short story of 4,000 words, entitled 'The Missing Octave,' to be used by him as seems best to him.

"January 1, 1908."

I.

I wrote *The Missing Octave* in the first week of January, 1904. That year, you remember, was a leap year, the first since 1896. You shall hear what good use I made of that eight years' interval.

JACK was my hero. Handsome he was, of course (for was not ELEANOR in love with him?), twenty-four years of age, and moderately well-to-do. ELEANOR was twenty-two, and as pretty as you like. An excellent match.

So, anyhow, thought JACK. At the very beginning of the story there he was on his knees, asking ELEANOR to marry him. ELEANOR (the dear) would have said "Yes," I am sure, but at that moment the door opened (now we are coming to the plot) and NEWTON came in.

NEWTON was the Other Man, and had all the characteristics of Other Men. In a few impassioned phrases he proposed, and was rebuffed. (JACK meanwhile had retired. He was always a sportsman.) "Ha!" said NEWTON, "you love another."

"Yes," said ELEANOR simply.

Now mark the craftiness of NEWTON. He didn't say at once that, if it was JACK, then she might like to know that he had been in prison twice for forgery, and was even now engaged to three other people. No, he took a different line altogether.

"Charming boy, JACK," he said. "You would never think to look at him that he was only sixteen last birthday."

ELEANOR was flabbergasted (if one may use such a word of such a charming girl). In the first place

you can't marry boys of sixteen without the consent of their parents; and, in the second place, it is rather a shock when you have always considered a person to be about twenty-four (twenty-four seemed a great age in those days) to find that he is really still at school, and has been promised a pony in the holidays if he is top of his form in Latin.

To tell the truth, one of the reasons why ELEANOR had loved JACK was because he was so boyish, and yet with it all had a certain manly dignity. (It was in a magnificent soliloquy that she dwelt upon this.) Now when you *are* only sixteen boyishness is nothing out of the way; on the other hand, manly dignity looks rather like priggishness. So ELEANOR had to readjust all her ideas; and she was still readjusting them, with unhappy results for JACK, when that gentleman returned. (NEWTON had gone by this time. He wasn't a sportsman; but he was playing Bridge, and had only come in because he was Dummy.)

ELEANOR was a reasonable girl, and she had decided to ask JACK if NEWTON's disgusting observation had any truth in it.

"Were you sixteen last birthday?" she fired at him, as he came in.

Now you have already guessed that JACK was born on February 29, 1880. Of course he was really twenty-four; but a hero cannot prevaricate, and on his last proper birthday in 1896 he *had* been sixteen.

"Yes," he said, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Then," she said, "I cannot marry you."

* * * * *

Of course it all came right in the end. Somebody let the secret out, and she found she loved him more than ever. There was just one other hitch, though. JACK had sworn that, having been refused once, he would never ask her again. (I like his spirit.) Things seemed at a deadlock, and it looked as though the marriage wouldn't come off after all. Then she remembered suddenly. It was Leap Year.

She went on her knees.

"JACK," she said, "will you marry me?"

"Thank you," said JACK. "I don't mind if I do."

II.

That was the story. On January 10, 1904, I sent it to an editor, enclosing a very large stamped addressed envelope for the cheque. He returned the story in a week; and, being (like JACK) of a spirited nature,

I would not offer it to him again, but tried it on somebody else, once more backing it both ways. . . .

By February 29 I had tried most of the magazines in London. It seemed then too late, for people were beginning to forget that it was Leap Year. But I did not despair. So long as 1904 lasted (I swore) I would do my best for that story. And so it was not until the 29th of December that *The Missing Octave* came back from *The Fortnightly Review* for the last time.

I put it away in a drawer. In eight years' time, I said, when the next Leap Year comes, I will try again. By that time, perhaps, the public will have been educated up to my story.

* * * * *

Now then, you see the horrible tragedy of it. Only four years have passed, and yet here we are again in another Leap Year. My story is now useless. If JACK is really twenty-four he would have been as old as twenty on his last birthday, and I am sure ELEANOR would not refuse him for that. On the other hand, if he were sixteen in 1904, he would only be twenty now, and ELEANOR would never have let herself fall in love with him. No, I must have my eight years' interval. Why, the title alone demands that.

I don't know much about Leap Year, but I know it has something to do with the earth going round the sun, and I think MERCATOR's Projection comes into it. Also Pope GREGORY. I believe he is the man I want to meet. We were going along quite calmly with Leap Year every four years, and then in comes GREGORY with a wonderful idea for leaving out Leap Year once every hundred years. Of course I know that but for this my story could never have been written; but it is annoying when you have written it, and are confidently looking forward to the applause of the critics to find that—

But GREGORY has always been a spoil-sport. I remember his powders in the nursery.

III.

Well, I have done the only thing possible. I have made my will, and left my work to my great-grandson HAROLD. By 2004 he should be just beginning his literary career. How he will startle the critics with his masterly short story, entitled *The Missing Octave*! What would I not give to be there to read the reviews!

"At one bound he takes his place in the ranks of the acknowledged masters of this difficult art."—*Times*. "A



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

"SAY 'WHEN,' OLD MAN."

brilliant work, brilliantly executed."—*Telegraph*. And so on.

Of course a few slight alterations in matters of detail may have to be made in my story. Bridge, for instance, may not be played so extensively then as now; possibly JACK would appear a little *outré* in saying "I don't mind if I do." But the main scheme is for all time; and if HAROLD has inherited anything of his great-grandfather's genius the details may be left to him with confidence.

This will be in 2004. At least I suppose so. But I have a horrible suspicion that some other Pope has already dodged in with the suggestion that once every thousand years Leap Year should go in again. I don't know, but it would be just like him.

Of course in that case HAROLD will be unable to get my story printed; but you will note that in my will I have left it to him "to use as seems best to him." No doubt he would leave it to his great-grandson, so that in 2104 the great work would appear.

But that does not concern me. I have left *The Missing Octave* to my great-grandson HAROLD, and when the time comes he will know what to do with it. He will know better than I what are Leap Years, and what aren't.

His name will be HAROLD, because by that time only HAROLDS will be allowed to write for the Press.

A. A. M.

Spare the Boot, and Spoil the Child.

"The chief feature of the game was the clever kicking of the visitors' backs, who nursed their forwards with great judgment."—*The Manchester Guardian*.

"The large spectacles that he wore half-way down his hooked nose did not disguise the fact that the latter were red with weeping."

"Daily Mail" Feuilleton.

"Nose" is one of those deceptive words which sound plural but are really singular. Hence the grammatical error.

CHARIVARIA.

A MARKED revulsion of feeling among the lower classes in favour of the House of Lords is reported as a consequence of the Ducal Burglary at Lord CHOLMONDELEY'S house, its neat execution being much admired in certain quarters.

**

We hear that, in accordance with custom, the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S guests, although only amateur house-breakers, have been invited to go on the stage. A most flattering offer has been made to them to take part in *The Forty Thieves*.

**

And from America comes a report that a prisoner who was being tried on a charge of murder begged a jury, the other day, to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty, on the ground that the death sentence would mean for him the loss of a prospective Music Hall engagement of great value.

**

The Scottish Miners' Federation has rejected a proposal that employers shall be forced by law to collect the subscriptions for the men's unions. It was felt, we understand, that it would be absurd to make two bites at a cherry, for the day will, of course, arrive soon when the masters will themselves have to pay the subscriptions.

**

The War Office, *The Military Mail* informs us, is to be known in future as the Army Office. It is denied that the reason is that the authorities realise their inability to manage a war. More likely the change is intended as a sop to the Peace party.

**

The prosecution of a Hoxton tailor for blasphemy is arousing a great deal of interest, and, if the man is convicted, Mr. HALL CAINE, it is said, will immediately take action against a number of his detractors.

**

By the way, Mr. HALL CAINE is to write a book on the DRUCE Case. The gifted author's first advance advertisement appeared in *The Daily Mail* last week under the title "The Druce Grave Desecration: Mr. Hall Caine's Passionate Protest."

**

Theatre agents report a scarcity of actresses who are willing and qualified to take the part of "Principal Boy." This is one more example of the increasing unpopularity of our sex, due no doubt to the propaganda of the Suffragettes.

**

The exemplary sentence of twelve

months' hard labour has been passed on a woman for a series of frauds on policemen in all parts of London. We trust that this punishment will serve as a warning to any others who are proposing to take advantage of a peculiarly helpless and simple-minded body of men.

**

Several angry demonstrations have taken place during the cold snap against those persons who had been asking for seasonable weather.

**

And there was an unusually large number of dog fights last week. The reason given by the disturbers of the peace when remonstrated with was that one must do something to keep oneself warm.

**

BARNUM'S famous show has been bought by Mr. RINGLING, who announces his intention of introducing many improvements. BARNUM'S was merely the Greatest Show on Earth. Mr. RINGLING'S is to be the Greatest without any qualification whatever.

**

A feature of a ball given by a Philadelphia banker the other day was the liberation during the evening of 500 butterflies. Another millionaire, we hear, has already decided to signalise the opening of the fur-coat season next year by giving a Moth Ball.

**

An American professor having discovered that music has a remarkable influence on the growth of flowers and plants, many brutal fathers are now insisting that their daughters shall practise the piano in the garden.

**

We have received a letter from "An Animal Lover," pointing out that nothing is done for our horses in the way of extra clothing in the winter, and suggesting a close-fitting tailor-made costume to cover them completely. Made of bright blue or scarlet plush, such costumes would undoubtedly do much to brighten our streets, and be a comfort to poor Dobbin.

**

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, it is announced, has already decided on his plans for next Christmas-tide. About December 20 he will produce at the Aldwych Theatre a fairy play entitled *Cinderella*. We trust that no one will crib his idea.

**

Overheard outside a certain Music Hall:—"Who's this Zbysco they're advertising?" "Don't know. A trick zbysclist, I suppose."

**

"Mr. WILLIAM FULTON JACKSON,

the General Manager of the North British Railway, has a unique record," says *The Railway Magazine*. "He has walked the entire length of the North British Railway." We believe, however, that the Manager of one of our Southern Railways also frequently walks the whole length of his line when in a hurry.

TO A PARTING GUEST.

CRAZE of Bedlam, ere we part,
Let me open out my heart.
Must you go, so lately come?
Have you ceased indeed to hum?
Hear my prayer, if this be so:
Don't come back, Diabolo.

By the bobbin-bump which now
Decks my diabolic brow;
By my silver-mounted sticks
(All for twenty-two and six);
Do I care? Well, frankly—no!
Not a toss, Diabolo.

By the ode I wrote in praise
Of your quaint, elusive ways;
By the verb I used, alack!
When the postman brought it back;
By the fashions' ebb and flow,
I'll be brave, Diabolo.

Go (don't think I really mind),
Go, nor leave a wrack behind.
Take the bobbin, take the string,
Take the whole confounded thing.
Take my parting word, and go
To the real Diabolo!

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

By DR. WILL ANDREWSON.

THE recent cold snap, rendered doubly severe by the long prevalence of vernal weather in the early winter, has once more revived the perennial question—How to keep warm.

Financiers, *impresarios* and successful novelists remain faithful to furs. But we cannot all belong to one or other of these favoured classes. We may, if the painful truth must be told, be in a position to claim relief on earned income within the £2,000 limit. And then the question arises in all its insistent and strenuous urgency—How are we to keep rude Boreas at bay?

Perhaps the best, because the cheapest, way of solving the difficulty is that which has been put forward by a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. His communication, which is dated Reading, runs as follows:—

"At the beginning of the present spell of cold weather I got my tailor to make me a vest of brown paper to be worn under my waistcoat. I now find that my new paper garment keeps me so warm that in my walks abroad I



Foreman. "NOW THEN, WHERE ARE YOU FOUR CHAPS GOING TO?"

First Workman. "WE'RE GOIN' TO GET THIS 'ERE PLANK SAWN UP AT THE SAW-MILL."

Foreman. "WHAT PLANK?"

First Workman. "WELL, BLOW ME, BILL, IF WE AIN'T GONE AND FORGOTTEN THE PLANK!"

can dispense with an overcoat, and suffer no discomfort, however keen the wind may be."

This, so far as it goes, is most satisfactory. But it must not be forgotten that we are threatened, according to some well-informed authorities, with a paper famine which may very well raise the price to a prohibitive figure. Secondly, we believe it to be the case that the best West End tailors are by no means inclined to encourage the practice, and charge as much for the brown paper article as that made of cloth. Thirdly, it crackles.

But other substitutes are not wanting. Readers of the works of the late Mr. EDWARD LEAR will remember a touching poem which narrated the experiences of "an old man in the kingdom of Tess Who invented a wholly original dress." Whether the Tess referred to was any relation of Mr. HARDY's ill-starred heroine, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*,

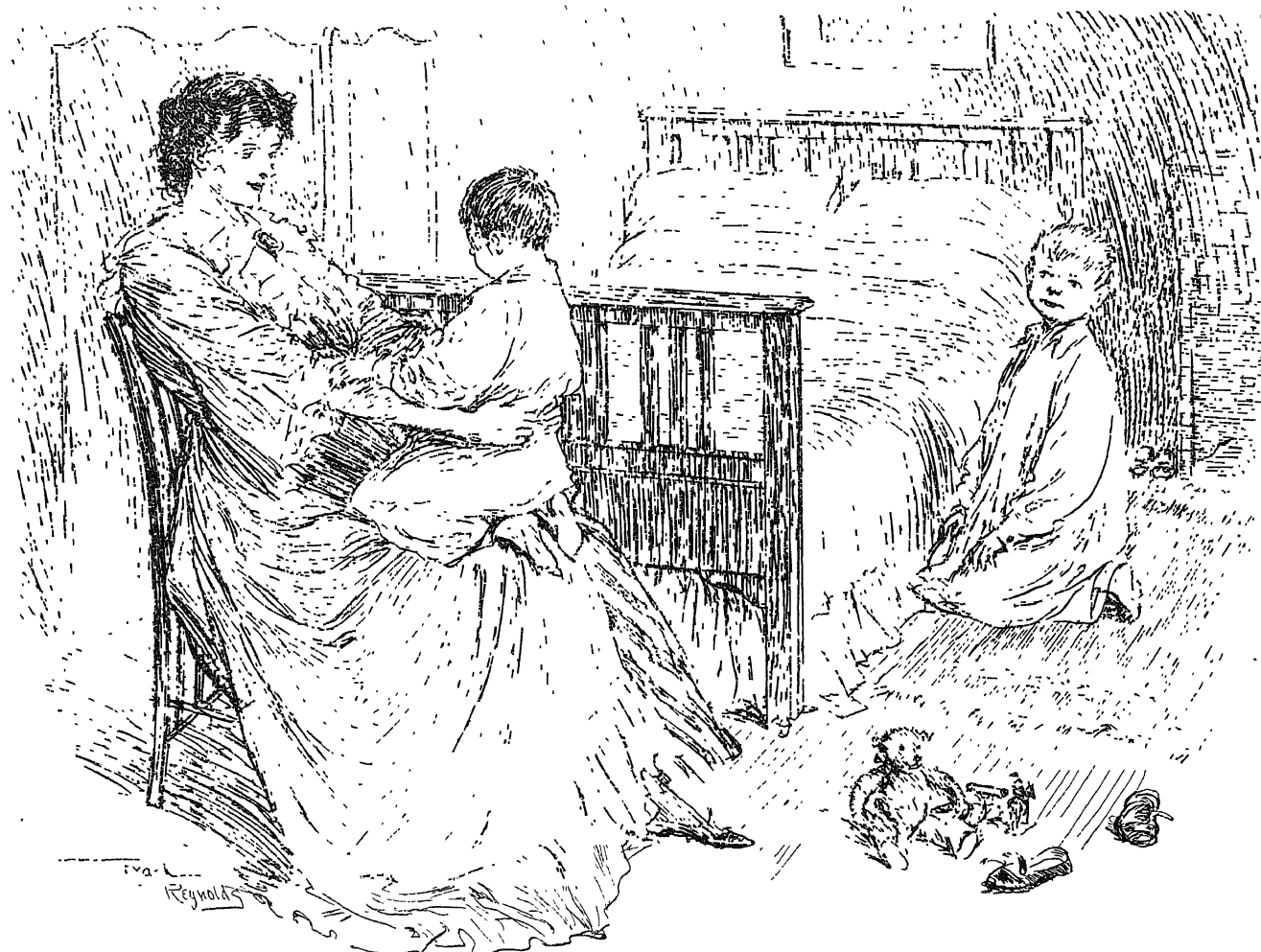
we are not prepared to say. But the peculiarity of this costume was that every portion of it was eatable. Acting on this suggestion, we have ascertained that the hottest thing in the world is a jam omelette, and that it would be quite possible to construct a waistcoat of this material which would serve the double purpose of warming the body and satisfying the hunger of the wearer.

Another substance, which from its impenetrable texture is admirably adapted to keeping out the cold, is glass. We do not recommend it for ordinary clothes owing to its fragility, but for bed-clothes it is excellent, forming a most agreeable alternative to a blanket, and enabling the sleeper to resort to the simultaneous use of pane and counterpane. One word of caution, however, should be added. People who repose in glass beds should not walk in their sleep.

In a matter of this sort we can never go far wrong if we observe the habits of the most intelligent animals. The case of the bee is very instructive. Who has ever heard a bee sneeze? Certainly not Mr. MAETERLINCK. Indeed, we greatly doubt whether Lord AVEBURY himself has succeeded in detecting an apian sternutation. From this immunity to catarrh enjoyed by the denizens of the hive it is easy to see that a peculiar virtue resides in the cellular method of construction to which they are addicted. Anyhow, we believe that it might be well worth anyone's while to experiment with an inner waistcoat of honeycomb.

Commercial Foresight.

"The New Game of Diabolo. Good assortment of Table Glass, China, etc."—Advt. in "*Seaford Chronicle*."



Mother. "GEORGE, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU MENTION DADDY IN YOUR PRAYERS"
 Teddy (from the bed). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'LL SEE TO THAT!"

WHERE WOMAN REIGNS.

[“Two hundred young women wanted to join party going British Columbia (‘the Garden of Canada’); ideal climate and favourable social conditions.”—*Advt. in “The Daily Mirror.”*]

I know of an Eden across the blue waters
 That sighs for the daughters

Of fair Mother EVE,

Where apricots ripen for dear sweet-and-twenty,
 Where peaches in plenty

Their glories achieve.

There limitless cornfields lie yellow and sunny,
 There warbles the mavis and gambols the bunny—

A land that is flowing with milk and with honey,
 And scented with bowers
 Of flowers.

If joys such as these do not make you feel frantic
 To cross the Atlantic,

JEMIMA and SUE,

Remember, fond lovers are sighing to mate you,
 Brave bosoms await you

And hearts that are true.

There women rejoice in their regal positions,
 Rejecting their numberless wooers’ petitions—

Ah, think of the glorious social conditions

Where maids need not tarry
 To marry.

There women are still the pursued, not pursuing—
 The men do the wooing

And not the fair maids,

Nor need they allure with their forward caresses,
 Like bold G. B. S.’s

Unmannerly jades.

There bold TOMMY ATKINS is only too willing—

No maid need entice him with bribes of a shilling

To taste the rare pleasures of cooing and billing—

He joys in his duty

To Beauty.

The Journalistic Touch.

“At Monreale, four miles away, all the windows
 within a radius of half a mile were broken.”

The Daily Telegraph.

“Is there such a thing as heredity?” we ask in
 grave doubt, because in a current Limerick Com-
 petition 5 Scotts, 4 Moores, 2 Brownings and a Shelley
 have won prizes.

“Upper part of two or three Rooms, with or without attendance,
 required in best position for professional purposes.”

The Abingdon Herald.

This advertiser has the appearance of being an
 aeronaut, or else he lives by catching flies on ceilings.



Linley Sambourne del.

THE LIMERICK GOOSE.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL. "IT'S A SILLY BIRD, AND WANTS ITS NECK WRINGING; BUT IT LAYS AN EGG THAT JUST SUITS ME!"

[In Three Quarters of the Financial Year the Post Office has earned a larger increase than was estimated for the who's year. This prosperity is partly attributable to the Limerick craze, with its enormous demand for sixpenny postal orders.]



A DARK ASPECT OF "LITTLE MARY."

Lodging-house Keeper (to mild Hindu law student, who is seedy). "WELL, SIR, WHERE DO YOU FEEL ILL? IS IT YOUR HEAD?"
Mild Hindu (grcning). "No, MRS. JACKSON, IT IS NOT THE HEAD; IT IS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR 'BLACK MARIA'."

THE RECITATION.

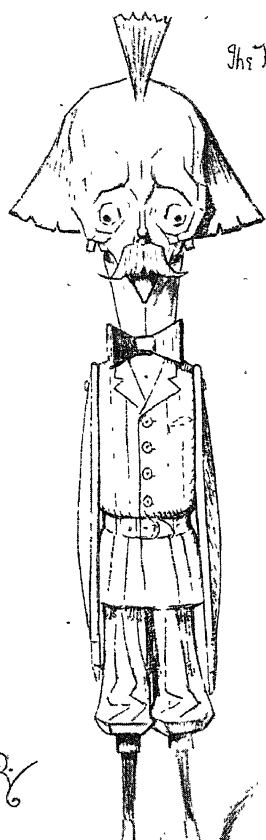
THERE was an entertainment in the village hall last Wednesday night, and Mum let NINA and me go to it, for a great treat, with Mrs. AUSTIN. Mrs. AUSTIN had been to lots of them before, so she knew all about them, but it was the first one NINA and I had ever been at. Dad and Mum were dining out that night, so there was no dinner at home. The entertainment was for the church organ.

We got there in jolly good time, and sat in the third row. The programmes were twopence each, and I bought three, and gave one to NINA and one to Mrs. AUSTIN. Mrs. AUSTIN said "You're quite the little gentleman, Master HERBERT;" and NINA said, "He's not so bad for nine, but he's got a lot to learn yet." I think she was a bit angry because she wasn't performing herself. She said the only way to enjoy such performances was to view them in a critical spirit. I said "Yes," but I don't know what she meant. She did it by whispering, "How absurd!" every now and then when they shouted rather loud. Those were the bits I liked, and so did Mrs. AUSTIN.

About a quarter of an hour after we got there Mr. WILLOUGHBY, the Vicar, came on to the platform and sat down behind a little table. Mrs. AUSTIN said, "He's

in the chair," and I said, "Anybody can see that," and then NINA started explaining that if anybody was in the chair it meant he was the ruler, and everybody had to obey him. Mr. WILLOUGHBY hadn't anything to rule with, except a jug of water and a glass, but he looked all right, and we all clapped our hands. Then Mr. WILLOUGHBY got up and began to speak. He said he wasn't going to say much, because Chairmen oughtn't to. Everybody knew, he said, why we were there, and it was very gratifying to see the room so well filled. He wanted those who were standing at the back of the hall to come and sit in the front row, where there was lots of room. Then he stopped, but nobody moved. "Come up here, GOSLING," he said, "and you too, DEACON." GOSLING is the Sunday name of our JIM, and DEACON is the Vicar's gardener. They shuffled about, but at last JIM came along, looking awfully red, and DEACON came with him, and some others, and we all cheered like mad, and laughed. JIM told me afterwards he'd be even with the Vicar for picking him out like that. He said he thought he'd take his name off the Men's Club; but he hasn't.

Well, the Vicar went on for about ten minutes, telling us all about the organ and how splendid it was going to be. Then he sat down; but he got up again directly, and said the choir would sing "Men of Harlech." They



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No. V.—LORDS OF THE ISLE AND THE SEAS.

THE UBIQUITOUS MICROBE.

THE microbe, though invisible to ordinary eyes,
For activity is difficult to beat;

By a baleful omnipresence he atones for lack of size
And is singularly nimble on his feet.

Against his machinations there is no effective screen,
For there's nothing that he will not do or dare;
It is vain to doubt his presence just because he isn't
seen,

You must take it as a fact that he is there.

His object is to get about and cover lots of ground,
And in this his perseverance is sublime;

Where you least expect to find him he is certain to be
found

In bunches of a billion at a time.

You may dive below the billow, you may navigate the
air,

The result in either case will be the same;
Wherever you may get to you will find that he is there,
With a local habitation and a name.

He is borne upon the blizzard, he is wafted by the
breeze,

He can travel in the snowflake and the rain,
And although he takes advantage of conveyances like
these

He will often sit beside you in the train.
In the way of locomotion there is nothing comes amiss,
'Tis a hobby he rejoices to pursue,

And if he has a motto it must certainly be this:—
"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

But he's useful is the microbe, and should ever he
decline

His presence would be sorrowfully missed;
The spectacled professor would indubitably pine
And (as such) would discontinue to exist.

He would languish in the army of the chronic un-
employ'd,

For what calling could he possibly embrace,
Who, unskilled in any industry, has hitherto enjoy'd
The exhilarating pleasures of the chase?

Fine-weather Friends.

"Christmastide in Kendal passed off very success-
fully, the weather, though not of the orthodox character,
being suitable for getting about amongst friends of an
open and Spring-like character."—*Kendal Mercury*.

The Morning Post on "Politics at the Cape."

"The truth of the middle path is often nearer the whole truth
than that of either side. . . . But the middle way is straight and
narrow. It escapes with difficulty the encroachments of either side.
It is tortuous and beset with thorns. Especially is the position of those
who guide their followers along the middle way one of difficulty and
almost inevitable disaster."

So it would seem.

A GREAT CRITIC AT HOME.

(With acknowledgments to "The Chronicle" which has recently published a characteristic interview with Sir W. S. Gilbert by Mr. Bram Stoker)

My conversation with Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, the famous dramatic critic, publicist and Scandinavian scholar, was held partly in the study of his beautiful house, partly as we walked about the grounds of his richly-wooded estate, Longbow Chase, which occupies a commanding position on the summit of Arrow Hill.

Mr. ARCHER has enormously enhanced the value of his property, chiefly in the way of adding to its picturesque effects. Amongst these is a lovely little lake, resembling Lucerne in its configuration, where in the summer time, Mr. ARCHER and his friends swim daily, sometimes two or three times a day, for Mr. ARCHER is a life member of the Bath Club, and an intimate friend of MONTAGU HOLBEIN, JABEZ WOLFFE, and other pioneers of the nautical world. In the winter excellent wild-duck shooting is to be had on the lake, and a richly caparisoned duck punt is moored to a pier, which the family retainers, Scandinavians to a man, have considerably christened Pier Gynt.

As the house stands on the top of the Hill of Arrow the views from it are finer than if it stood on the flat. The house itself is large, standing entirely in its own grounds, and contains many fine and commodious apartments, furnished with taste and stored with objects of "bigotry and virtue," to use the witty phrase of the owner. The great drawing-room in particular is a veritable treasure-house of artistic souvenirs. On one table is a great ivory goblet (Gothic), of the seventh century. The tusk from which it was carved must have been enormous, probably that of a mammoth or perhaps a mastodon. On another table is an exquisite piece of carving, representing the historic feat of WILLIAM TELL. In the hall, a splendid apartment, measuring 40 ft. by 24 ft., there is a colossal statue of IBSEN and a huge model of a Viking ship, resting on a sea of green glass,

and measuring 16 ft. from the beak to the tail. On fine days Mr. ARCHER loves to launch this ship on his lake, and pilot his guests round its shores, shouting at intervals "Heiatoho!" and other suitable Scandinavian expletives. On one of these occasions Mr. WALKLEY fell overboard, and narrowly escaped death at the teeth of a pet shark—the favourite dish of the Vikings—which had escaped from its moorings.

In other rooms of the house are interesting souvenirs of episodes in the owner's career as a critic, traveller and man of letters. In the belfry is a beautiful bronze model of the original Bell of New York. In the conservatory, a palatial building, recalling in its contours the Great Exhibition of 1851, are a clump of

"Roughly speaking, how many words would that mean?"

"Well, allowing an average of 800 words for each notice, that would work out at 3,810,400."

"What," I asked, "is the tendency of the modern stage?"

"Forward—distinctly forward! In fact, from the days of AESCHYLUS onwards there has been a continued development of the better class of play."

Here Mr. ARCHER quoted with great gusto a passage from the *Agamemnon*, in the original Greek, accompanying himself on the pianola, an instrument on which he is no mean performer.

When the last strains died away, "What is your opinion," I asked, "of the relative prospects of tragedy, comedy, farce, and burlesque?"

"That," remarked Mr. ARCHER, with a winning smile, "is a large question. But, as SHAKESPEARE said, 'All the world's a stage,' and there is surely room in it for diverse manifestations of the dramatic impulse. Personally, I think that they will all go on; but I do not wish to dogmatise."

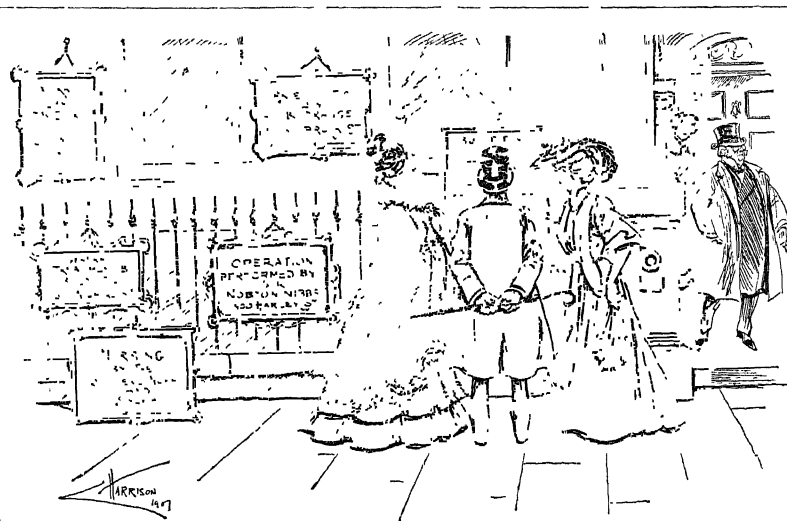
"What is your opinion of the comparative merits of SADA YACCO, ELEONORA DUSE, SALVINI and GEORGE ROBES?"

"That," remarked Mr. ARCHER, "is

a question best answered in the words of the Icelandic proverb '*Dnim ruoy nvo ssenisub.*'"

"Are you a believer in the value of the revolving stage?"

At this moment, just when Mr. ARCHER was beginning to assume his most expansive and communicative manner, a telegraph boy suddenly hove in sight and handed mine host an orange-hued missive. Breaking open the envelope Mr. ARCHER checked a Norwegian imprecation, and remarked, "This is really most annoying; but I am suddenly summoned to attend a private rehearsal of GRANVILLE BARKER's new play," and with a cordial handshake he leapt on to his motor bicycle, leaving me disappointed at the abrupt termination of our momentous interview, but more than ever impressed by the fascinating personality of England's premier dramatic critic.



HARD TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

COULDN'T THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION PERMIT DOCTORS TO COPY THE HOUSE-DECORATORS, AND ADOPT THE ABOVE SUGGESTIONS?

camellias, planted by ALEXANDRE DUMAS fils, in the branches of which may be seen disporting itself a graceful little monkey, the gift of IBSEN, which answers to the name of "Brand." A special feature of the smoking-room is a replica of SARAH BERNHARDT's coffin, presented by the great *tragédienne* herself.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER is a stalwart man of just six feet high. Though no longer in his *première jeunesse*, he still retains much of the alert and athletic vigour of his youth. He can still toss the caber over the roof of his castellated mansion, and is the champion spool-catcher of the Pinner Diabolo Club.

"And your own criticisms?" I asked. "How many of these have you written?"

"I think the exact number is 4,763."

MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE
COLUMN.

PROBLEM No. 1.

A RETIRED military officer, with a small pension and a large heart, started to walk from his suburban villa to the local railway station, a distance of two miles and a quarter.

Having breasted about three hundred yards, at a rate of 100 yards per minute, he was accosted by what at first sight appeared to be a singularly fruity specimen of Weary Willie, who on investigation, turned out to be one of his own ex-soldiers, whom in happier days he had often led on to victory or confined to barracks, as opportunity arose. So heartrending was the tale of woe loosed upon him by this veteran that he divided his total available capital into two equal parts, with one of which he relieved the sufferer's distress. Moving on with ringing invocations to the high gods pealing in his ears from the gratified Regimental Relic, he got over another 400 yards at four miles an hour, when he came upon (or was come upon by) another of the same species, whose piteous case was even more deplorable than that of his former comrade in the field or at defaulters' drill. The Philanthropist poured half his remaining funds into the gaping pockets of the Victim of Fortune, and proceeded on his way at 180 yards per minute, with pæans clattering about his ears like diabolical reels in a slum. Before he reached the station he underwent this agonising ritual on five more occasions, making seven in all; they occurred at about equal intervals, and he quickened his pace in arithmetical progression after each pause. On arrival he owed nincence.

- (a) How much did he start with?
(b) Ought he to get off Income-

tax? (Pensions are earned income.)
Why? Why not?

(c) Had the train gone?

(d) What did No. 7 get out of it?

HARD CASE.

A., the above Almoner, had been given the money by his wife for the purchase of such domestic stores as could be bought more cheaply in

Can anyone tell me how many gas-jets there are altogether?

I want to know this, as I have a bet on it with a fellow-lodger. We have often counted, but we never get the same result twice running. I might mention that once we started counting, and covered each jet, as it was ticked off, with a small piece of paper. In the warmth of

the argument, however, my opponent gesticulated too eagerly, and inadvertently turned on the gas, with the result that all the bits of paper were blown away.

PROBLEM No. 3.

Two stations, seven miles apart, are connected by a perfectly level and perfectly straight single line of railway. A train, weighing 200 tons, and going at eighty miles an hour, leaves one station at the same moment that another train of the same weight and at the same speed leaves the other. Each train wants to get across to the other station, you understand.

(a) Which train will meet the other first?

(b) Which would you rather not be in?

PROBLEM No. 4.—FOR
THE BRATS.

My First is like dear Daddy, my Second isn't.

Well?

A *Strand Magazine* poster enquires "Can criminals be cured by surgery?" The old plan of amputation at the neck was sometimes effective.

Testimonials to a Lahore Jeweller.—Extracted from an advt. in *The Madras Daily Mail*:—

'The Rings are too much beautiful (and the stone sparkling like the glistening sun)
The Necklaces maketh the Bos.m swell and soothe the savage breast.

The Charms are charming to the Perf.ction.
The Brooches are looking very much lovely, and lastly.

The Prices are much cheap which is becoming to the Pocket."



A MODEST REQUEST.

"PRAY DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU; BUT WHEN YOU GO—IF IT'S NOT TROUBLING YOU TOO MUCH—WOULD YOU BE SO VERY KIND AS TO POST THIS LETTER? IT MUST GO TO-NIGHT IT'S MY BURGLARY INSURANCE!"

town. She is morbidly frugal and a rigid disciplinarian.

What should A. do?

PROBLEM No. 2.

I am going to take my Saturday bath. The hot water is obtained from a geyser (pronounced gay-zer, not gee-zer, which means an unalluring female.) This machine is formed by seven concentric circles of gas-jets, with one jet in the middle. As far as we can count, there appear to be forty-nine or fifty-one of them on the outer ring.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE NO hesitation in calling *Who's Who 1908* (A. & C. BLACK) the most interesting romance of the year. Perhaps there are rather too many characters introduced, but these are all so well drawn that this fault may be forgiven. One of the first people we meet is Professor CLEVELAND ABBE, A.M., F.R.Ast.Soc., F.R.Met.Soc. (the author is here a little obscure), and we learn with pleasure that his was the hand which in 1889 gave the world the ever-famous *Determination of the True Amount of Precipitation*, and in 1906 the no less celebrated *Trade Winds and the Doldrums, Met. Zeit. Hann-Band*. It is on page 1 that we hear about this, and it is not until two thousand pages have passed that we first meet Sir EDWARD WITTENOOM (Wattenname!). Meanwhile much has happened. MARIE HALL—no relation to CORELLI CAINE—has revealed her secrets to us. Mr. LE QUEUX has confessed that his recreation is "Practising with a revolver," showing that he is in complete sympathy with his characters; and KEBLE HOWARD owns that his is "Sleeping," showing that he is in no less complete sympathy with his readers. The hero of the book seems to be ERNEST WALLIS BUDGE—

at any rate, the author devotes more space to him than to any of the others. *Coptic Martyrdom of George of Capadocia* was one of his publications, but it is doubtful whether it will really live. *The Blessing of the Water on the Eve of the Epiphany*

(with the Marquis of Bute, K.T.) has more of the immortal ring about it. Quite a minor character, etched in with the hand of a master, is the Rev. PATRICK MORRIS. "Address: Falkirk, N.B.," is all that we are told about him, but it bears upon it the stamp of truth, and the man seems to live before us. But in such a book as this it is invidious to make distinctions between the different characters. The author has treated them all with a loving hand, and he makes us feel that they are real people.

More Pages from the Day Book of Bethia Hardacre (CONSTABLE) is a diary to be kept on a shelf convenient to the hand, and dipped into every day. As was written of *Britannia's Pastorals*, a prime favourite with MILTON and BETHIA HARDACRE, "to lovers of our old poets it will always be a favourite lounging book." Every page is a delight, being starred with unread or unremembered passages from poets whose names are to the present generation more familiar than their writing. Dealing with the matchless epitaph on Lady PEMBROKE, "SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother," BETHIA, concurring with modern authorities, assigns the authorship, not to BEN JONSON, who long enjoyed the fame, but to WILLIAM BROWNE. In the MS. of BROWNE's poems, stored in the library of the British Museum, the immortal verse is supplemented by a second stanza, which HAZLITT attributed to Lord PEMBROKE. By comparison it is abjectly poor, feet of clay added to a form fashioned of purest gold. BETHIA, having examined the MS., is

reluctantly obliged to admit that it is all in the handwriting of WILLIAM BROWNE. ELLA FULLER MAITLAND, to give BETHIA HARDACRE her proper name, has, like the bee, roamed over the pleasure of early English poetry, and spreads her wealth of honey in this book. Envious of her leisure, I am grateful for the opportunity of sharing its prizes.

Mr. OWEN RHOSCOMYL is epic in manner. He is fond of rhythmical repetitions, and his heroes smile "grey" smiles (a feat, by the way, which, to irreverent minds, may possibly recall the "last phase" of the Cheshire Cat). In *Vronina* (Duckworth) there are times when this heroic method is altogether admirable, more especially when Mr. RHOSCOMYL is describing, with an almost combative enthusiasm, the grandeur of Cymric scenery; and times when it is less so, as, for instance, when he says, "Dark all her dress was, and dark her hat above it." I think I could have put that more simply, though it suggests a rather happy way of adding interest to our Court and Society columns. The story deals with that mystic emotionalism which made possible the strange scenes of the "revival" in Wales, and is conducted to a violently dramatic conclusion. The best chapter (a truly beautiful piece of word-painting) is that which treats of Llangoel church and its

minister. *Vronina* must not be lightly read out loud by the unsympathetic Saxon, for he will probably make mistakes in passages like this: "Ina! Ina! Cariad! ynghariad i' — the words that carry their measure and meaning in the thrill or the chill of the



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION AT AN AFTERNOON CONCERT WHEN MR. TOOTLES RECOGNISES A FAMILIAR PASSAGE.

tone they are uttered in."

Humbug Rhymes (SISLEY) is a delightful book. With the verse written by Sir FRANCIS BURNAND, and the coloured pictures contributed by Miss WINIFRED BURNAND, it presents attractions far exceeding the average of this form of literature. Whether the rhymes were written for the pictures or the pictures drawn for the rhymes is a family secret I refrain from prying into. The result is purely pantomimic in its treatment and effect. Miss BURNAND has more than a touch of hereditary humour and is rapidly making her mark in the department of art to which her genius directs her.

TO A TOWN NIGHTINGALE!

O THOU that, sitting on my neighbour's tiles,
Warblest at night, when all the world is still,
Wait but till I my blunderbuss may fill—
Chanting thy golden melody the whiles.
Like that sweet bird whereof the poets sing
So freely, thou descendest not to strive
With day's rude clamour, but dost ever hive
Thy tuneful store to make the darkness ring.
Here now I send thee, as an offering meek,
Sweet Singer, for thy many nightly lays,
My contribution for the whole past week,
Such gifts as I, thy worshipper, can raise;
Some tacks, *plus* sundry nails, a slug or two.
And now the cap! Good-bye! Adieu! Adieu!

NATURE NOTES.

By DR. SILLYBEE.

THE circumstantial or conclusive evidence put forward by Mr. DIGBY PIGOTT in *The Times* as to the existence of luminous owls in Norfolk is only one more proof, if proof were needed, of the unsuspected marvels with which the country teems.

Taking the case of luciferous fauna first, it must never be forgotten that to the late Mr. EDWARD LEAR belongs the credit of first discovering that rare but radiant creature, the Dong with the luminous nose. It is much to be feared that this species has now become extinct, though a correspondent in *The Spectator* recently stated that his aunt, an elderly lady living in a hermetically sealed bungalow in the Never Never Land, has seen a Dong with a bulbous nose engaged in a deadly triangular duel with a Wallaby and a Dingo in the back blocks of Maza-wattee. Unfortunately she omitted to mention which, if any, was the survivor of this terrible combat.

Mr. LEAR, it will also be remembered, was the last, and possibly the first, man to see that strange amalgam of the vegetable and animal life, the Co-operative Cauliflower, which gave such a remarkable impetus to the movement started by the Rochdale Pioneers.

Happily, however, while the older types disappear, their places are taken by an increasing number of new and even more marvellous beasticles and birdlings. Among these the luminous owl is only one, and by no means the most significant, of what may be called the thaumaturgic neo-fauna of advanced civilisation. Thus we may note in passing the emergence of a new and patriotic type of Cow in Ireland which, on the

authority of those who claim the best right to speak on its behalf, positively revels in being driven for miles along the roads away from its pasture. The way in which these animals enter into the spirit and fun of the cattle-drives is something indescribably touching, and on one occasion recently in Westmeath it is credibly asserted that a handsome young heifer "mooed" out the

is in great request at tea parties; the Clarence Rook, an industrious creature whose literary activities seem to indicate some kinship with the Secretary-bird; and the Richard Whiteing, a benevolent and somewhat "mystical monster marine" with pronounced Socialistic tendencies.

Drawing the Long Bow; or, History Brought Nearer.

The Liverpool Daily Post represents the Duke of WESTMINSTER as saying, in the course of an address at the opening of an institute with rifle range attached: "A matter of two hundred years ago, on every village green, the lads of the village were to be seen every evening practising with their long-bows and cross-bows, and these became the men later on who helped to win the victories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt." (Applause.)

Charity Indeed.

"Mrs. Filmer, of High Street, Rochester, is thoughtfully providing a dozen meals a day to twelve necessitous children."—*Rochester and Chatham Journal*.

Even *Oliver Twist* would probably be satisfied with such an allowance.

The Daily Express told a realistic story the other day of a young man who walked about after dark pursuing his studies by the light of the street lamps.

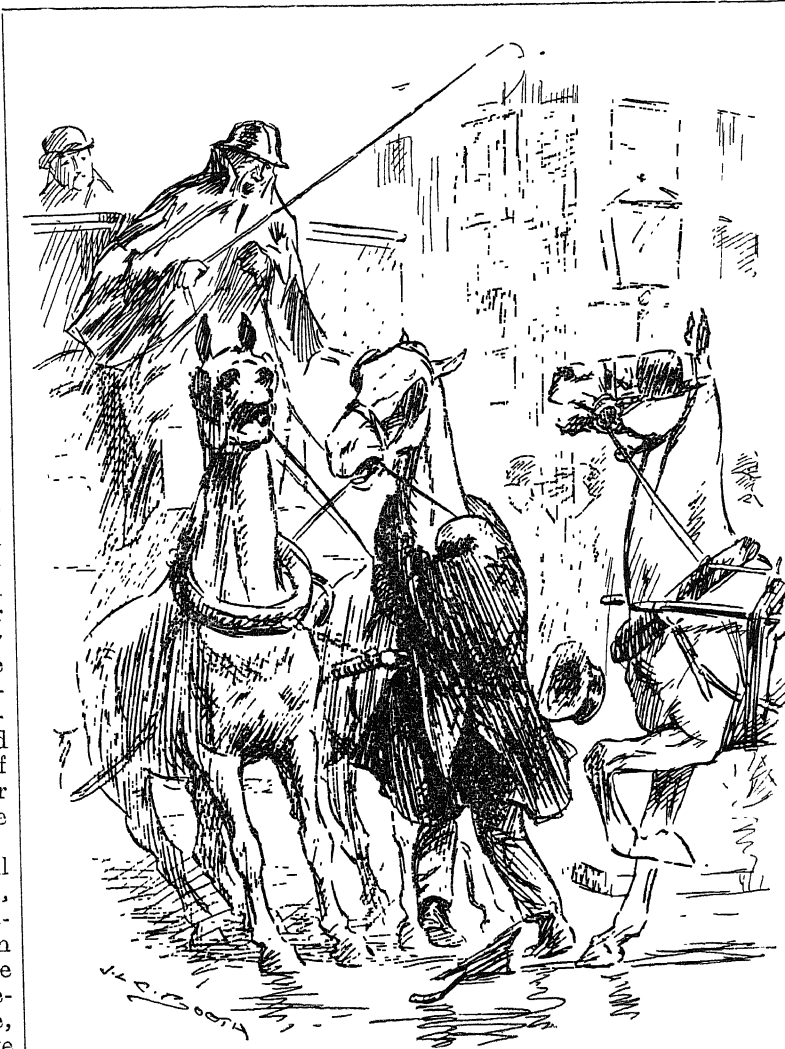
"In his pocket," said the *Express*, "he carries a German phrase-book. When he pauses under the street

light he commits a phrase to memory and repeats it over and over again."

This was all very well, but the police were bound to misunderstand him sooner or later, and so we were not surprised at coming across in our *Express* this additional item of news:

"A man was fined 5s. at the Tower Bridge Court yesterday for using improper language to a lamp-post."

The road to success is indeed beset with difficulties.



"CATCH AS CATCH CAN."

Driver. "NAH THEN, 'ACKENSMIDT! GET BACK ON YER MAT!"

melody of "We won't go home till morning" in such a way as to be distinctly recognised by a prominent member of the United Irish League.

A notable and pleasing feature of the new animal world is the number of species rejoicing in the possession of Christian names, a fact which of itself speaks volumes for the progress of civilisation. Thus of late years we have witnessed the rise of the Annie Swan, a charming and thoroughly domesticated fowl, which

THE DROOD CASE.

MANY sportsmen must have regretted the result of the opening of the DRUCE grave, and none more than Messrs. TREE and COMYNS CARR, for one mystery breeds popular interest in another. Not that there was ever really any mystery to be solved by the audience at His Majesty's. When it reached them across the footlights it was already in a state of solution, for the adapter had had his dear mind divided between two first-class dramatic traditions: (1) Never keep a secret from your audience; (2) Hold their interest to the end. Between these two principles he had to decide, and he decided for the former. This meant that the edge was taken off the keenness of our appetites for the rest of the play, and the interest was largely confined to a contest of wits between two actors, Mr. TREE as *Jasper*, and Mr. HAVILAND as *Grewgious*; and very admirably was it fought out across the table in the first "Tableau" of Act III., the best in the play.

Whether Mr. CARR's ingenious solution was the one designed by DICKENS it is not for me or any other living detective to say; but it is certainly supported by the original tale's insistence upon *Jasper's* passion for opium, and it is known that DICKENS had laid himself out for something *hors ligne*, and would not have been content with a common murder or a vulgar accident.

Before the curtain rose a lady in the stalls was heard to hazard the conjecture: "It's *Vanity Fair*, isn't it?" Can it be that Mr. CARR had over-rated the public's familiarity with the original fragment? though Mr. HALL CAINE, I understand, admits that the works of DICKENS sell three times as fast as his own; and he would be the last to bring this charge against the nation if he were not reluctantly convinced of its truth.

Certainly, for those who had never read or had forgotten the story, the scene outside the Cathedral in Act I. (a really exquisite picture) was rather bewildering with its variety of characters in all sorts of unexplained relationships to one another.

The costumes of the early-Victorian, pre-crinoline period were very piquant. The *petite* Miss AUGARDE was admirably served by hers in the rather colourless part of *Rosa Bud*. (Dear old DICKENS, and his "canting" names! Where, oh where, is the humour of yester-century?) Mr. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE, too, with his lithe figure and fine-drawn, feverish

face, was very picturesque. But this period is not for all types of beauty; and Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, for one, was a good way outside the picture. Nor was Mr. BASIL GILL any too well suited by the fashion of his environment. One remembers him an attractive object as *Aumerle* and as *The Darling of the Gods*; but both in facial and vocal adaptability he is curiously unaccommodating.

I must not forget how the *Durdles* of Mr. ANSON and the *Grewgious* of Mr. HAVILAND relieved the ambient



MR. BASIL GILL (*Edwin Drood*) to Mr. TREE (*Jasper*). "I have never seen that look in your eyes before!"

Voice from the Pit. "Then what were you doing in all the other plays?"

gloom with their respective styles of humour—rotund and angular.

Edwin Drood's mystery may, in the authorised version, have been a great one, but the question how, in its adapted form, it is to sustain a very strong grip on the popular imagination is a greater mystery still. Mr. TREE's own personality, be it never so versatile and brilliant, is not of itself enough to carry off a play which makes hardly any appeal to one's humanity.

I except the orchestra from this criticism. As I entered in the midst of the overture they were playing a Christmas hymn, and I joined in as well as I could, not having the words with me, O. S.

TITTLE-TATTLE FROM THE TEMPLE.

Now that the Courts are once more sitting the problem of what to do with our judges is becoming again acute. Formerly it was only considered necessary to provide a few cases for them to try and let them do the rest. Nowadays, however, something more is needed. One can hardly expect DARLING J., for example, to be content with a mere party and party case. He must have special witnesses (theatrical preferred) and a supply of limelight, otherwise it is felt that he is not being properly dealt with. But, extraordinary as it may appear to the average layman, these things are ruled altogether by chance, and it is as likely, so careless are the authorities, that a really humorous cause providing plenty of opportunities for first-class "gags" will be assigned to judges like BUCKNILL or JELF JJ., as to the man specially designed by Providence and Lord HALSBURY for the purpose.

The question of the work assigned to each of the Judges for performance is nearly equalled in importance by the problem of where they are to be put to perform it. As our readers know, during the last term accommodation was found for one Judge in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and for another in a temporary structure in the Central Hall. But surely this state of things cannot be permitted to continue. The other Judges, it is said, are extremely annoyed that two of their brethren are given such legitimate opportunities for grumbling, whilst they have to fall back upon the time-worn complaints that their courts are not theatres, and that the ventilation is wrong anyway.

Several leading "silks" are amongst those who have promised to take part in the forthcoming London pageant. It is not yet known what parts are to be assigned to them, but the report that Mr. DANCKWERTS, K.C., has refused to represent one of the Princes who were murdered in the Tower is certainly premature.

The rumour that in future Mr. HALL CAINE will write, for *The Daily Mail*, descriptive articles of all our more engaging criminal cases has aroused the activity of the Criminals' Protection Association. It is proposed to take steps to put an end to this practice as tending to encourage undue competition in crime.



“EXPRESS” SPEED.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON (new Managing Director of “The Times”). “I’LL MAKE HIM HUM!”



FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

He. "ANYBODY TAKIN' YOU DOWN TO FEED?"

She. "No."

He. "SHALL WE TODDLE DOWN TOGETHER?"

She. "RIGHT O!"

He. "WELL, WE'D BETTER BARGE ALONG AT ONCE."

[They barge.]

MEDITATIONS IN THE "MAMMOTH FUN CITY."

By a Mild Hypochondriac.

FEELING unusually low this afternoon. Perhaps a little "Mammoth Fun" may cheer me up. Though, now I come to think of it, Mammoths' notion of genuine fun must have been rather rudimentary.

Am in Fun City. Military band, several orchestrions connected with "Razzle-dazzles," and musicians belonging to Morocco Village, all in full blast. I suppose a Mammoth would find it stimulating. Somehow it depresses *me*.

Discover Circus going on in Main Hall. Stand in outer ring and see Show for nothing—from prudence, not parsimony. Easier to go away as soon as I've had enough of it. Mons. EMILIONE is introducing Baby Elephant and Horse. Elephant evidently attached to Horse, but only Horse's high breeding enables him to conceal his strong antipathy to Elephant. How like so many human companionships! Must resist this tendency to melancholy . . . Baboon, irreproachably turned out in shiny hat, blue coat, white cords and top boots, is riding donkey over fences. His seat is perfect—he even looks round at Ring-master while taking jumps. If I attempted this I should come off. And yet I don't suppose that Baboon has had anything like the education and advantages I've had. Humiliating, this!

Clown in ring now, with Boxing Kangaroo. Clown, I can't help thinking, too serious over it. Still, if I were called upon to box with a Kangaroo, I should be serious. Much too fond of sparring with its hind-leg. . . .

Young lady cyclist has just turned back-somersault, sitting, from saddle of her bicycle to that of another just behind her. To think that I possess a vote, while she is denied all voice in the government of her country! That's the worst of circuses—they give one such a sense of one's own incompetence.

Circus over. However, plenty of other amusements. Might visit the Great Morocco Village, to begin with. Some Touareg women (at least I *assume* they are Touaregs), their eyes and teeth flashing in their burnt-almond faces, are sitting by the entrance, with tiny fuzzy-headed Touaregs at their knees. A coal-black native (who may be a Mehari, for all I know) is gazing entranced at the dancing in front of a Cinematograph Show. Perhaps it represents his idea of a Mohammedan Paradise. Another Mehari is seated motionless on camel. Something supercilious and sneering about this camel's expression, as if it didn't consider entertainment inside worth the extra sixpence. And yet surely instructive to see these Saharan tribes, with all their "Curious Rites," their "Devil Dance," and so on. Of course they would be no novelty to a camel. But suppose I went in and found myself the *only* visitor? So uncomfortable to be looking on, all alone, at a Devil

Dance! Can't explain it, but, on catching the camel's eye once more, find it has put me off. For the present, at all events. I can always come back. . .

There is at least *one* person here as lonely as myself! At the end of a small enclosure I find a painted canvas frame with two oval holes in it. Through one of these I observe a portion of a dusky countenance (burnt-cooked, I *think*), and a gleaming eye which regards me with a certain wistfulness. For a penny, so I gather from the placard, the owner of that eye will put his head through the hole and allow me the privilege of shying three hard wooden balls at him. None of the public seems to be patronising him, and I am sure he feels it. Shall I have a penn'orth—just to encourage him? It would be a humane action—for I'm not likely to hit him—and yet I cannot bring myself to cockshot a fellow-creature in cold blood, even for Charity's sake! So I pass on. He was beginning to have hopes of me, and I have failed him!

Come upon "Oscillating Staircase," all the steps of which are joggling violently up and down. You can climb up and down them as much as ever you please. It is only threepence. If I was *quite* sure it would exhilarate me I might; but no, better not—it isn't so very long since I lunched. . .

Join a group that has collected round a low platform. They are mostly school-children, and are staring at the "Turkish Tom Thumb," as he sits in a tiny wicker chair, selling photographs of himself on postcards. Whenever his attention is called away the children look at one another and suppress a giggle. Then, as he turns round, they resume their preternatural solemnity with extraordinary suddenness. There is no charge for seeing him. I gaze at him, too—but (I hope) without rudeness.

The T. T. T. takes no notice of any of us. He merely hands the postcards and pockets the pennies for them with silent and impassive dignity. He can hardly be three feet high, and yet he makes me feel insignificant beside him. If I had to sit there, selling my own portraits in a circle of saucer-eyed children, should I preserve the same magnificent air of detachment? I doubt it. And, small as he is, he can converse, as a novice informs me, in no less than seven languages, while I can't always converse even in my own! However, he is a silent little polyglot at present. I feel I ought to make some remark, and draw him out, but I don't know—so difficult to begin. Anything in the nature of a platitude would be fatal. And I know those confounded children would begin giggling again. I pass on once more. After all, if I had spoken he might have snubbed me.

Arrive at "Katzenjammer Castle." Almost tempted to go in. Advertisement outside assures me that "everybody comes out laughing," and I notice several people leaving with, at all events, the after-glow of a grin on their faces. But what if Mammoth Fun inside took the form of practical joking? On reflection, stay outside. Still, I *do* wish sometimes that I had just a *little* more enterprise! . . .

Another gratuitous show. Two Indian Jugglers on small stage, performing basket trick with native boy. Cannot imagine how so stout a youth manages to dispose of himself while juggler is jumping on basket and prodding all round with sword; but it can't be comfortable for him. And what an existence—to be perpetually compressed into a basket of limited dimensions, to lie curled up like a whiting at the bottom, while a sharp sword is poked all round, then to be painfully extracted, and go through it all over again! There must be moments when he longs for a larger, free-er life!

Wander on, in search of something to raise my spirits. . .

Shall I put down a penny and take a rod in the "Electric Fishpond"? The first who lands six metal fish wins a prize. People of all ages are angling with enthusiasm. I've a good mind to join them. . . I *should* have, too, if only the voluble lady who presides over the competition hadn't pressed me to try my luck before I was quite ready. But I am no fisherman—very likely I shouldn't have won anything. And if I had, would the mere accident of contriving to hook six metal fish before anyone else have dispersed my gloom for long? . . . Hardly, I fear. . . What shall I do next? Might try to find a person of the name of "JOHNSON." My official programme contains a photograph of him, and says he is here in disguise, and if I can only recognise him and bring him captive to the Exhibitions Advertising Co. they will give me £20 in exchange for a Token he is carrying. When I come across him I've merely to ask, "Are you JOHNSON?" and he will own up. Chance for enterprise here; but how if I recognise somebody who *isn't* JOHNSON?—might end in awkward scene. And if I *did* succeed in spotting him, I should look such an ass leading him captive. I don't even know where to lead him to, and a crowd would be sure to collect. No, I haven't seen anyone in the least like the photograph yet; but if I did I really believe I should look another way. Even £20 may be earned too dearly! . . .

I have spent three hours here; but I am still depressed. Which is odd, because everybody else seems to be enjoying Mammoth Fun immensely. Perhaps a mistake to come here and mammoth all by myself. It's not as if I were in the mood for mammothing either. I think I will go straight home now, and take my tonic.

F. A.

THE FAIRY.

"If you gobble your food as fast as that
You'll choke, and there'll be an end of you;
It'll stick in your throat, and you'll die—that's flat—
And your mother and I don't want you to."
But four-and-a-half, she seemed resigned,
And she spoke in a tone that was pert and airy:
"Good gracious," she answered, "I don't mind;
I've always *wanted* to be a fairy."

Then, murmuring half to herself, she said,
"I shall fly about with a pair of wings;
I shall never, no never, go to bed;
I shall eat a lot of the nicest things.
There'll be jam for breakfast and jam for tea;
I shall never wear goloshes or mittens;
And Polly, the parrot, will come with me,
And John, the dog, and the tabby kittens."

"I think we shall have no end of fun,
With any amount of dolls and arks,
And a chocolate-cake and a currant-bun,
And a bottle of glue—it *will* be larks!
But"—here she wrinkled her baby brow—
"You must both come, too, and we'll fly together;
And it's rather cold for a fairy now,
So I think I'll wait till it's summer weather."

Zoological Note.

"A furious lizzard raged over Dartmoor and the greater part of North Devon on Saturday."—*Bristol Evening Times*.

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. 1.

The adoption of a Socialistic policy in aristocratic circles is likely to be attended by jarring incidents until cus'om familiarises the change. For instance:—

THE SOCIALIST DUKE AND THE ACCOMMODATING BUTLER.



The Butler. "POST JUST COME IN, YOUR GR—ER—C-C-C-C—COMRADE!"
The S. D. "P-PUT 'EM DOWN, AND BE D—D TO YOU, COMRADE!"



The Butler. "NOW THEN, COMRADE, ALL TOGETHER! HEAVE HG!"
The S. D. "CONFOUND YOUR IMP—ER—I MEAN, THANK YOU, COMRADE!"



The Butler. "COME, COMRADE, ANOTHER GLASS WON'T HURT YOU BEFORE YOU JOIN THE MISSUS."
The S. D. "ALL RIGHT, COMRADE, IF YOU'LL HAVE ONE WITH ME."



The Butler. "WELL, NIGHT-NIGHT, COM."
The S. D. "TOOTLE-OO!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement of the new management of *The Times* was followed by many reassurances. Mr. PEARSON's half-penny daily is not to appear with the new heading:

The Daily Express
(with which is incorporated
The Times).

Nor is it contemplated to reduce the price of *The Times* to three half-pence.

**

We are in a position to deny the interesting rumour that by a process of exchange Mr. MOBERLEY BELL is to take over the management of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget*.

**

We cannot help admiring the beautiful optimism of the promoters of the forthcoming London Pageant. Only one scene, according to the synopsis which has been published, will be a water scene.

**

The Express on the 4th inst. published:—

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

COLD WEATHER ADVICE FROM
EXPERTS.

Among those who gave advice was Mr. GAMAGE, whose huge fire recently attracted so much attention.

**

WOMAN IN RED.

MYSTERY STILL UNRAVELLED.

These were the misleading headlines of an article in *The Daily Telegraph* of the 3rd inst., which coldly went on to state:—"To-day the mystery seems as far from solution as ever." Of course we quite agree that "unravelling" is an ugly word, but what's wrong with "Mystery still unravelled"?

**

M. ALEXANDRE DUVAL, the proprietor of the well-known Paris restaurants, has written the music for an operetta, for which M. CARRÉ has supplied the book. The fact that M. DUVAL did not call in our Mr. JOSEPH LYONS for the libretto is no doubt due to professional jealousy.

**

Interviewed on the subject of the wrecking of the St. Lazare Station in Paris by a number of passengers who were infuriated by the late arrival of the suburban trains, a prominent official of our South-Eastern Railway is said to have remarked that fortunately English people were not so excitable as the French.

**

The THAW Trial is now in its

second year, and is proving as attractive as ever, and we see no reason why it should not continue to attract for many years to come.

**

Lloyd's News (under the same proprietorship as *The Daily Chronicle*, which delights to refer to certain of its political rivals as "the Yellow Press") announces as one of its attractions a life of the ex-convict LEE, with the title "The Man they could not Hang."

**

"The Man they should not Hang" hopes to make his appearance later on at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

**

Some milkmen in South-West London have started a musical society, with the object of making the milkman's cry melodious. There still remains grand work to be done by founding choral societies among the porters who announce the names of our railway stations.

**

A coroner refused to allow a child to give evidence last week because, when she was asked if she knew what would become of her if she told a lie, she said she did not know. That seems scarcely the way to encourage the young to continue to speak the truth.

**

Collier's Weekly makes the novel suggestion that the American Navy might, in the event of insufficient white Americans coming forward, be manned partially by black Americans. These would certainly have one great advantage. They would not show the dirt during coaling operations.

**

"A Constant Reader" writes to a contemporary:—

"Sir,—In a heated discussion recently, in which I took part, the subject being 'Who is the most popular novel writer (English-speaking) in the World,' we could not come to a satisfactory conclusion. Being a constant reader of 'The Daily News,' it was decided that I should write and ask the opinion of 'The Daily News' readers."

If our idea as to who will be voted the most popular novelist be correct, would it not be a kindly act on the part of *The Daily News*, in emulation of another journal, to offer him (or her) a free trip to some remote country?

**

Professor ARTHUR KAMPF, of Munich, in discussing picture forgeries, has, according to *The Sunday Times*, made the interesting statement that "art swindlers existed as far back as 400 years, and that at

that period plenty of false Rembrandts were offered to the public." This gives one some idea of the devilish cleverness of these fellows. That they should have been able to copy the work of REMBRANDT one hundred years before he was born is a pretty good testimonial.

**

The Army Council has decided that the slouch hat as a protection for the soldier against the sun is not required in the United Kingdom. This is the sort of thing that sours the weather.

TUNING UP ALL ROUND.

Now that Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON is at last comfortably installed in his Directorship at the National Gallery, England may confidently anticipate a new reputation among the artistic peoples. "Painted by hand, are they?" were the first words of the new Dictator as he passed through the rooms on his motor bicycle. "Well, we can show them something better than that on our new rollers." The happy result is that in place of the antiquated and outmoded REMBRANDT and REYNOLDS the walls of the Trafalgar Square Gallery will very shortly be bright and gay with three-colour-process blocks of all the new men and a number of snappy photographs to boot. The Misses DARE, we understand, are already preparing an assortment of new poses for the National Gallery camera.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON's term of office at the Mint is expected to be fraught with some piquant changes. The old coinage will, it is conjectured, completely vanish, with the exception of the half-penny, which is to be produced day and night in the interests of newspaper readers. Mr. PEARSON's revolution embraces the supersession of the sovereign and the introduction of a new coin to be known as the nimble ninepence.

Rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, it is now pretty clear that the inventor of missing word competitions who is to take over the control of the Zoo is Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON. In fact that gentleman admitted as much in an interview yesterday. "I do not deny it," he said, "nor do I affirm it." One thing is certain and that is that if Mr. PEARSON has his way the Zoo will be a very different place. None of the slower animals will be allowed to remain at all, the sloth being the first to get notice. The snakes will have to grow arms and legs, or quit. The camels must lose their humps.

"We cannot carry all that dead-weight," were Mr. PEARSON's own words, or *ipsissima verba*, as they say at Winchester, the grey old Gothic school whose motto is "Hustlynge makyth hay."

The financial position of Oxford and Cambridge has grown so unsatisfactory of late years that universal relief has been caused by the public-spirited and patriotic action of Mr. C. A. PEARSON in accepting the task of reorganising the two Universities. The details of this colossal scheme are not yet published, but we understand that he proposes to effect an amalgamation of the two institutions under the title of Cam-Ox University, the undergraduates to be known in future as Oxtabs, and that in place of the annual contest on the Thames a single boat, manned by representatives of both Universities, will row against time from Mortlake to Putney.

Some natural tears were shed at the Royal College of Music when it was made known that Sir Hubert Parry had resigned his directorship in favour of Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, but already the new régime is working smoothly and to the perfect content of all the students. Immense satisfaction was expressed at the announcement that in future harmony, composition and musical history would disappear from the curriculum, and that every pupil must take up the pianola as a first study. Mr. PEARSON has wisely resolved to dispense with the services of all teachers of singing, and to rely exclusively on instruction by the gramophone. With the economies thus effected he hopes to be able to hold out sufficient pecuniary inducement to Mr. SOUSA to warrant his joining the staff of the Royal College as Professor of Orchestral Playing and Platform Deportment. Another admirable feature of the scheme of reorganisation is the provision of instruction in a number of interesting but neglected instruments, such as the banjo, the ocarina, the Welsh harp, the penny whistle, the pan pipes, the post-horn, and the mouth-organ.

Acute disappointment was experienced in Bloomsbury when it became known that, owing to his other engagements, Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON had reluctantly declined the offer of the Chief Librarianship of the British Museum. But this feeling has been considerably assuaged by the welcome announcement that the Trustees have gratefully acted on Mr. PEARSON's suggestion and entrusted the post to his gifted col-



Mother "GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Child. "BOBBY AND I TUMBLED INTO THE POND."

Mother. "BUT WHERE'S POOR BOBBY?"

Child. "OH, I EXPECT HE'S OUT BY NOW."

league, Mr. PETER KEARY. Mr. PETER KEARY, who entered on his new duties last Thursday, has already effected a complete revolution in the musty galleries of the Bloomsbury Knowledge Box, as it will henceforth be known. The Reading Room has been converted into a splendid Restaurant, in which the tables are ranged round the walls, leaving most of the space free to be used as a skating-rink or a ballroom. All books published since the foundation of *The Daily Express* have been destroyed, a special suite of apartments has been equipped for the accommodation of Limerick competitors, and pigeon-shooting goes on gaily in front of the main portico.

Feminine Fashions for January.

"The honest eyes [of a stree'-arab], regarding her, swept disconsolately over his ragged nether garments, then raised themselves in speechless surprise to hers."

Westminster Gazette.

"The Daily Mail" Arithmetician again.

"To-morrow's match will be the seventieth match of the series. England have won 33 to Australia's 29, while 15 have been left drawn."

"A cricket match being played on the Polo Ground on Wednesday there will be no golf on that day."—*The Egyptian Gazette.*

And the poor fellows who turn up for ice-hockey will be disappointed of their game too.



CONSOLING.

Passenger. "BOATMAN, HADN'T WE BETTER BAIL HER OUT? SHE'S HALF FULL OF WATER."

Irish Boatman. "OCH, NIVER MIND, SORR. SURE SHE'LL RUN OVER WHEN SHE'S QUITE FULL!"

THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

(By Cablegram)

Melbourne, Wed., 11 A.M.

NOBLE has won the toss. His face is wreathed in smiles. FANE looks serious but determined. The match has begun. It is anybody's match. Every man is doing his best. RHODES is bowling with his left hand.

4 P.M.

Who will win? Five runs have been made in the last hour. The excitement is terrific. The fielding is getting slack. HARDSTAFF has gone to sleep in the long-field. The wicket-keeper is wearing gloves.

Thursday, 3 P.M.

It is still anybody's game. It is giant against giant. Long-on is standing up. Who will win?

Friday, 2 P.M.

The efforts to keep the runs down have succeeded. Only one run was

made before luncheon to-day. It was an overthrow. Australia is gaining ground. The result is doubtful.

Saturday, 3 P.M.

JONES has arrived. He has lost two stone during his illness. A change has come over the game. CRAWFORD has bowled a no-ball.

5 P.M.

JONES has already recovered 10 lbs. Either side might win. The spectators applauded a wide vigorously.

Monday, 3 P.M.

JONES has regained two more pounds. The end is approaching, and both elevens are awake. The strain is beginning to tell. Four leg-byes (all run) were scored this morning. Australia has a chance. So has England.

Tuesday, 11 A.M.

Still impossible to say who will win. A tie is probable. JONES weighed out well this morning.

2 P.M.

JONES has not been weighed since

last cablegram. The match is coming to a close. Ladies are fainting. The finish is the thing. What will it be?

OUT OF IT.

["In a recent bus accident the money collected by the conductor was scattered in the road and picked up by the crowd"]

Daily Paper.

I VIEW with envious mind
Folk who contrive to find
Small change of any kind

Dumped in the highway;
I wonder how they woo
Fortune, and win her too—
Why doesn't such a *coup*
Ever come *my* way?

Lo! where a motor-bus,
Charging a wall and thus
Checking its impetus,

Skids all awry there,
Fires the conductor out,
Show'ring his pence about—
Shillings as well, no doubt—
Why wasn't *I* there?



RELIEVED.

MUTINY VETERAN. "ARE YOU CHARITY?"

FAIR STRANGER. "NO, I AM GRATITUDE, COME TO PAY MY DEBT."

[Lord Roberts has appealed to the public funds to ensure the independence and comfort of every Crimean and Indian Mutiny Veteran at present in the workhouse. () may be sent to Messrs Cox and Co, Charing Cross, S W, to the account of the Veterans' Relief Fund.]



Scotch Keeper. "THAT'S A VERRA FINE CAR YOU HAVE GOT."

S.-K. "SHE WAD BE A VERRA POWERFU' CAR WHATEVER?"

Chauffeur. "OH, IT AIN'T A BAD CAR."

C. "OH, NO, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT."

S.-K. "I WASS NOT JUDGIN' BY THE SIZE. I WASS JUDGIN' BY THE SMELL!"

DISILLUSIONED.

SOMEHOW I thought that when 1-9-0-7
Was with its fathers duly numberèd,
Its corpse interred, and all its errors shriven,
And masses for its soul's peace sung and said,
Much more felicitous would be my state
Quite early in the course of Nineteen-Eight.

People had buttressed me in this fond hope
By giving the glad hand, the antique wish
For happiness within the New Year's scope;
Yet somehow several things occurred to dish,
Even before the Daft Days' mirth was spent,
My confidence in speedy betterment.

I find it still as difficult to rise
Before the day is lit, and (partly) warmed;
The morning fog still stings and blinds the eyes;
By those LAST NOTICES I'm still alarmed,
In which collectors say naught can content 'em
Now, save a superadded ten *per centum*.

Even my tailor, whom I always thought
A man of some originality,
Cites outworn items which he says I bought—
He may be right, but still it seems to me
That "Compliments" look somewhat insincere
Upon the old account he sent last year,

Still are they trying to try HARRY THAW
With "new effects" upon the same old charge;
Still last year's jokelets make the Pit guffaw;
PRIBBLE, the Office Bore, is still at large;
Still at my gate the same old organ halts,
Unwinding still the "Merry Widow" waltz.

* * * * *

To me it seems indubitably clear
We might as well be living in last year.

With regard to a recent French train robbery we have the following information from Carmelite House:

"As soon as the six cash boxes in a somewhat battered condition had been replaced in the van . . ."—*Daily Mail*.

"The five cash boxes somewhat battered were replaced in the van . . ."—*Over-seas Daily Mail*.

The difference in the number is obviously to save weight in the over-seas edition.

A contemporary states that "the chief feature of the December issue [of *The University Magazine*—McGill and Toronto Universities] is 'Ad Universitam,' Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's characteristic address to the students of McGill." Pedantry is abhorrent to Mr. *Punch*, but he does hope that a word like *Universitam* is not really "characteristic" of Mr. KIPLING's Latinity.

THE BREAKING POINT.

I AM suffering from a new disease, and I seek a remedy.

I grow thin under the infliction. My nerves are giving way. I am utterly weary of it.

Its name is HALL CAINE.

There seems to be no escape.

I go to a bookshop, and ask to see some books, and the shopman insinuates a volume into my hand, *Cobwebs of Criticism*, by HALL CAINE. It is a shrill plea for the sanity of the mob, and I do not want it.

I am taken to the theatre, and the play is *The Christian*, by HALL CAINE.

I open *The Chronicle*, and find an article by a Mr. BEGGIE daring to question if Mr. HALL CAINE's chromo-lithographic view of Christianity is a true one, and asking if there is not a finer ideal than he puts before the playgoer. I shudder as I think of the morrow.

I open *The Chronicle* again, and find Mr. HALL CAINE rioting in reply, the exponent of Christianity once again resting his case on the plaudits of the mob, and falling into Billingsgate over his critic—thus exemplifying his fitness to provide a perfect example of the Christian ideal for footlight consumption.

There is a murder case of a peculiarly sordid character. The trial lasts for several days, the case breaks down, and the accused man is acquitted, to the delight of the mob, who attempt to maltreat one of the witnesses for the Crown, a woman. Who is it that from the well of the court passes up a request for the prisoner's autograph? Mr. HALL CAINE.

I open *The Daily Mail*, and find two columns devoted to a high-pitched character sketch of the acquitted man. Composed by whom? By the mob's staunch friend and flatterer, Mr. HALL CAINE.

The DRUCE case at last draws near its end, and the grave is opened, revealing its pathetic secret. At last it is known, after months of costly litigation, that there really was a Mr. T. C. DRUCE. I open *The Daily Mail*, and find that the Editor has received a communication from Mr. HALL CAINE, so poignant and plain-spoken that it cannot be printed, claiming to have known all the time that intimate fact which has just come so dramatically to light, and hinting that before very long his gifted pen will inflict upon the world his own version of the whole romance, either for the reader or the playgoer.

The DRUCE case ends, and the

papers print their reports. I open *The Chronicle*, and find a portrait of Mr. HALL CAINE leaving the court. I open *The Mirror*, and find a portrait of Mr. HALL CAINE leaving the court. I open other papers, with the same result.

I walk along the Strand, and meet a gaping crowd following a theatrical figure with long red hair and an opera cloak. It is Mr. HALL CAINE, attended, I presume, by a bodyguard of his own darling public, obstructing the way of modest men.

And I ask where is this going to stop. Are we to be saddled for ever with this intrusive pervasive gentleman? Is his passion for the limelight to be gratified for ever? Is it not time that the closure was ordered, and a close time for Mr. HALL CAINE prescribed?

Sherlock Holmeski.

What might have been another inexplicable "Railway Mystery" has been happily averted by the shrewd intuition of *The Daily Telegraph's* Special Correspondent in the Russian capital. This gentleman wires: "At noon yesterday, at a station about 370 miles from St. Petersburg, a sleeping-car took fire, possibly through the ignition of inflammable objects there." The "possibly" marks a delicate sense of restraint, but amidst the bewildering mass of conflicting hypotheses that will rise to the speculative mind, we believe that the *Daily Telegraph's* Special Correspondent has hit the right nail on the head after all.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—As a keen lover of animals, I wish to enter a vigorous protest against the almost universal custom of placing our harmless *Porifera domesticata* (the common bath sponge) out on the window-sills during the present very severe weather.

Surely the fact that it belongs to the lowest form of animal life is but a poor excuse for this inhuman cruelty? Might not the attention of the Hon. STEPHEN be drawn to the matter with advantage, or that of the League which supplies the bonnets to 'bus horses? If hunting is stopped by the frost these gentlemen will possibly have spare time to ameliorate the condition of the most humble and at the same time useful of our dumb friends.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
A LOVER OF THE LITTLE
BROWN SPONGE.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—Of course I know that schoolboys are not supposed to have any feelings—just because we keep them to ourselves and don't make a fuss when they're trampled on—but I really think that attention should be called to an objectionable practice now prevalent among tradesmen, which is exceedingly painful to us all. All we want to do is to enjoy our holidays in peace, and yet the latter half of them is entirely spoilt by the absolutely indecent way in which the approach of school is rubbed into us from all points of the compass by tradesmen's advertisements. "School Outfit" circulars pour in upon our people by every post, and the same beastly legend is placarded on each side of every tradesman's van in the street—even *coal carts*—and no tailor's or outfitter's window is considered complete without a waxwork show of little swines dressed up in tweed or Eton suits—"For school wear."

Let grown-up people put it to themselves. How would a man who shortly expected to go to prison like it, for instance, if on every hoarding he was faced with advertisements for handcuffs or leg-irons? or, if he was going to have an operation, how would he feel if his mothers and aunts insisted on discussing the prices of surgical appliances and gravestones in his presence?

Yours furiously,
SMITH, mi.

The World Knows little of its Greatest Men.

"It is not so well-known that he saw active service in the Burmese Exhibition of 1886-7."

Civil and Military Gazette

And there is many an unknown hero in West Kensington to-day who saw active service in the Balkans Exhibition last summer.

Thin Ice.

The skilful way in which the Government skips over the difficult places in its endeavours to represent the People's Will is generously recognised by *The Daily Mail*, which published a poster recently:

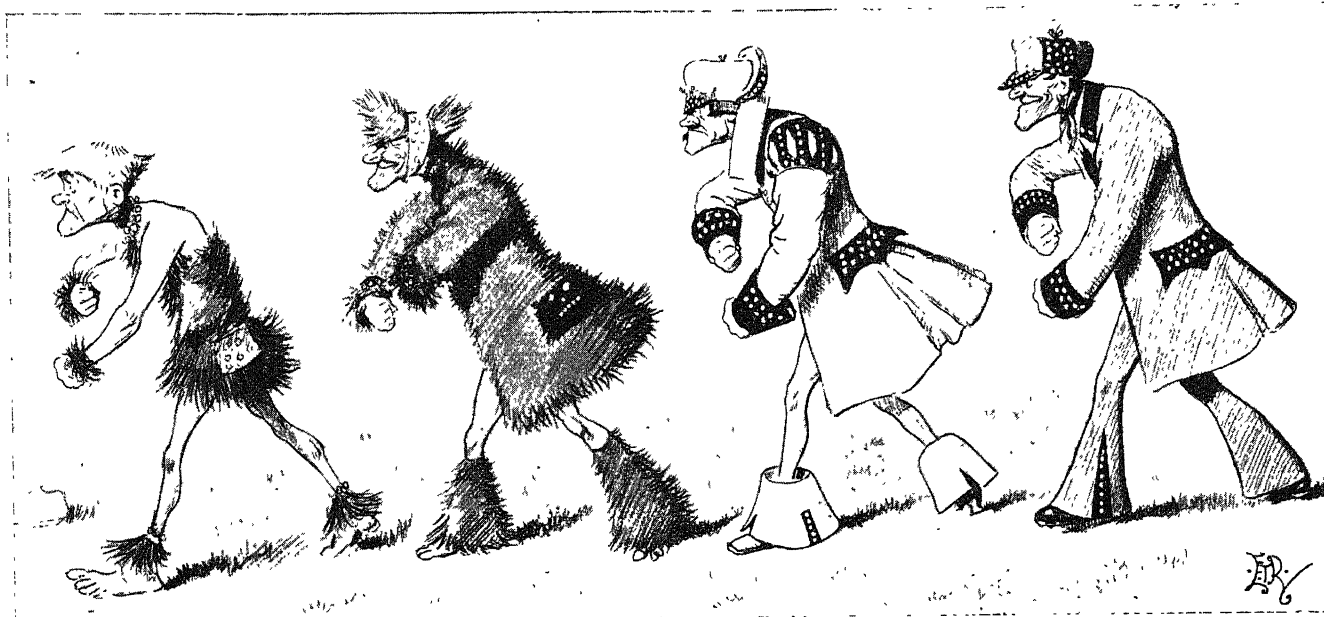
"CABINET PROGRAMME FOR NEXT SESSION.

WHERE TO SKATE."

Advertising Candour.

"FOR SALE, Brindle Bull Mastiff Dog; demon guard; fond of poultry."
—*Hull Daily Mail*.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LONDON PAGEANT.



1. THE EVOLUTION OF THE LONDON COSTER.



2. ROBERT OF SCOTLAND (YARD) DISCOVERS THE METROPOLITAN AREA.



3. SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, AS A PAST MASTER OF THE A.T., IS ELECTED LIFE-WARDEN OF THE TURNERS' COMPANY.

BRAMBLE.

PERSONALLY I like *Bramble* (the funny man in my new novel). He is so genuine. And then he says such extraordinary things. "Do you never take exercise, Mr. *Bramble*?" a friend inquired. "Sometimes I stretch!" That is only on page 9. I rather think he improves later on.

Yet though I fully recognise that *Bramble* is one of my most perfect creations, it is perhaps better that we should not see *quite* so much of one another. To tell you the truth, *Bramble* wants all the stage to himself. At the beginning of each chapter, I say, "This is a serious novel. (*A Study in Temperament* I am going to describe it.)

Bramble is a funny man. There is no denying it. He is a funny man. His duties are clear. 'To relieve by a few humorous touches the tense emotions of the reader.' But nothing about staying in for three chapters, is there? No, *Bramble*, you must keep out of it for a page or two."

And does he? Well, the fact is, I am afraid that *Bert Pleydell* (hero) is not pushing enough. He gives way to *Bramble* so. It is like this.

Bert and *Angy* (heroine) open chapter. *Angy* makes shy advances. *Bert* thinks it over. *Angy's* advances become more noticeable. *Bert*, suddenly fired with passion, pours forth 1,500 words of tumultuous—or at least he should do. What usually happens is that after *Bert* has been at it for a paragraph or so he cools down—wants to analyse his emotions and all that kind of thing. I tear up his speech, take a clean sheet of paper and— Then I remember that tale I heard at Scarborough last year. And there is *Bramble* waiting at my elbow.

I have put *Bert* off five times already. Anyway, I start on the plot to-morrow.

Really *Bramble* seems to have a knack of turning up at the most awkward places. Chapter XII., for

instance, which gives the funeral of *Little Dai*. Of course he ought to be there, having kept her alive four days with his inexhaustible store (53 pp.) of humour. Still, I think he overdid it. When I showed that chapter to *GATES* (*GATES* writes those impressionist sketches in *The Cerebellum*) he asked, "Why not bury *Little Dai* between Chapters XI. and XII.? Then *Bramble* would be late for the funeral."

I must get rid of *Bramble*.

Chapter XIV. shaped up much better than I expected. There was a little trouble with *B.* at first. But after I had let him have twenty-one pages to give his experiences of buying a dog, he went to the Club or

story. Look how I behaved over the funeral too! But there's *SPOONER*—a fellow who reads *Slaps*; and *WHITEHEAD*—a poor creature with no sense of humour. They say— Oh, it's too terrible! Of course there's no need for you to suffer unnecessarily. Just about half a paragraph. Then—"a peaceful smile lit up the calm features; but the lips did not move." I expect it will upset me for the rest of the day.

Unless—I hardly like to mention it. But *SPOONER* suggested it. "Supposing he had some terrible affliction," *SPOONER* said, "something that would force him to renounce humour once and for all." You remember the tale of *HENRY* and

the *White Ship*. Think it over, *Bramble*.

Somehow, I knew that he wouldn't. "A life without humour, never!" *Bramble* declared. "Rather a ten-page death." His devotion to his art is very touching. I shall miss him terribly, I know. But there's *SPOONER*. Let me see, how shall I do it? A motor-bus accident? Ugh! Perhaps *B.* would be in the midst of one of his best stories. No, I must think of a humorous death. He would like that, I know.

All is well! There is something wrong with one of *Bramble's* lungs. (Never heard of a funny man having lungs before. But that shows how original are my ideas.) He is saved. But he must leave for the Cape at the end of Chapter XXII.

Most of the characters were down at Old Swan Pier—ah! I must alter that—to see *Bramble* off. As the liner swung into mid-stream *B.* waved his hat and shouted, "Not good-bye! Not good-bye!" (He was thinking of my next novel.)

Now I can arrange for *Beauchamp's* suicide.

It was a good idea of mine to send *Bramble* off before the suicide. But I missed him horribly at the inquest. A very dull affair.

Something wrong with *Bert*. He



Mistress (engaging new servant). "WHAT ABOUT YOUR REFERENCES?"

Servant. "I'VE TORN THEM UP."

Mistress. "I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT."

Servant. "I THINK YOU WOULD IF YOU'D READ THEM."

somewhere, and *Bert* and *Angy* had the stage to themselves. Near the end *Bert* says, "When we meet in that To-morrow, and look back into the black vista of Yesterday, and see the light of former gladness brighten the—" I think that was a jolly lucky idea, my sending *Bramble* to the Club.

In future I shall keep *Bramble* for the beginnings of chapters only.

I am afraid some of the chapters are horribly long. To-day I see my publishers, Messrs. *SPOONER* and *WHITEHEAD*.

My dear *Bramble*! You must know that I would do anything sooner than give you pain. You remember how in Chapter III. I purposely cut down *Angy's* illness because it clashed with your trout



Oldest Inhabitant. "YOU SEE, SIR, 'OW THE PLACE 'AS CHANGED. WHEN I FUST COOMED 'ERE I 'AD LOTS O' FRIENDS; BUT NOW THERE BE NO ONE LEFT TO HOBNAIL WITH!"

has got into the way of breaking off in the middle of a paragraph. Seems to have lost all interest in the book too. I do miss *Bramble*.

Angy is growing tired of her long engagement. Doesn't receive *Bert's* love caresses as she used. "Why can't we be married privately?" she inquires each morning. "Then *Bert* need not be kidnapped, and——" Oh! bother the plot. I do miss *B.*

I must tell you about that fellow *Bramble*. He is writing long letters home. The touches of humour are delicious. And the tales of Colonial life!

"Northern League match, at Arbroath. All the goals were scored at the east end posts and in the first half. Result:—Arbroath, five: Lochgelly, two."—*Scotsman*.

This is a bad lie, on the face of it.

The Commercial Instinct.

From an advt. in a contemporary:
"NATIONAL PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION
for
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.
Applications for Agencies invited.
Sold only in labelled tins, price 7½d. and
1s. 1½d."

"O wert thou in the Cauld Blast!"

"DAVIOT CURLING CLUB DANCE.—Party who left Pair of Dark Blue Trousers can have same on applying to the President."

Aberdeen Free Press.

This advertisement seems to have some bearing on the following:—

"How to dress in the Ballroom."

Daily Mirror.

But why not miss a dance or two and get it done outside?

"The Coming Storm.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
An Acceptable Wedding Present."

This singularly felicitous touch is taken from an advt. in *The Daily Graphic*.

Oratorical Finality.

Col. Sir WILLIAM SERGEANT, C.B., on Mr. HALDANE's scheme for a territorial army:—

"Suppose the Regulars should last only three months, where should we be? By no means."—*Volunteer Service Gazette*.

"Fresh Woods."

"FURNITURE.—It is impossible to value your mahogany bureau from the particulars you give. The only way is to have it seen by an expert. It may be mahogany or it may be Sheraton."—*London Opinion*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Younger Set (CONSTABLE) is Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS's second adventure in the romance of modern American Society, and it is an extremely good story. Its best situation is the accidental meeting of a divorced couple. The looseness of the marriage-knot over there seems to be a source of great embarrassment to New York hostesses; you never can remember who has been separated from whom. A pity that the author should have spoilt the consistency of his methods by a commonplace episode out of melodrama, severing his Gordian knot with an improbable revolver whose utility is obvious from quite a long way off. Mr. CHAMBERS is happiest with some of his minor characters, such as *Nina* and *Drina*. His heroine is almost incredibly virginal; and his hero is always threatening to become a prig through no fault of his own, but just because the author insists on italicising his probity and manliness—qualities that are best illustrated without comments from the showman. In the same way some of his characters protest too much that their society is "thoroughbred," a dreadful epithet which good-breeding, taking itself for granted, can always afford to dispense with.

Mr. CHAMBERS has a great resource of language; but he is too facile, and should set himself to curb both the volume and the flamboyancy of his eloquence. I am glad to note that in his present novel he has checked a bad habit of sneering ignorantly at English manners. He makes only a single reference to us, and so commits only one error in this connection. There is talk of an American duchess leading an "Insular invasion" against the hearts of Transatlantic heiresses; and Mr. CHAMBERS speaks of the "thin red line" of our "needy" Household Cavalry. He doesn't seem to have heard of *The Blues*.

The hero in Mr. WILMSHURST's clever illustrations, which are very beautifully reproduced, belongs to a handsome type, but it is of British and not American growth.

The Old Peabody Pew, I'm bound to state

(From CONSTABLE'S—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN), offers
A not remarkably attractive bait
To folk with modest coffers.

The tale is human, humorous, refined,
After the author's most delightful manner;
But dear at—to my mercenary mind—
Three shillings and a tanner.

'Tis true the pages have their margins packed
(Most have, at least) with decorative glory,
Yet that but serves to emphasise the fact
There's precious little story.

"Once there were a man and a mouse and a goat and
a lion and a crocodile"—this, I think, was the opening of

Bruno's story to the reluctant frogs, and Mr. STONE is nearly as abrupt in method at the beginning of *Scars* (HEINEMANN), for in the first two chapters we are introduced to about a score of characters, with nothing much to guide us as to their different degrees of importance. Once we get them sorted out, however, the plot runs finely. I think this is the author's first novel, and he has chosen a rather daring subject, for his hero, besides being an Etonian, a cricketer, and a good fellow all round, has inherited a very bad kind of homicidal mania. Moreover, since a great part of the book is occupied with the careless gaieties of public school and Varsity life the tragedy is vastly deepened by contrast—as if one should run across the Pelopidæ wearing morning coats in Bond Street. I feel bound to mention this rather bad-

tempered Greek family, because Mr. STONE himself displays a strong academic bias, and two of his characters even quote HORACE at a Christ Church ball. But, whether it is owing to admiration of the classic drama or not, he has certainly given us a very awe-inspiring picture of *πρώταρχος* "Ατη in a milieu where we hope the lady is not often to be found.

Lord WANTAGE was not in the Navy or the Church, nor was he a barrister. Otherwise, as soldier, volunteer, Red Cross Knight, farmer, landlord, Member of Parliament, statesman, company-chairman, lord-lieutenant and peer, he played most of the parts open to an English gentleman, and played them with consummate skill. His V.C. was gained, of course, in what have been called Crimeal times; but though his active career began as long ago as 1854 he was still working hard for our soldiers in South Africa when the present century dawned. All this and much more of interest may be gathered from *Lord Wantage, V.C.* K.C.B. (SMITH, ELDER), the memoir compiled by his faithful and helpful wife. And that none may deem her prejudiced by wifely devotion read what FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has said of him:—

"Lord Wantage is a great loss—but he has been a great gain. And what he has gained for us can never be lost. It is my experience that such men exist only in England. A man who had everything (to use the common phrase) that this world could give him, but who worked as hard, and to the last, as the poorest able man—and all for others—for the common good. A man whose life makes a great difference for all—*All* are better than if he had not lived, and this betterment is for always—it does not die with him. That is the true estimate of a great life."

It does Mr. Punch's heart good to read of the giants of his own generation.

By Col and Cap.

Under the head of "Winter Sports at Chamonix," *The Standard* makes the following remarkable statement:—"The departure of the Alpine regiments from Argentière for Chamonix by the Colonel de Balme took place early in the morning." After this it would not surprise us to hear that the Mediterranean Fleet has been seen executing manœuvres round Captain St. Martin.



THE PRINCIPAL BOY WHO WOULD
NOT GROW OLD.



Betty (who has just heard the story of Gelert). "AND DID THE MAN REALLY KILL THE DOG, DADDY?"
Daddy "YES. YOU SEE HE THOUGHT IT HAD KILLED HIS CHILD"
Betty "WOULD YOU DO THE SAME IF DON KILLED BABY?"
Daddy. "CERTAINLY."
Betty (very thoughtfully). "POOR OLD DON!"

THE SOUL OF WIT.

*Rolling Hall,
Leicestershire.*

DEAR RICHARD,—I know you like to hear of a good joke now and then that you can sketch for your paper. Now this really happened. The old sexton at Little Pibley, old JOE GREEN, is a bit of a character, and his wife, who was the Thornby Lodge gardener's wife before she married GREEN, is rather a crotchety old body, and old JOE you must know is a bit too fond of his drop on a Saturday night, and the old lady being of the Thornby JENKINSON stock and of course a strict T.T., when her worthy spouse goes off to the Black Swan with his boon companions, or rather I should say when he comes home again, the domestic felicity of the GREEN household is wont to become somewhat ruffled; in fact, the old couple have words. Well, one Sunday morning after one of these rows the Vicar and old JOE ran across one another close by the

broken spout on the north side of the church—you know the spot—and said, "Well, JOE, you're looking very grave this morning. I hope there's nothing the matter at home," or "the matter with MARTHA," or something like that. So old JOE turned round, with one of those knowing winks of his, I expect, and said, "I wish she was in HER grave," and off he stumped to distribute the collection bags without another word!!! The Vicar told me this himself. I should put "A Fact" on the top if I were you. Everybody I have told it to has been immensely amused at it. Mind you get the broken spout in.

Believe me, your affec. uncle,
JAMES C. HEVYTHWAITE.

P.S.—We must have you down here when your picture of the joke comes out, so let me know what week it will be.

First Answer (burnt).

Chelsea.

DEAR UNCLE JAMES.—Thanks for kindly sending me the story about

JOE GREEN and the Vicar. I will try it on the Editor; but it is very difficult to tell exactly what they will like, so I hope you won't be disappointed if it doesn't appear. Very likely they may have another sexton joke on hand with a drawing already done; or for a number of reasons it might be inconvenient to put it in. If they *should* happen not to accept it, you might send it to GEORGE, and he could turn it into a short story for one of the magazines. I should like very much to go down to Rolling and see you all again. Would some time next month suit you?

Second Answer (sent).

MY DEAR UNCLE JAMES.—Many thanks for that capital joke of yours. I can just imagine old JOE's face. I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation for the early part of next month, which is about the time the joke would appear. Love to everyone.

Your affectionate nephew,
DICK.

A CANDIDATE FOR AN OLD AGE PENSION.

As down a country lane I strode,
 With sweet and rural thoughts inspired,
 I saw a tramp beside the road
 Who looked a little tired.

Upon the ditch's marge he lay,
 And, as I read his visage clear,
 Something within me seemed to say,
 "This man is full of beer."

I propped him gently in the side:
 "What is your story? I would know."
 "I'm Weary WILLIE," he replied,
 Adding the words "What O!"

"A simple, homely name," said I;
 "Myself, when still a tender brat,
 Was so addressed for short. But why,
 Why 'Weary'? Tell me that.

"Is it excess of manual toil,
 Followed by mental strain, perhaps,
 With burning of the midnight oil,
 That causes this collapse?"

He answered with a pleasant smirk:
 "Don't go and fret yourself, ole pal;
 I never done a stroke o' work,
 Not me, nor never shall."

"You labour not," I said, "and yet
 Men call you 'Weary'? Pray suggest
 How you acquired this epithet
 Implying lack of rest."

"That's right," he said; "I earn no wage;
 It's just the hangin' round about
 Waitin' to touch a ripe old age
 That fairly wears me out.

"Five bob a week for bed and board
 If I can only keep alive
 To get the Government's reward
 For reaching sixty-five.

"Yus, Weary WILLIE's got to wait
 Some thirty years, poor patient bloke,
 To pouch his pension. Tell yer, mate,
 Me 'eart is well-nigh broke!"

I ventured. "Do not deem me rude,
 But how do you expect, my son,
 To win your country's gratitude
 For duties left undone?"

"The Rads," he answered, "run the show;
 No questions asked about the past;
 It's like a little Heaven below—
 There ain't no first nor last!"

"You hint," said I, "of halcyon days,
 And fields that flow with milk and rum;
 But how do they propose to raise
 The necessary sum?"

"Guv'nor!" said he, "we'll get the stuff;
 There's always fools as toil and spin;
 They'll pay the taxes fast enough,
 And that's where I come in!"

* * * * *

I left him prone beside the path,
 Weary with yearning, year by year,
 For Merit's glorious aftermath,
 Yet full of hope and beer.

O. S.

SWANS IN ADVANCE.

(An Exercise in the New Advertising.)

MR. LONG JANE begs to inform his patrons that he will open the Publishing Season by starting four new Authors from The Oddly Read, viz.:—

A NEW ARISTOPHANES	F. J. Gander	LOVE AND THE TINSMITH
A NEW CLASSIC	O. I. E.	MACKENZIE REDIVIVUS
A NEW SAINTE-BEUVE	R. A. Gosling	ROMANCE AND MODERNISM
A NEW SHAKSPEARE	L. Anser	GREEN THOUGHTS

MR. LONG JANE believes that these books are more than perfect, and will run through the season, or at least part of it. The following are the particulars:—

I. The New Aristophanes.

By this title the publisher confidently designates Mr. F. J. GANDER, the author of *Love and the Tinsmith*, a work full of the robustious essence of Twentieth-Century Humour. What the great satirist, wit and jester ARISTOPHANES did for the gay pleasure-lovers of ancient Rome, that will Mr. GANDER do for all those readers in our own day who, like the publisher, possess what has been called the fourth of the great cardinal virtues—Humour. Make a note of *Love and the Tinsmith*, to be published on January 29 by the new ARISTOPHANES.

II. The New Classic.

The publisher is conscious that it is unusual, except among publishers, to hail a new writer as a classic, but Sir THOMAS BROWNE, PATER, R. L. S., W. J. LOCKE, and Mr. MONEY-COUTTS were once new writers, and he claims for O. I. E. (those being the initials under which his latest discovery wishes to conceal his identity) that he has written a book worthy to be placed along with the writings of such authors, and worthy also to be placed with any writer of antiquity that can be named, not excepting the divine PLATO. *Mackenzie Redivivus* by O. I. E. (ready January 29, price 7s. 6d. net) may by some be voted precious. It is certainly intimate, like all the best books, yellow or otherwise. But discerning critics will see its masterly power and delicacy, and appreciate its new style, from which the publisher has already learnt much. It stands apart from all other books, not only because it is published at The Oddly Read, in itself a hall-mark of distinction, but also by reason of its truth, its soul-battlings, in a word its classicalness. Remember the author's initials, O. I. E.

III. The New Sainte-Beuve.

We come now to the amazing critical work of Mr. GOSLING, author of *Romance and Modernism*, that astounding collection of penetrating search-lights. What do you think Mr. GOSLING does? He takes a few conspicuous tendencies of the age—the scientific spirit, self-consciousness, democracy, realism, pessimism, effrontery, bombast, and so forth, with which all of us are acquainted—and shows how almost every new book may be regarded as a symptom of health or disease in the social organism. He does really. The publisher has called Mr. GOSLING the new SAINTE-BEUVE, but he might equally well have called him the new MATTHEW ARNOLD. By whatever name his wonderful book (to be published on January 29—the red letter day of the year—price 7s. 6d. net) is called it would smell as sweet.

IV. The New Shakspeare.

Some weeks ago the well-known Editor of a distinguished weekly declared he had discovered a new poet—a real genius. On his being asked if the poet's name was ANSER, his astonished reply was "Yes." "I thought so," was the retort; "I have just accepted a



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

ICARUS (*watching the triumphant flight of Mr. Farman*). "CONFOUND THE FELLOW! WISH I'D THOUGHT OF THAT!"



"COMING! COMING!"

First Lady (accidentally meeting second ditto at party). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU NEVER COME TO SEE ME!"
Second Lady (with emphasis) "MY DEAR! I'M ALWAYS COMING!"

volume from him entitled *Green Thoughts*, and one of the most distinguished living writers wrote me a spontaneous letter drawing attention to Mr. ANSER as 'not only a poet, but a poet of very great and original powers. . . ; I mean, this is really that *rara avis*, a man of genius. . . ; Could coincidence farther go? Other equally distinguished persons with the same spontaneity having said similar things, the publisher has no longer any hesitation in calling Mr. ANSER the new SHAKSPEARE. Note the date of the publication of Mr. ANSER's book, *Green Thoughts*—January 29. O that day! What a day for intellectual England! Price 5s. net.

If any one is in need of further particulars in advance Mr. LONG JANE will be happy to give them. His stock of superlatives is continually being replenished.

THE HOLLOW REED.

WHAT was it doing, my gold-nibbed Pen,
 Here in the Fleet by the river,
 Turning my tablecloth into a fen,
 Scattering ruin and casting blots,
 Till the cream-laid note was covered with spots,
 Like a man that is cursed with a liver?

Something had clogged my gold-nibbed Pen,
 In its secret chamber lurking;
 The blue-black liquid was deep in my den,
 And pages of lyrics were floating about,

And the blotting-paper had all run out,
 Ere I got the reservoir working.

I took it to pieces, my gold-nibbed Pen
 (How silly it looked in sections!);
 I twisted the top, like the neck of a hen,
 And scraped it clean with a hard bleak knife,
 And filled it over *The Sporting Life*
 And the "Saturday League Selections."

This is the way, I said, O Pen
 (And I laughed low down in my gizzard),
 And the chances are only a couple in ten
 To make your insolent humours stop;
 And, putting my mouth to the hole at the top,
 I blew like a prairie blizzard.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pen,
 Is a pipe with wads of cotton;
 And oh! how I wished you had been one then!
 For the poignant shock of the draught I drank,
 As I inadvertently sucked your shank,
 Is a thing I have never forgotten.

A downright beast was my gold-nibbed Pen;
 And although my aunt (the giver)
 Would probably murmur "Just like men,"
 And shed for the cost of the thing a tear,
 I have chucked it away by the Waterloo Pier,
 From the parapet into the river.

THE COMPLETE CONVERSATIONALIST.

"Do you reverse?" asked my partner.

"We will, if you're keen," I said; "but as a matter of fact I generally get a back-fire when I put in the reverse. If you like we'll throw out the clutch for a moment."

"That would be a good idea," she said; "and, when you put it back again you might put it back a little bit higher up, if you don't mind. And perhaps it would be as well if we got on to the second speed. . . . Thank you, that's much better."

We went round the room twice under the new conditions, and then steered into the garage.

"What about a little petrol?" I suggested.

"Oh, no thanks."

"No petrol. Well, let's find a cool place, and talk. It's so hot here."

We discovered an excellent draught and sat down in it, while I fanned myself—I mean my partner—vigorously.

"Shall we talk about the DRUCE case?" I said.

"Oh, please not."

"Right you are. Only I thought I ought to ask you. Ripping—I mean rotten weather, isn't it?"

"What?"

"The weather is rather rotten."

"Oh, I think it's rather nice."

"That was what I said first. Ripping weather. Which is your favourite waltz?"

"I'm not quite sure. Not that last one."

"Oh."

There was a short interval for meditation.

"Do you know many people here?" I tried again.

"No."

"I always think that when you only know a few people it's rather rotten—I mean ripping."

"Yes."

"There ought to be," I said, having thought the matter out very carefully, "some fun when Parliament meets again."

"I suppose so," said my partner.

I blew my nose for a moment.

"Have you tried," I asked anxiously, "this new Auction Bridge? They say it's better than the ordinary game."

"Oh?"

"Yes. So they say. Have you had any skating lately?"

"Oh yes."

"Yes. You'll let me know when I'm getting warm, won't you? The

Test matches are rather exciting, aren't they?"

"What did you say?"

"We're up to T now. Test matches. Are you interested in the Test matches?"

"I don't quite understand."

"I am trying to find your subject, and I don't think you're helping me much. Did I ask you if you had seen *The Merry Widow*?"

"I really don't know."

"Then we shall probably get to that under W. I say—do tell me—are we going to talk, or aren't we?"

My partner smiled for the first time.

"I rather thought you *had* been talking," she said.

"Yes, but you aren't helping at all. If I've got to talk by myself all the time I'd much sooner recite a small piece to you. Or if you've got a box of matches on you I can show you a trick."

My partner woke up suddenly.

"I'm very sorry I have been so dull," she said, "and I wish I had a box of matches on me; but if you only knew how tired a girl gets of being asked which is her favourite waltz, and what she thinks of the DRUCE case, you would forgive me."

"I am very sorry I have been so voluble," I said: "and I wish you had a box of matches on you, because it's a really good trick; but if you only knew how tired a man gets of being expected to ask a girl which is her favourite waltz, and what she thinks of the DRUCE case, you would pity me."

"Then all these awful questions were for my sake entirely?"

"Entirely. Particularly the one about Parliament. I never spoke to any of the others about that; it was a special line for you. You know, it was an awful shock to me when you refused to talk about the DRUCE case. I was in despair for the moment. Luckily I thought of the weather. We agreed it was ripping weather, didn't we?"

"As a matter of fact," said my partner, "I know somebody who has a cousin whose gardener has shares in the DRUCE Company, so I am really very much interested in it all. But, as I told my other fourteen partners, I have been to eleven dances since Christmas, and there are limits. May I have my fan back before you break it?"

"I'm afraid I mistook your character altogether," I said. "You know there are three ways of making conversation at a dance. You talk about the DRUCE case and your favourite waltz—that's one; or your-

self—that's two; or anything that comes into your head—that's three. You wouldn't give me a lead so I had to have a dash. Unfortunately I hit upon the first."

"You'll have to try again, won't you?"

"I suppose I shall. Let's take the next method. Would it interest you to hear that I am a drysalter?"

"Is that a good thing to be?"

"I don't know. It sounds such a thirsty profession. And that I am a hundred and four, and was educated at Giggleswick and Gonville, and have seventeen brothers, and can catch it two hundred and thirty-eight times?"

"It is most frightfully exciting, certainly," said my partner, "only as I shall never see you again after this waltz—"

"Quite so. Then we pass on to the third method, and I say anything that comes into my head."

"Well?"

"Well, then—may I have the next dance?"

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE KING," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "will give two large dinner-parties at Buckingham Palace shortly after the opening of Parliament. Only men will be invited." Surely this fear of demonstrations by Suffragettes is being carried to unnecessary lengths?

* *

It is again rumoured that the next budget will include a tax on cyclists, each of whom will have to take out a pedaller's licence.

* *

"I have never believed," says Mr. H. G. WELLS in *The New Age*, "that a Socialist Party could hope to form a Government in this country in my lifetime: I believe it less now than ever I did." One can almost understand a man being a Socialist in these circumstances.

* *

Mr. HENRY FARMAN has won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize by a circular flight, in Paris, of 1630 English yards in an aeroplane. Mr. FARMAN is a countryman of ours, and it was a pretty and patriotic idea of his to fly English yards.

* *

We understand that the entrance fee for *The Times* Limericks will be three shillings, and not sixpence, so that wealthy persons and poets holding high office will be able to compete without loss of dignity.

"What is Fame?" is said to have been the despairing cry of Mr. THAW upon hearing a would-be juror declare that he had never heard of the THAW case before.

Lord DELAMERE, the big game hunter, has made the following statement to an interviewer:—"East Africa is a wonderful country, but please make it clear that I do not advise emigration. It is not a country for small people." The paper which publishes the interview then goes on to give us some idea of the size of Lord DELAMERE, telling us that he is farming 100,000 acres near Nairobi, "and holds 1,200 head of cattle and 15,000 sheep." This is, indeed, a wonderful arm-stretch.

We extract the following from *The Daily Mail*:—

"Mr. Plowden (to witness): Ah, I am afraid you are in advance of the age. We have not got sixpenny cab fares yet. They are on the way, but have not come yet. They are like some other things ladies would like to get, but they have not come yet. (A laugh.)"

Now what we want to know is this: Why only one laugh? What were the rest of the officials doing? Surely they were committing contempt of Court.

The War Office officials, against whom certain members of the public never tire of declaiming, would like it to be known that, according to a paper read before the Physiological Association of Berlin, there is a German Government official named ARNHEIM, who has been continuously asleep since June 10, 1904.

An advance notice of the Dress Exhibition, which is to be held shortly at Earls Court, states that "The lot of the lone widow is not to be forgotten, for attractive styles of mourning will be set off by pretty faces." Personally we think that this is a pity; it will tempt ladies who visit the show in the company of their husbands to cast ugly looks at these obstacles.

Two men have been fined at Atherstone for assaulting a football referee. This decision that the act was an illegal one has come as a nasty surprise to football spectators all over the country, and is considered an unwarrantable interference with an old-established sport.

A question answered:—

"How MUCH IS ENOUGH?"

This correspondence must now cease."



THE HILLSIDE TEE.

Colonel Chutneigh. "SEEMS TO ME (POUF) THIS WHATYERMATCALLIT WHERE YOU DRIVE OFF IS THE ONLY DECENT THING THE COMMITTEE'S DONE ON THE WHOLE LINKS. DEUCED CONVENIENT FOR TEEING UP YOUR BALL. WHY THE DICKENS CAN'T THEY MAKE 'EM ALL LIKE IT?"

At the time of writing the Manchester cotton dispute is still unsettled, both sides refusing to give way. The masters are as stubborn as the spinning mules.

"Because of their respect for work," says the *Gaulois*, "Americans preserve their moral strength and their moral health." But surely there is no one with so great a respect for work as the British workman, who will frequently hesitate to touch it, so far does he carry the idea?

In consequence of the loss of prestige suffered by this country owing to the disastrous defeat in Australia it has, we hear, been decided to lay down an additional *Dreadnought* at once.

Though it is true that the General Meeting of a society is often the scene of much strong language and heated argument, yet it is possible to take too gloomy a view of what

may happen. He is a pessimist who announces, as did the Secretary of the Royal Ordnance Factories Friendly Society, that

"The Annual General Meeting will be hell on Saturday next."

Commercial Candour.

From a catalogue advertisement of Mycenæan Pottery, "contemporary with the Homeric Age":—

"These interesting relics from the distant dawn of history are probably fully three hundred years old."

Mr. CARY GILSON is reported in *The Birmingham Daily Post* as follows:—

"There was a story of a temporary master at Rugby, whose 'L's' the boys proposed to consider doubtful, and who, on calling on a boy named Hale, was astounded to see the entire class rise in their places and begin to construe at once."

If the letter had been H and the boy's name HALL, anybody could have seen the point. But all really brilliant stories avoid the obvious.

THE THIRD TEST MATCH.

(By Cablegram)

Adelaide, Friday, 12.15 P.M.

The Englishmen have taken the field. With the exception of FANE, HUTCHINGS, CRAWFORD, HOBBS, GUNN, BARNES, HUMPHRIES, and FIELDER, they have all recovered from their recent exertions. The heat is tremendous. It will suit the Cornstalks, who should win.

5.20 P.M.

England undoubtedly holds the advantage. HILL is seriously indisposed. BRAUND, RHODES, and HARDSTAFF have slight touches of sunstroke. Will it get hotter? HILL is worse.

Saturday, 12.30 P.M.

The thermometer is already 104 in the shade. Will it go on rising? CLEM HILL is in bed. Three doctors are holding a consultation. Australia cannot escape defeat.

6 P.M.

The luncheon interval was prolonged while the players had their temperatures taken. A chart will be published. Twenty-two certificated masseurs have arrived. England is playing grimly. CLEM HILL's condition is serious. ROY HILL is fielding. England must win.

Monday, 5.30 P.M.

A great sensation has been caused to-day. MCALISTER seemed profoundly satisfied when given out l.b.w. CLEM HILL is no better. ROY HILL fielded brilliantly this morning. The heat is terrible. Australia has no chance.

Tuesday, 2.30 P.M.

CLEM HILL is much worse. The doctors are giving up hope.

4 P.M.

CLEM HILL is batting magnificently. Frequent delays have been caused to-day by players retiring to be massaged. Owing to strike of masseurs the luncheon interval was again prolonged.

5 P.M.

HILL has been missed at mid-off. In his effort to catch the ball BARNES broke his flask of ammoniated quinine. The game was delayed while he changed. Much sympathy was felt for BARNES. The thermometer registers 109. A large crowd is watching it. Will it continue to rise? HILL's doctors have held three consultations in the last hour. The Englishmen cannot hope to win.

5.45 P.M.

A tent has been erected near the

wickets for the convenience of HILL's medical attendants. Much time is consequently saved. A large crack has appeared on the pitch.

9 P.M.

The pitch has been massaged and treated with cold-cream.

Wednesday, 2.30 P.M.

Consternation prevailed this morning. The umpires asked if they were paid by the match or by the day. FIELDER is in bed to-day. He hopes to make a hundred to-morrow. BARNES was also anxious to rest, but could not be excused. A collection is being made for CLEM HILL.

6 P.M.

The collection for CLEM HILL has amounted to thirty-three clinical thermometers, seven sponges, and a bottle of emulsion. Some unpleasantness has been caused by ROY HILL asking for a share. FANE's temperature is sub-normal. The game has made little progress lately. By how many runs will Australia win? ROY HILL did not bat.

Thursday, 1.30 P.M.

CLEM HILL has not fielded to-day. It is nice to see ROY HILL again. The thermometer is 115. The end came quite suddenly. FIELDER made one. This was very disappointing after his illness.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

(NEW STYLE.)

THE *Turbine* has just celebrated the second anniversary of its first appearance in the crowded arena of journalism, and, as the result of despatching a number of telegrams to well-known people, is in the happy position of being able to publish many spontaneous messages from its well-wishers. These tributes to the extraordinary longevity of a paper which has unflinchingly striven to advocate Liberal principles in their most acute and uncompromising form are not unnaturally a source of profound satisfaction to the conductors of this journal.

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN:—

I consider *The Turbine* to be by far the best penny Liberal morning paper published in London.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate):—

I raise my glass, brimming with sparkling Vouvray,

To hail the genius of the Street of Bouverie.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—

Your paper is sorely needed in Central Africa. Why not start

special editions for the Pygmies and the Cannibals?

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST:—

Male journalism does not appeal to me. But if I were a miserable man I suppose I should subscribe to *The Turbine*.

Mr. NAT GOULD:—

I have seen many two-year-olds, but none with an action quite like that of *The Turbine*.

The Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S.:—

Best wishes. I hope you will be able to knock a few more knots out of the tangled skein of party politics.

Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN:—

Presents his congratulations.

Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE.

I am never *gênée* when I read your sparkling criticisms.

Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE:—

Hearty congratulations. But I wish you would change the title to *The Treebunc*.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER:—

Heaven prosper your splendid efforts and those of your noble contributor, Mr. G. R. SIMS, to promote the cause of social reform.

Professor ELIE METSCHNIKOFF:—

I am greatly interested in an anniversary which proves that you have achieved longevity without senility.

ZBYSKO, the famous Galician athlete:—

You is a great paper. I wrestle with your leaders daily.

A Sincere Well-wisher writes:—

How time does fly! It seems only yesterday that your first number appeared. Well, well.

Subscriber from the very first number:—

May you live long and prosper! What I like about your sparkling columns is the dramatic gossip by the frolicsome W. A. Whatever other changes you may be contemplating, my daughters and I implore you to retain him.

Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON.

I like everything about you but your whiskers. One ought not to have whiskers at the age of two.

THOMAS ELWES:—

I cannot think of a better paper. Please quickly renew your six-months' gratis offer.

BERTIE FLUTTER:—

Is it *Tribune* or *Turbine*? I wish you would kindly let me know, as there is a bet on it. Anyway, I wish you many happy returns of the day.

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. 2.



HER GRACE, LORD ALGERNON, AND HIS SISTERS INVITE MR. "BERT" HAWKINS (OF BERMONDSEY) AND HIS FAMILY TO DINNER IN PARK LANE. THEY AFTERWARDS TAKE THEIR GUESTS TO THE HALL FOR A GAME OF HOP-SCOTCH, A KNOWLEDGE OF WHICH SPORT HAS BEEN SPECIALLY ACQUIRED BY THE DUCHESS FOR THE OCCASION.



THE "BERT" HAWKINSSES SUBSEQUENTLY RETURN THE INVITATION, AND ENTERTAIN THEIR VISITORS, AFTER A SUMPTUOUS HIGH TEA, TO A LITTLE MUSIC IN THE DORIN'-ROOM.



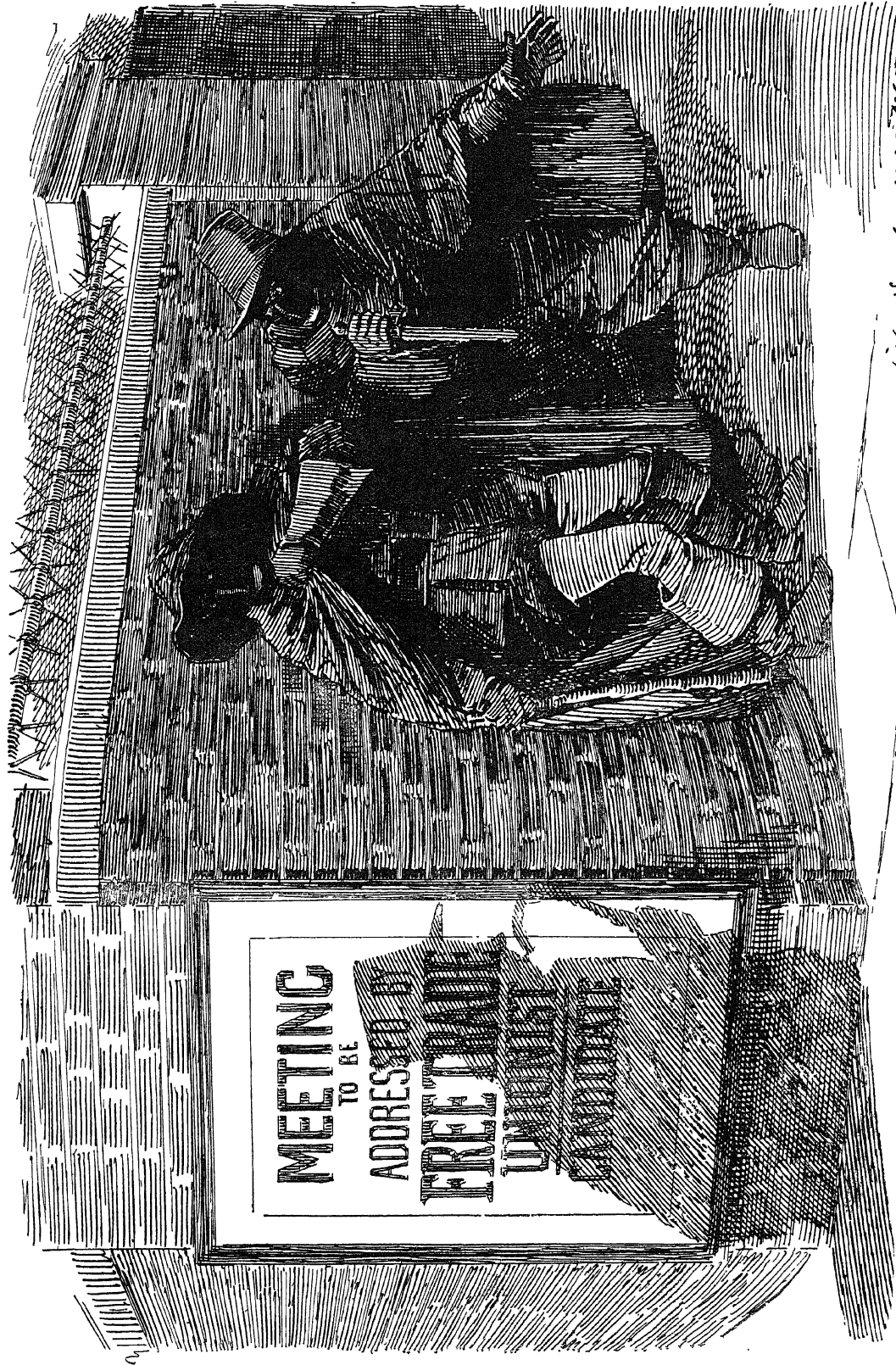
Sergeant (to very awkward squad). "Oh, you beauties! I wonder where you'd be if I was to say 'Double'!"

THE WINTER DAY.

This little space of misty winter day,
 How like a flash it goes;
 From its late rising to its early close,
 How swift it passes and is rolled away;
 Yet we can make it hold
 All new delights and high enchantments old,
 And children's voices, and their pretty sport,
 The keener, being short;
 The while
 With winsome smile
 And song and laugh, in mere excess of joy,
 The noisy troop their little limbs employ;
 And, though the sun, the pale and hazy sun,
 Hangs low beyond the hill,
 And the north wind blows chill,
 They brook no rest as o'er the white-rimmed lawn they run.

And now it comes,
 The breakfast-time of birds,
 The chosen moment for the scattered crumbs
 And due enticing words.
 And soon a feathered riot is afoot,
 A dusky welter on the whited lawn
 Of little shapes that from the early dawn
 Watched to be sure of this their daily loot:
 Thrushes, and blackbirds, and a jostling crowd
 Of bob-tailed purple starlings, and a cloud
 Of sparrows, and that high aristocrat
 In red and brown,

The comfortable, fat,
 Round robin who looks down,
 Hopping apart, on all this eager noise
 And these too fevered crumb-devouring joys.
 And next on the frozen marsh at ease
 We glide on our gleaming skates,
 While some of us cut our Q.'s and threes,
 And some of us cut our eights;
 And some of us scrape and others scratch,
 While ever the surface rings
 To the swift appeal
 Of the sharp-edged steel,
 And even a laggard can fairly match
 The pace of a pair of wings.
 And somebody tries to make a loop,
 And doesn't he stagger and twist and stoop!
 He throws up his arm, and then goes plump
 On the broad of his back with an awful bump.
 And still, while the skaters are gliding and toiling,
 The little boys keep their pot a-boiling.
 And now we're home to our heart's desire,
 A jolly tea and a crackling fire,
 And a round of stories to close the day
 In a land that's peopled with elf and fay.
 And it's always a chorus of "More, more, more,"
 Till suddenly some one raps the door;
 And then the very last word is said,
 And they're up and away and off to bed. R. C. L.



PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

FIRST CONFEDERATE. "HERE COMES OUR MAN. GOT YOUR STICK READY?"

SECOND C. "DON'T YOU WORRY, I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT."

FIRST C. "GOOD! BUT REMEMBER ARTHUR'S ORDERS—NO OSTRACISM."

[It is reported that some ardent Tariff Reformers, calling themselves "The Confederates," have gone still further than the gentleman here depicted, and have sworn to prevent any Free Trade Unionist being even selected as a Candidate by the Conservative Association.]



"OWING TO A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT."

First Sportswoman (after jumping a stile). "COME ALONG. DO HAVE A TRY!"

Second S. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU. BUT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK!"

TETRAZZINI'S NEW TRIUMPH.

(By MARCONIGRAPH.)

NEW YORK, true to its reputation as the capital of boss ideas, is going characteristically wild over TETRAZZINI.

There has been nothing like it since HARRY LAUDER, and interest in the THAW case is now practically non-existent. People talk TETRAZZINI from morning to night, and in their sleep.

The *queue* at the Manhattan Opera House begins at daybreak, and by breakfast time there are enough people to fill every seat three times. The cheapest seats are five dollars each; first lap seats are ten dollars, and second lap thirty. There is, however, likelihood that the sale of laps will be stopped by Mr. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, even if the inability of the original seat-holder to see anything does not bring the habit of sitting in laps into disrepute.

The rush for the high-priced seats is equally phenomenal. Failing to get them, strong men weep and strong

women shriek; weaker vessels become as mad as THAW's relatives.

A clerk who embezzled fifty dollars last week was acquitted when he pointed out that he wanted the money to buy a back seat for *Traviata*.

Mrs. STUYVESANT KIPPER has named her pet chow, for which she gave twenty thousand dollars, Tet, in honour of the *prima donna*.

A well-known fancy store on Broadway is doing enormous business with a lacquer article known as the Zini Tea-tray, which sells readily for ten dollars, although it is worth, perhaps, only as many cents.

TETRAZZINI teas, at which these trays are used, are now all the rage. The guests have to sing the highest note they can between each mouthful or sip.

The papers have nothing but praise for the great singer. *The World* heads its article "Better than the Best," while *The Tribune*, more staid but equally enthusiastic, begins its praises with the words, "Nightingales are now back numbers."

On Wall Street such is the rage for opera and the great singer that men converse and carry on their business solely in recitative.

Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has given up making after-dinner speeches.

Mr. CORTELYOU, who began life as a professional musician, has resigned politics in order to study for the operatic stage.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON was in the stalls the other night with a view to appearing as *Otello* to TETRAZZINI's *Desdemona*.

THAW, denied the opportunity of hearing TETRAZZINI, has asked to be transferred from the Tombs prison to Sing-Sing.

WAGNER's *Tetralogy* is to be re-named the *Tetrazziniology* in the hope of inducing the *diva* to study the rôles of *Brünnhilde* and *Sieglinde*, which she has hitherto neglected.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is writing a new novel called *The Larynx*, which he has dedicated to Madame TETRAZZINI.

President ROOSEVELT is taking singing lessons.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NINE-FIFTEEN.

At first I used to encourage that Guard's advances. I would offer him my last night's papers, and buy an occasional Minstrel Entertainment ticket; whilst he, in his turn, gave me much of the earlier history of Clapham Junction. He was the fore end of the nine-fifteen. I was a Second-class Season. So, in a way, I belonged to him.

In time he grew to assume a certain amount of authority. "Here you are, Sir," he would say each morning. And I knew that he had selected the compartment in which he wished me to travel. Sometimes I changed into another at the next station. But that annoyed him, so I gave it up.

Now, if I have a weakness, it is for an empty smoker. It is a silly fancy, I know—but there it is. But he liked me to have plenty of young society. If there happened to be a compartment containing nine school-girls anywhere in the train, he would find it for me. Failing this, he favoured a corner seat opposite the Ladies' Working Guild. You have probably never heard of the Guild. The L. W. G. was about twenty-seven, tall, brown hair. She always did crochet. Always the same pattern. I believe she was working a lawn cover.

Of course I ought to have put my foot down and insisted on an empty smoker—every Monday, let us say. But I kept on putting it off. "After my holidays," I said. Then, "after His holidays." While He was away at Yarmouth, quite frequently I travelled in a *third smoker*—a thing which He would never sanction.

The morning for the blow for freedom arrived. I deliberately chose an empty smoker. I heard the old familiar voice—"Here you are, Sir." My boot was on the footboard. Suddenly the train jerked. (He was not a man to stop at trifles.) The next I remember, we were passing through a tunnel, two miles down the line. I was lying on the seat of a non-smoker. The L. W. G. was bathing my head with eau-de-Cologne.

After that I am afraid my action was indefensible. The Ladies' Working Guild, and the tunnel, and the eau-de-Cologne. Three distinct warnings. A wise man would have caught the eight forty-five in future. Of course it *does* seem a shame to arrive in town half an hour earlier than you need. But then, there's heaps to see in London. I am convinced there are dozens of rooms in

the British Museum that I have never done properly.

As it was, I pitted my strength against His. "After all, He is only a guard." I repeated this sentence to myself all the way to the station. "After all, He is only a guard. He is only a guard. Only a g—" The nine-fifteen was late that morning. I treated Him to a frigid stare. I entered an empty compartment.

Empty? Comparatively empty, I should have said. Empty to all appearances from the outside. She had dropped a stitch or something of the kind, and was searching under the seat. I believe I helped her to find it. Anyway, I remember, quite a number of people thought the compartment was empty at Raynes Park.

It was after this that the Guard first revealed His art. You have no doubt seen a conjuror force a card. He holds out the pack and invites you to take *whichever you please*. He pushes the ace of clubs towards you. You parry. Ace of clubs retires. "Perhaps the gentleman would like one from the bottom of the pack. . . . Thank you."

The ace of clubs!

So each morning my Guard forced the L. W. G. compartment. As the train steamed in I would carefully notice position of ace of clubs. Fourth from guard's-van. Guard would *apparently* recommend fifth. I dodged, meant to jump in sixth, grew flurried, got on the wrong side of fifth—ace of clubs again!

At the end of three months (perhaps it was only three weeks really) she used to open the door and wave her parasol *before the train stopped*. You can't miss a parasol.

Now, I put it to you, there was only one course open to me after this. I must miss the nine-fifteen every other day. "If I see her only three times a week," I told myself, "she will, in time, forget me." In years to come we should meet as mere old friends. "Do you remember those pleasant little chats we used to have?" I should say. "What! In the nine-fifteen. Shall I ever forget them?" "Ah, that reminds me . . . My wife—The Ladies' Worker—Miss SMYLES."

Have you ever tried to miss a train every other morning? You walk to the station at '75 miles an hour. Buy a paper and wait while the boy changes your sovereign. Count the change twice. Add halfpenny and ask for gold at the booking-office. Meet your sovereign again. Listen impatiently for train to leave. Ask after ticket-collector's rheumatism. Arrive

on platform. Nine-fifteen steams into station. The train you missed was an empty goods!

Later on I decided to miss *two* a week—that is, an average of two. If I caught five nine-fifteens one week I would only catch three the next. Through May this plan answered pretty well. I was frequently rewarded for my perseverance by some such greeting as: "I waved yesterday. Oh, you missed it. Naughty boy! And I had some wool to wind. Never mind. Hold out your hands."

Through June and July I am afraid I grew rather slack. For at the end of the latter month I had still one or two June trains to miss.

Then—one morning—in August—I asked her—to—our Tennis Fête.

I pitted my strength against HIS. And I have won. For I travel by the nine-fifteen now—in a *smoker*. The Guild (to which I am now a kind of Treasurer) is no longer a season-ticket-holder. A strange coldness has arisen between the Guard and me. I believe it was over the wedding. He was there, but right at the back of the church—in the free seats. Perhaps He thought He ought to have given me away.

THE FATAL FLU'.

With CLEMENT HILL robust and well
Big scores the English innings swell;
But early promise comes to *nil*,
We've not a chance with CLEMENT ill.

If — ?

"The only thing is, is it not a little remature if, as our gossip (quite unbeknown to himself in this public place) let slip, for our benefit it is true, that a certain very well-known, highly-popular, and distinguished owner of a seat in the Upper House, a man, too, who has held high office at Court, was really married only last week, and at a registry office, to the charming widow who has several handsome grown-up daughters, some of them married!"—*The Free Lance*.

As the same journal neatly puts it in another paragraph, "*Cela va s'en dire*."

Journalistic Candour.

"Unless our interpretation of public feeling is more than usually astray."—*Daily Telegraph*.

(Cries of "No, no!" "Impossible!")

Billiards and How to Play it.

"The great thing with Diggle is that in getting just enough strength he never gets too little."—*Daily Mail*.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

A CORRESPONDENT whose initials are G. B. S. has sent me a long and interesting letter on clothes in general, and one remark of his is particularly worth quoting. He says, "I agree with a great many things that you say and a great many you do not." Of course it would be extraordinary if so great an authority on dress agreed with everything I said; but he goes on to say that he does not hold with me as to the extravagant prices charged by many West End tailors. Opinions may differ as to whether 19s. 11d. for a lounge suit is too high a price. A suit made of the very best superfine sackcloth suiting, with sandpaper lining, cut by a first-class firm, and made up with the best Secotine, would not be too dear at 19s. 11d.; but it is a question whether you cannot get a suit that would look as well and wear as well for less money.

During the recent cold spell I was constantly being asked, What are the warmest kind of side whiskers? Personally I think the cheapest and most becoming are the "Electric Seal Reversible Druce Fringes," that are on view at Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON'S well-known Chevelure Emporium in Albemarle Street. They are to be had at all prices and in all colours, and anyone calling at any hour and asking for them will be warmly welcomed.

I wish to add something on the subject of masculine *lingerie*. It is quite a mistake to think the artificial shirt front, or "Little Richard," must necessarily be white. On the contrary, grey to black are the

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LONDON PAGEANT.



4. FIRST CASE OF INFLUENZA IN LONDON. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK DEVELOPS SYMPTOMS OF THIS COMPLAINT, AFTERWARDS TO B.COME SO FASHIONABLE, WHILE GIVING SITTINGS TO A SCULPTOR FOR HIS COLUMN IN WATERLOO PLATE.



5. IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE SEDAN-CHAIR. COMING DOWN CAMPDEN HILL TO A PARTY AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

prevailing tones, and the bonzoline variety with collars attached, if these optional addenda are desired by the wearer, are by far the most suitable, as they need not be entrusted to the tender mercies of the *blanchisseuse*, but can in extreme cases be simply brushed. Care must be taken, however, not to go too near to an open fire while wearing them, and it is advisable for smokers to remove them before lighting their cigars, cigarettes, or pipes, as the case may be.

The weather forecast in *The Sunday Times* for the South of England recently ran as follows:—

"E. winds, light or moderate inland, but refreshing on coast."

Mr. Punch begs to suggest other formulæ for the Meteorological optimist:—

ENGLAND, S.W. — N. winds. Heavy rain, very good for the complexion.

ENGLAND, N. — Quite a jolly little waterspout on the coast; grand chance for a cinematograph.

SCOTLAND, E. — Excessively cold, fatal to microbes.

From *The Cork County Eagle's* report of the Dunmanway Petty Sessions:—

"Mr. O'Riordan—To use a Latin expression that's 'Argumbentum ad absurdum.'"

Mr. Kennedy—It's 'argumentum ad hominem.'"

"Je ne pense pas," to use a Swedish catchphrase.

True Charity.

"Lord Ripon will give his dinner to the Liberal peers on January 28."

Westminster Gazette.

DRURY LANE AGAIN.

Mr. Punch, having done a grave injustice to the Drury Lane Management when he inaccurately asserted that the Harlequinade was to be dispensed with, commissioned me to pay penance on his behalf at the shrine of Pantomime. So I came to supplement my first-night visit; paid like a true penitent for a stall round the corner; and proved by my own eyes the error of Mr. Punch's allegation. The Harlequinade was distinguished by an extraordinary agility, which failed, however, to stir the audience very deeply. Perhaps we are all older than we used to be, children included, or it may be that the spectators had exhausted themselves before my arrival. Certainly there was little enthusiasm in a big house over the later scenes. But no one should miss the dry humour of Mr. NEIL KENYON, who is worth all the other actors put together. Robin Hood is a handsome figure, and sings a number that lacks nothing in loyalty; but the soprano voice of this gallant outlaw was too thin to carry the excellent sentiment of the words.

Even now, after two visits, I have not

covered the whole ground of this mammoth performance; but there is time yet, for *The Bales in the Wood* are a brace of sturdy infants, and bid fair to see the winter out.

THE LIFE OF THE JUNIOR CLERK.

"THIS INDENTURE," writes the Junior Clerk.

It is a Wednesday. The afternoon is a drowsy if a bright one. The office (which for the most part has but just returned from a more than adequate lunch) is peaceful. There is a blessed absence of hustle and a welcome silence prevails over the electric bells. The speaking-tubes wear an air of innocence, and even the telephone is for the moment subdued. The drone of electric trams in the next street but one adds to the general feeling of con-

tentment. No one is working except the Engrossing Clerk, and he continues his methodical copying only because he feels restless if otherwise engaged.

The Junior Clerk, refreshed by his siesta, thinks that he must do something, and yet is unwilling to undertake too great a responsibility.

"THIS INDENTURE," he writes therefore, "was made the day of . . ." So far he feels he may go without committing himself. Though he has but a vague idea what an indenture may be, experience has taught him to rely implicitly on that preface. When every other word in his drafts has been scratched out, those words have a thousand times been allowed to remain. Even in the unlikely event of their being for once

tried to explain things, but shall never be so foolish as to try to explain this. It purports to be a means of connecting any room in a building with any other room or with the general exchange; it appears to be a mad complication of wires, plugs and bells; it is only one more device contrived for the demoralisation and ultimate destruction of telephone clerks. Now, the Junior Clerk, besides being the son of Northern parents, is also a Telephone Clerk.

The Junior Clerk hears the ring (and the telephone means that he shall), removes the receiver, arranges the plugs, and, with the view of eliciting important information from some person or persons unknown, asks, "Are you there?" There is no answer, so that the Junior Clerk,

whose legal training has taught him at once to spot a *suppression veri*, is pretty certain that there is someone there. "Are you there?" he whispers again and again and again. Finally, after a vast amount of sarcasm, sometimes humorous, more often vile, but always unavailing, he feels that he must do something active. There is only one handle to turn, and he turns it.

It is here that the Private Exchange comes

into play, thinking no doubt that the telephone *per se* is not an adequate irritant. When junior clerks do give way to their passions they are not particular to a turn or two of the handle. When Private Exchanges do make practical jokes, they do their utmost to make their jokes thorough. . . . The Junior Clerk is still turning, when, purple in the face, the Senior Partner bursts into the room.

Whatever senior partners cannot do, they can, at any rate, talk . . .

The Junior Clerk is still young and susceptible. Moreover, as there are five holes and five possible plugs, it is morally certain that in making his second selection from the twenty-five possible combinations he will in his agitation hit on another wrong 'un. This time it is the Cashiers' Department, and cashiers are not without a less subtle but still effective elo-



THE HEALTH FOOD RESTAURANT.

wrong, not he but the person who detects the mistake will have to find the right ones. That clinches the matter, and, adding the word "between," the Junior Clerk knows that he has earned a rest. His thoughts wander to his aged parents in the North. How thankful he is that he is not an orphan! Were he an orphan, his thoughts would not be able to wander to his aged parents in the North. He would in fact have to go on working, and if there is one thing that junior clerks hate it is work.

While he is still engaged in meditating on the possibilities (general and specific) of parents, the telephone recovers from its apathy and rings its bell. The instrument is complicated by an immoral invention known as the Private Exchange. During a disastrous career, I have often

quence. They are, however, much too busy a class to come down to the clerks' office; they expect the clerks to receive all communications (professional and personal) *per* telephone. In this instance that expectation is doomed to disappointment. The Junior Clerk hurriedly removes all the plugs, so that no one is now in communication with anyone else. The Cashier's affectionate messages are merely earthed. But on second thoughts the Junior Clerk determines that the Cashier is not too great (save in his own eyes) for the retort which has just suggested itself. The plugs are replaced, the bell rung, and voice given to the Junior Clerk's repulsive epithets. But the Private Exchange is one too many for him, and has now got him through to the Original Caller.

There are five important facts about this Original Caller:—(1) He is an important client. (2) He has been waiting all this time for an answer to his original call. (3) The telephone has just been ringing with some harshness in his ear. (4) He is a senior partner himself in another firm. (5) He is now in direct communication with the Junior Clerk.

These sordid negotiations have waked the office, and one half wants the telephone instantly, the other half wants the Junior Clerk at once. Neither half hesitates to make its wants known. The Senior Partner is still brooding over his wrongs, and he has come to the conclusion that he has left things unsaid which he ought to have said. He is therefore ringing his bell for the Junior Clerk. The Managing Clerk does not like to seem less busy than anybody else, and is blowing with all a managing clerk's impatience and sweet unreasonableness into the Junior Clerk's whistle. Clamoured for, threatened, but more especially abused, the Junior Clerk feels that little is needed to complete his woes. That little is at once supplied by the young lady at the General Exchange. "Are you there?" she interrupts. Yes, the Junior Clerk thinks he is there. "Don't go away," she snaps; and the harangue is continued amidst the increasing din of bells, whistles and human shrieks.

* * * *

It is a Thursday afternoon. The office, having for the most part returned from a lunch even more adequate than yesterday's, is at peace. There is no suggestion of hustle; and bells, speaking-tubes and telephone are silent. The drone of the trams is more soothing than ever, so that even the Engrossing Clerk is



Vicar. "JOHN, DO YOU—ER—EVER USE STRONG LANGUAGE?"

John (guardedly). "WELL, SIR, I—I MAY BE A LITTLE BIT KEERLESS LIKE IN MY SPEECH AT TIMES."

Vicar. "AH, I'M SORRY, JOHN. BUT WE WILL CONVERSE ABOUT THAT SOME OTHER TIME. JUST NOW I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE PLUMBER'S AND SETTLE THIS BILL OF FOUR POUNDS TEN FOR THAWING OUT A WATER-PIPE AND YOU MIGHT JUST TALK TO THE MAN IN A CARELESS SORT OF WAY, AS IF IT WERE YOUR OWN BILL!"

asleep. The Junior Clerk wakes gradually, and starts working leisurely. "THIS INDENTURE," he writes (it is the same indenture), "was made the . . . day of between . . ." His thoughts wander to his maternal grandparents in the West. He is just thanking his stars that his mother was not an orphan, when the telephone bell rings . . .

The sporting expert of a Sunday paper is of the opinion that a certain jockey is "the smartest in the four hemispheres." It is a pity to overdo the thing like this.

The discoverer of a specific for asthma who is the plaintiff in an action for alleged libel against *The Lancet* was surely ill-served by his parents when they gave him the name of QUACKENBUSH in baptism. It seems a thousand pities that Mr. FLOWDEN should not have tried the case. It is a great chance lost.

"Though 'the honour' seems to be a detail of small value, experience in match play has proved over and over again that he who can hold by the advantage is bound in the end to wear down and to defeat even the most stubborn opponent."—*The Field*.

We believe this to be true.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EDITH WHARTON could have made two books out of *The Fruit of the Tree* (MACMILLAN), or better still, perhaps, have left the bitterest part of the crop un-gathered: for there is a point where we almost refuse to accept the tragedy that depends upon coincidence, and feel inclined to cry out that fate could never have been so unfair as the author. Progress, as Mrs. WHARTON exhibits it to us, may work terrible havoc with the lives of individuals. We have *Amherst*, a mill foreman, young, attractive, and keenly interested in improving the economic condition of operatives. He marries *Bessie Westmore*, the mistress of the mills, and the carrying out of his reforms causes an estrangement between them. Afterwards his wife is thrown by her horse, and has to be kept alive in intense agony (a horror only made possible by the advance of medical science) in the hope of her husband's return, until at last her nurse, yielding to an impulse of mercy, administers an overdose of opiate. But that nurse is *Justine*, who had attracted *Amherst* before his marriage, and raised this very problem of euthanasia at the beginning of the book. Later, when these two are married, the secret is revealed, through a doctor who had loved *Justine*, gone to the bad, and now attempts to levy blackmail; and thus, though there is no suggestion of sinister motive in *Justine's* action, a situation almost Zolaesque arises. It is needless to say that the book is well-written. Mrs. WHARTON's name is a guarantee of sterling workmanship. But it is just, I think, because the characters are so likeable in their simple relations that one's sympathy becomes dulled by a crisis so improbable. Even allowing for the ruthless irony of the gods, it doesn't seem quite fair.

The Comments of Bagshot (CONSTABLE) are marked by the moderation of tone, the sound commonsense, the accurate knowledge, and the insight into problems of life that make the leading article in *The Westminster Gazette* a necessary study for all, irrespective of party politics, who are concerned with public affairs. Relieved from a sense of editorial gravity, Mr. SPENDER indulges in flashes of quiet humour that enliven every page of the book. As ADDISON evolved *Sir Roger de Coverley* out of his inner consciousness, making him a real personage outside the realms of fancy, so the Editor of *The Westminster* has created a gentleman with strong opinions, clear views, a turn for epigram, a touch of the pragmatical, and called him *Bagshot*. As a specimen of

his manner I quote at random (not because it is the best) his comment on the classes:—"The shallow rich talk much of the turbulence of the poor and their tendency to agitate. It is the patience of the poor which most strikes those who know them." This is, of course, not new; but it contains a great truth and is well said.

Prodigals are generally attractive people, and *The Prodigal Nephew* (DUCKWORTH) is no exception to the rule. Yet when Mr. Alfred Munney arose and returned to his uncle and aunt, *Nosey* and Mrs. Harris, who kept a little general shop in the village of Crampford, his reception was hot rather than warm, and he was at once kicked out into the street, without any mention of the subject of veal, partly because his relatives failed to recognise him, and partly because he had asked his aunt, who happened to be an ardent temperance reformer, for a drop of beer. Luckily for him, *Jim Bailey*, the be-

trothed of *Laura Barrow*, whose Christian name he was wont to rhyme with "E do adore her," stumbled upon him in the outer darkness, and hailed him as the *deus ex machina* of whom he stood sorely in need. For *Laura* had declined to name the day until he (*Jim*) should bring her *Farmer Holt's* old hoss as a wedding-gift. Now the old hoss was the apple of *Peter Holt's* eye, whereas his shrewish daughter, *Milly*, was the crumpled rose-leaf in his *ménage*. In order to secure the apple *Jim* had offered to take over the rose-leaf as well, and, when *Alfred*,



Callous Scot. "HOOT AWA!"

the Prodigal, appeared on the scene, was busily engaged in searching for someone whom he might induce to relieve him of the human half of his bargain. Further than this I do not think I ought to give away the plot of Mr. "JUDSON BOLT'S" amusing book, which is suitably illustrated by Mr. FRED BENNETT. I do not recall Mr. "BOLT'S" name as that of a humorous writer, but he certainly has a gift that way, otherwise he could not remind me, however faintly, of Mr. W. W. JACOBS and the famous SOMERVILLE-ROSS combination.

Cricket Notes.

"The failure of this tour to date has been the inability of our team to press home an opportunity, to take an advantage at the flood with both hands and hammer it home."—*The Globe*.

Still, as Mr. C. B. FRY says in another place, "We need not despair yet of losing the rubber."

"The object of the new Act is to prevent the employment of boys in hawking or selling newspapers, milk, or other things under 14 years of age."—*Barrow News*.

As, for instance, eggs.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Under-Secretary for the Colonies has announced the postponement for another two years of the Government's serious attack on the House of Lords. It is to be the principal feature of the Session of 1910, and will therefore unfortunately clash with the invasion for which Mr. LE QUEUX has fixed the same date.

**

It is again rumoured in Liberal circles that Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is to be lowered to the Peerage.

**

The feeling between this country and Germany continues to improve. A number of German officers have recently been paying us visits. Their sole object in doing so, it is said, is to remove the reproach which has so often been levelled at us that there are no reliable military maps of our island in existence.

**

"Whilst the editors of *The Historians' History*," says an advertisement, "are ready to condemn a mere drum-and-trumpet history, they cannot blind themselves to the fact that wars and conquests play a most important part in human affairs." For instance, the Great Book War, which has had such a remarkable effect on our Times.

**

The latest news of Kaid MACLEAN is that his release is now believed to be only a matter of a few years.

**

"The heart's desire of any 'Varsity captain," says the Cambridge correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, "is to thrash Oxford, or *vice versa*." We don't believe this.

**

The same correspondent says:—"In reply to 'Quis,' boxing is not to be included in the list of events at the Olympiad." Now, seeing that the Olympiad is the period between the various celebrations of the Olympic Games, some colour is lent to the rumour that more attention is given at Cambridge to Mathematics than to the Classics.

**

FRANCOIS ETTORI, a Marseilles

tram-conductor, has murdered a passenger who pressed for the change due to him, FRANCOIS regarding the request as a reflection on his honour. Asked by a representative of *Punch* whether such an incident was possible in London, a well-known tram official replied that it was unlikely to happen in North London, but he could not answer for the South London men, who were notoriously hot-blooded.

**

There would seem to be no limits to the power and arrogance of the

bility is one of the signs of greatness. Unfortunately, with many persons it is the only sign.

**

"Eight of the boys attending the Leighton Buzzard County Council schools," it is announced, "have never been absent for six years." This seems a queer thing to brag about.

**

The Manager of the Universal Patents Bureau has informed an interviewer that he intends later on "to fill a long felt want by publishing a journal for inventors." But surely he has been anticipated by certain of our halfpenny newspapers?

**

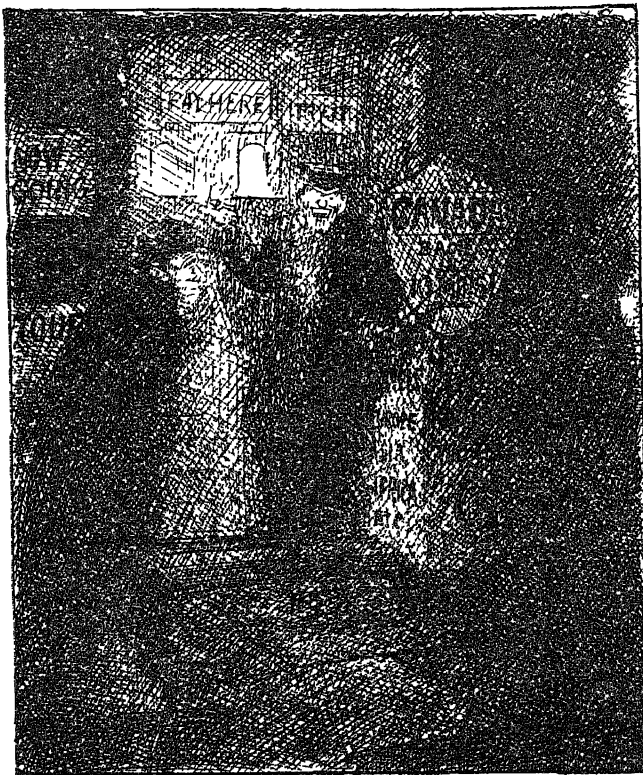
Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN is crossing the Atlantic on the *Mauretania*, and he intends, it is stated, to pay special attention to the possibility of mid-ocean performances by theatrical companies. If the idea is proved to be practical politics the name of the liner will, we presume, be changed to the *Entertainia*.

**

Lord LIMERICK's appeal to winners of Limerick prizes to contribute to the charities of Limerick City has met with no response. This is regrettable. In view of the crimes committed in the City's name we consider that some reparation is due to it.

**

An Indian official has invented a contrivance by means of which a machine-gun can be fired practically without noise, and it



BROWN'S CITY TRAIN WAS TWO HOURS LATE IN THE FOG THE OTHER DAY, AND THIS IS THE FIRST THING HE SAW ON HIS ARRIVAL IN TOWN.

Press. Trial by Newspaper has for some time been an established institution. *The Daily Telegraph* has now taken to conferring honours on His Majesty's subjects. Twice on a recent occasion our go-ahead contemporary referred to "Sir" RUFUS ISAACS.

**

A man has been fined £5 and costs at the Gateshead County Police Court for shooting at gas-lamps while passing through the district in his motor-car. This is scarcely the sort of treatment to encourage us to become a nation of marksmen.

**

Apropos of Mr. Justice DARLING's recent remarks on handwriting, a contemporary declares that illegi-

is prophesied that doctors will soon be recommending a visit to a battlefield as a rest-cure for persons whose nerves have been shattered by the din of our motor omnibuses.

**

Socialism again! Street orator: "Yuss, there ought to be no poor. We ought all to be wealfy, and the wealfy ought to be starvin' like us."

Religious Persecution in Jersey.

The Constable of St. Lawrence in *The Jersey Evening Post*:

"Owners of dogs must declare to me in writing the number of dogs they own and pay two shillings and sixpence for one and five shillings for every other kept in the same house. Non-conformists will pay DOUBLE."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. HANS BAMBERGER.

RECENT advices from Valparaiso give a full account of the terrible experiences of Mr. HANS BAMBERGER on his voyage last summer from China to Peru. While passing through the Straits of Magellan the steamer containing the famous violinist was driven ashore by a tidal wave, and immediately a posse of Tierra del Fuegians swooped down on the crew and passengers and carried them off into the interior. Shocking to relate, with the sole exception of Mr. BAMBERGER, every single captive was immolated to gratify the notorious predilection of the Fuegians for cannibalism. Him, however, they spared solely on account of his musical genius, for they are devoted to the art, and insisted on his playing BACH's *Chaconne* over and over again to drown the shrieks of the victims. Mr. BAMBERGER remained in the cannibal camp for nearly nine weeks, suffering great privations, as there are no daily papers or interviewers in Tierra del Fuego, and his cruel captors insisted on cutting his hair once a fortnight. Finally, however, on his contriving to convince them that if anything happened to him, his father-in-law, who was an Alderman on the London County Council and Deputy Lieutenant of Lundy Island, would bring pressure to bear on the British Government to send a punitive expedition, they consented to let him go, and provided him with a swift catamaran to continue the voyage to Callao. Mr. BAMBERGER, it must never be forgotten, is the husband of CLAUDINE, the daughter of Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, and is the father of those charming triplets so happily named STEINWAY, ERARD, and BECHSTEIN BAMBERGER.

A strange experience befell Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER on their recent visit to Paris. Mr. BAMBERGER, as is well known, never travels without a magnificent parcel-gilt sitz-bath, which was presented to him by the EMPEROR MENELEK, and on this occasion was filled with costly jewels, including several superb tiaras, snuff-boxes, diamond-hilted shoe-horns, etc. Amongst the young couple's luggage there also happened to be an enormous wooden box filled entirely with Press cuttings relating to the family tree of the bride. The luggage passed through the *douane* all right at Calais, but in the transit to Paris a gang of thieves broke into the luggage van and made off with their booty. On arriving at Paris

Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER were at first petrified with horror on discovering that the precious box was gone. Their relief can better be imagined than described when it turned out that the thieves had only abstracted the bath with its contents and that the priceless collection of Press cuttings was still safe.

Troubles never come singly, and this extraordinarily gifted couple had barely recovered from the shock when they were prostrated by an even more agonising calamity. On Saturday week a children's fancy-dress ball was held at Kensington Town Hall, to which their charming trio of olive branches were, of course, invited. That night, it will be remembered, was remarkable for a sudden and very dense fog, and as the BAMBERGER triplets—still wearing the costume appropriate to their impersonations of MOZART, BACH, and BEETHOVEN—were returning home in their 3-cylinder overstrung trichord upright grand pram, the chauffeur (an exiled Hungarian Count) lost his way in the mazes of Campden Hill and was held up by a mahalla of brindled Doukhobors, who, after chloroforming the chauffeur, carried off his precious charges. For three days and three nights the distracted parents, assisted by all the talent of Scotland Yard, searched every nook and corner of Soho. On the fourth day, when they were on the point of giving up the quest in despair, the triplets suddenly arrived home safe and sound, having been rescued by a group of Armenian Hentchakists who had a hereditary vendetta against the Doukhobors. Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, who had been decimated with grief, has resolved to celebrate the event by starting a new paper, to be called *The Daily Bamberger*, in which the remarkable and unaccountable experiences of his daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren will be duly recorded by the best writers. Sir POMPEY, it will be remembered, is a fourth cousin of the Earl of Booterstown, and his wife is a sister of Captain "HUGHIE" SHYSTER, the M.F.H. of the Tufton Hunt.

Just as we go to press the dreadful news reaches us that Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER, their three children, Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, and Captain SHYSTER have been swallowed up in a waterspout while yachting off the coast of Mull. No details have yet reached us, but an unconfirmed rumour reports that the entire party have been safely deposited in the neighbourhood of Dunrobin Castle. This seems almost too good

to be true, but we must hope against hope that the illustrious virtuoso has been once more spared to illuminate our drab world with his inimitable adventures.

OLIVIA AND I.

I TOOK up OLIVIA's knitting and prepared for action.

"Which do you prefer," I asked, "spot or plain?"

OLIVIA has a way all her own of raising the bluest eyes in the world. She does it quite slowly and gravely, and then, just at the end, you catch a glimpse—a glimpse, no more—of a small, amused angel looking mischievously at you through the gates of Paradise.

"I suppose you mean pearl or plain?"

I admitted that that was what I might have meant.

"Plain," said OLIVIA; "it isn't a stocking, you know." This with a suspicion of contempt.

"Isn't it?"

"No, it's a silk tie."

I decided to take the bull by the horns.

"Are you knitting it for me?"

She shook her head.

"Confound those Deep Sea Fishermen!" said I.

OLIVIA smiled—a fantasia in two dimples. "It isn't for them, either."

I sighed and dropped two stitches. A Deep Sea Fisherman I should not have resented—they hardly count—but I was not prepared to forgive anyone else.

"As a matter of fact," said OLIVIA, "that tie has been promised for ages—simply ages. I beg your pardon, what did you say?"

"Nothing of any moment," I answered, with a tinge of bitterness.

"And last night," she continued, "HUGH was here to dinner."

I groaned, and dropped three stitches.

"You remember HUGH, don't you?"

"No one could possibly forget him," I replied ungraciously.

"Well, just as he was going away, he said, 'Oh, OLIVIA—'"

"Impudent young dog," I muttered.

She regarded me reproachfully. "How can I tell you if you keep interrupting? You know, we're cousins only three times removed; there's no reason why he shouldn't call me OLIVIA."

"How many times removed?"

"I know it's either three or four," she answered doubtfully, "but I'm not quite sure which."



Bernard Partridge

A WAITING GAME.

LABOUR PARTY (to CAPITALIST). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. I WON'T LET HIM BITE YOU.
(Aside, to dog.) WAIT TILL YOU'VE GROWN A BIT, MY BEAUTY, AND YOU'LL GET A BIGGER MOUTHFUL!"



AN ADEPT.

SCENE.—Underground. Hammersmith Station.

Scotch Aunt (initiating niece into the mysteries of the modern Babylon). "THEY'LL BE HAEIN' A DANCE IN LONDON THE NIGHT."

"Call it four," said I vindictively, and I dropped four stitches.

"What are you doing?" cried OLIVIA.

"Only introducing a little ventilation," I protested; "after all, it isn't a chest-protector. We must give the fellow air."

She reached out a hand and took the knitting away from me. "Every bit you've done will have to be unpicked." Her voice was plaintive. I gazed steadily at the fireplace.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed suddenly, after a little while, "I've made a hopeless mistake; it won't do at all."

I continued to study the fireplace. "Now you're cross," she said, looking up from her work. I don't know if I told you, but when OLIVIA lifts her eyes—oh yes, I remember, I did mention it.

"No, I'm not," said I, "merely wounded."

OLIVIA laid the knitting in her lap and looked at it doubtfully.

"Perhaps I'd better finish it. Would you—would you really care for it?"

This was adding insult to injury.

"No thanks," I answered coldly.

"What a pity! It will be quite wasted. I'd forgotten that HUGH said DORIS particularly wanted a green tie; and this is heliotrope."

I remembered DORIS—a girl, an inane girl, I always thought, but still—a girl. I considered deeply for nearly a minute. Somehow, as OLIVIA had remarked, it did seem a pity that the tie should be wasted.

"It's awfully good of you, OLIVIA," I said at length; "may I really have it?"

"If you care to."

I held out my hand. "Let me work a bit more of it. I think I can do it better if it's for myself."

OLIVIA surrendered the knitting and, leaning back in her chair, regarded my efforts with undisguised interest.

"You're improving," she said,

when I had finished six rows without a slip.

"I thought I should."

She watched me through another row.

"Sometimes I think I should rather like to be a man."

I shuddered.

"Not always, of course; but just now and then, for a change."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; only men are different from girls. It must be refreshing to be so—so simple."

And as I looked at OLIVIA, I caught sight again of the small, amused angel as he lingered for a moment at the gates.

"As the 7.21 train from Canterbury left Wye yesterday a wild goose rose and accompanied the train almost as far as Ashford. The bird seemed to experience no difficulty in keeping pace with the train."—*South Eastern Gazette*.

This paragraph is (for some reason or other) headed "A Bird's Rapid Flight."

THE LOST HEIR.

PART I.

You know the Duchess of BATTLEDOWN,
 With her beautiful house in Belgrave Square,
 The richest, handsomest house in town,
 In fact, the handsomest anywhere.
 Before becoming a Duchess, she
 Belonged to an ancient family,
 The ROBINSON-SMITHS of Campden Hill:
 She sometimes visits her parents still.
 She's a splendid Duchess, and seems delighted
 To see her friends—though she is short-sighted,
 So short that she might be blinkered or blinded;
 And, besides, she is highly absent-minded.

Well, after a year of married joy
 In Battledown House they had a boy,
 Who grew and grew till at eight months' old
 No brawnier child you could well behold.
 And one fine day when the sun was bright,
 Just twenty months after her marriage,
 She took him out. In the middle of the night
 She started and awoke, and remembered in a fright
 That she hadn't brought him back in the carriage!

So she woke her Duke, and she said, "Dear B.,
 A curious thing has occurred to me."
 But the Duke, who cherished his well-earned sleep,
 Turned over and murmured, "Won't it keep?
 You're always waking me up, you know,
 When my vital forces are running low,
 With some preposterous trivial matter,
 Some nurse's gossip or kitchen chatter;
 And you talk and talk and you ramble on
 Until the best of the night is gone.
 I always feel, when my sleep is missed,
 I'd just as soon be a Socialist.
 I'm battered about from pillar to post,
 Like a sleepless, silly, ancestral ghost.
 Forgive me, Duchess, for being candid,
 But I tell you plainly my health won't stand it."
 The Duchess sighed, but she knew her man:
 She shook him again, and then began:—

"You may shut your ears, you may hide your head,
 But you've got to listen to me," she said.
 "It isn't as if I had lost a cat—
 I wish I had, but it isn't that;
 It isn't as if a dog had strayed,
 Or a cook or a butler been mislaid;
 It isn't as if, in fact it's worse
 Than if I had gone and dropped my purse.
 It's worse than anything GRAYSON teaches,
 It's worse than Radical votes and speeches.
 It's worse than setting a rick on fire;
 It's worse than bursting a brand-new tire.
 It's probably worse than BELFORT BAX,
 And I think it's worse than the Income Tax.
 It's worse, if anything worse there may be,
 Than the Cobden Club—for I've lost the baby."

At this the Duke sat up in bed,
 Unclosing his auriculars.
 "Good gracious, dear," was what he said,
 "Pray give me the particulars."
 "'Tis useless to proceed," she urged,
 "Without deliberation:
 Our judgment must not be submerged
 In fevered agitation.
 Oh, let us calmly think it out
 And, bit by bit, remove each doubt,

Considering how to pull what ropes,
 And thus renew our shattered hopes,
 And in the end with loving care
 Receive again our missing heir."

The Duke rang for his valet, the Duchess for her maid:
 "Go swift," they cried, "to Scotland Yard, and do not
 be afraid;
 And bid them send their minions out and all their tact
 employ
 To find the Duke of BATTLEDOWN his only little boy.
 Five hundred thousand babes of sorts in London town
 there be,
 But none so gay and frolicsome and beautiful as he.
 Describe to the Inspector there his tucker and his bib,
 Each dimpled hand, each beaming eye, and each well-
 cushioned rib.
 Say that he cannot walk as yet, but do not pretermitt
 A due account of every smile and all his infant wit.
 And, by the way," the Duchess said—the Duke was
 seen to wince—
 "I took him driving yesterday, and haven't seen him
 since.
 Go, call the nearest taxi-cab or mount the swiftest bus,
 And tell your tale at Scotland Yard, and then report
 to us."
 The maid, she lingered not at all, the valet didn't creep:
 Away they flew: the ducal pair resumed their broken
 sleep.

(To be continued.)

BARGAINS FOR SUFFRAGETTES.

CHAINS! CHAINS! CHAINS! Very strong, with auto-
 matic police-proof padlocks and railing attachment com-
 plete. State waist measurement. X 2331.

LASOES! A bargain! 1s. 11½d. The *Evening Noose*
 says "They are bound to catch on." X 7432.

POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM. Second-hand, good condition.
 Splendid disguise for enterprising lady wishing to enter
 No. 10, Downing Street. Good accommodation for
 those willing to try it on. X 1762.

BOXING. Lessons daily to Ladies and Suffragettes.
 Especially useful for by-elections. M.P. dummies kept
 for practice. X 8109.

THE PANKHURST PORCUPINE WAISTBELT. Great
 novelty! Full of good points!! Arrest cure at last!!!
 Each belt is a bodyguard in itself!!!! X 6370.

PARROT. Grey African (knows WINSTON). Can *only*
 say "Votes for Women!" but says it all day long.
 Only 2s. if taken away. Purchaser's risk. Or will
 exchange for fumed-oak bookcase. X 6358.

"Councillor Gray said that if Aberdonians were to seize all the
 plums they would soon get a machine in the proposed Technical College
 to grind them out like hot scones."—*Aberdeen Evening Express*.

Councillor GRAY,
 Aberdeen way,
 Eating a Christmas pie,
 Put in his thumb
 And pulled out a hot scone,
 And said, "Where is the proposed machine of the
 Aberdonian Technical College?"

"For two-score years M. Camille Groult, whose remains were
 interred yesterday, was the oldest man in Paris."

In an interview M. GROULT said that the great thing
 was to start young.

THE INTERMEDIATE STORES,
LTD.

I HAVE thought of a brilliant way of making money. Not only will my idea make money for me, but it will bring happiness into the homes of thousands of other people. We learn in suffering what we teach in song. I have suffered, and now I shall sing about it.

People are always saying to me: "You know, what *you* want is a—"

"Yes," I reply, "I must get one."

"Don't get one of those common ones," they go on. "Get one with a—"

"Yes, I will," I say. "Where can I get a good one?"

"Oh, *any* shop, you know, where they sell them."

"Ah, yes," I say; and, of course, that's just where I was before.

Take the hot-water bottle, for instance. It is a beautiful summer day, with a thick yellow fog, as I write; but winter may be upon us at any moment. Now, I do like a hot-water bottle in winter. It's so—so warm. Besides, I have been recommended to take one. "You know, what *you* want," said somebody, "is a—" "Yes," said I, "I must get one."

But where do I go for one?

It is made of rubber, you suggest; why not try a rubber manufacturer's? Ha, you think so. Then what about its flannel waistcoat? Do you think rubber people sell flannel waistcoats? Don't be so silly. A tailor is the man: . . .

After all, though, it is a bottle underneath. What about a wine-merchant?

But it's a rubber bottle. India-rubber. Why not a stationer's?

You see, now, that it is a more difficult business than you supposed. And there are other things than hot-water bottles. I want one of those—you know what I mean—you pull out a thing on the right. . . . they're made of copper, and there's another place on the left. . . . and there's a spirit thing for the kettle in the middle. You know. Well, where do I get that? Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

Now, then, you see what my trouble is. I want a whole lot of things, and I don't know who sell them. If I did know I should have to wander round London looking for their shops. And if I did at last find them—well, some of these merchants are terrible fellows, and once they get you into their den they



Small Boy. "DO YOUR GLASSES MAGNIFY THINGS, GRANNIE?"

Grannie. "OH, YES, DEAR."

Small Boy. "THEN I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WEAR THEM WHEN YOU HELP ME TO JAM. I DON'T ACTUALLY GET AS MUCH AS YOU THINK."

don't let you out till you have bought no end of things you don't want.

So I am going to start "The Intermediate Stores, Ltd.," to put an end to all this. At the Intermediate Stores you just ask for anything you want—and you get it.

Silly people will say, "Why, there are heaps of stores already which claim to sell anything from an elephant to a corkscrew. What do you want another one for?"

Have they ever tried buying an elephant at the Stores? I have. You go in through a swing door, and walk timidly past a commissioner. "Way out only," says the commissioner, and hurls you into the street again. You try another door and arrive successfully.

"Is this the Elephant department?" you ask timidly.

"Elephant department upstairs."

You step into the lift. The first two floors apparently do not sell elephants.

"Ironmongery and Turnery department," says the liftman at the third floor. He turns inquiringly to you.

"Elephant department," you say complacently.

"This is the top. Do you want to go down again?"

You get out hurriedly and find yourself surrounded by ironmongery and turnery. "The Elephant department?" you say doubtfully to a man who is explaining a new kind of mouse-trap.

"No, sir."

"But I was told upstairs."

"Perhaps in the other building."

In the other building there is a very polite gentleman. He listens attentively to your story.

"Ah, I see your mistake, sir," he says genially. "Very natural, very natural indeed. The fact is that we have no Elephant department actually."

"But I thought you——"

"Ah, yes. We have elephants all right, but you get them in the *Games* department. That is in the *other* building."

"Elephants?" says the man in the *Games* department. "No, sir. Now goldfish——"

At this point you decide to give it up and get a corkscrew instead. After all, you can't draw corks with an elephant.

"Corkscrew, sir? Certainly. You will find them *with* the elephants in the *Glass* department. In the *other* building, sir."

So much for the Stores. At the Intermediate Stores things will be very different. You will go quietly into the place, and find yourself welcomed by a nice-mannered intelligent-looking clerk. He will give you a chair and a cigarette.

"Good morning," he will say; "what can I get you to-day?"

"Oh, a whole lot of things! At least I want—my aunt says I want—a hot-water bottle. One of those—you know——"

The clerk nods and makes a note.

"Seen the cricket?" he asks.

"We ought to win now. If only BARNES——"

"Oh, and I want one of those—you know—I can't describe them, only they're made of copper, and you pull out a——"

"Of course. Yes." He makes another note and goes on talking to you about the cricket. No hurry. Take your time.

"Yes, it's about TRUMPER's turn to make some runs," you agree.

"Oh, now I remember—an elderly cousin of mine is getting married. Mrs. WALKER. It's the third time, so she won't want a butter cooler. Something about two pounds. Here's a card, if you'll have it put in. That really is all, thanks. Except that I've got some people coming in to tea this evening. Good morning."

As soon as you have gone the clerk goes to the telephone. He rings up a stationer's (or whatever it is) and orders a hot-water bottle. He rings up another shop and orders the brass thing that pulls out. He

runs through an address book and makes a note of the twenty other presents which have been ordered for Mrs. WALKER. Nobody, apparently, has thought of a toast-rack. Finally, he rings up a confectioner's to say that Mr. JONES is having a tea-party; cakes and chocolates as usual.

"But what stationer does he give the order to?" you ask; "and how does he know the hot-water bottle will be a good one?"

Aha! That is the beauty of the scheme. The Intermediate Stores, Ltd., will only deal with a limited number of shops. The competition to be among the number will be very keen; they will have to pay a yearly subscription. And, of course, if once they provide a poor article, somebody else takes their place.

There is money in it, I am sure, if I can induce the public to subscribe. The private member would not object to pay five guineas a year for the privilege of ordering his things in this luxurious way. Ten thousand members at five guineas would be fifty thousand pounds. (Never mind the odd shillings. I should take those.) A hundred firms at five hundred guineas is another fifty thousand pounds. A hundred thousand a year the gross income! And the expenses *couldn't* be more than fifty thousand. Now then, roll up and take shares.

But I suppose the public won't roll up. It will say that money is tight, and that the Liberal Government has increased the price of bread. In that case I shall have to fall back on my old "black slave" idea. You know that? You have a small black slave, and you say to him in the morning as you dress:

"I want you to take some books back for me this morning. After you've written those letters, of course. Then you can go and get me a hot-water bottle. Trot out now and see if it's cold enough for my fur coat; you'd better wear my new boots as they're a bit tight at present. Oh, wait a moment. Just find my collar-stud first; it's probably under the bed somewhere."

A. A. M.

A CONUNDRUM FROM MID-DEVON.—What is the difference between Captain MORRISON-BELL and Mr. C. R. BUXTON? One got a seat back and the other a back seat.

"The lighthouse keeper declared that for every twenty rats he used to see he now only sees one."—*Daily Mail*.

Of course . . . we don't . . . after all, it is a cold and lonely life.

THEN AND NOW.

In chill October's fruitful prime,
When Autumn down the hedgerow wanders,

And crystals of an early rime
On yellow leaf and stubble squanders,

What sylvan pastime then more pleasant

Than in his lair to shoot the pheasant?

For then in young and callow sort

He flusters up an easy target,

Thus pandering to a taste for sport

Acquired in shooting booths at Margate;

And, since he rises at my boot,
I've time to aim before I shoot.

Alone beneath an Autumn sun,

No hireling eye upon my pocket,

I seek my victims where they run,

Too innocent as yet to rocket—

A habit which one frankly fears

In pheasants of maturer years.

But, when the January wind

Congeals the blood and chaps the features,

This once engaging bird I find

The most unspeakable of creatures,

When I am asked upon occasions

To "back-end" shoots for poor relations.

"Cocks only"—so the keeper cries

In answer to his grim injunction

I talk of tearing from the skies

These gaudy fowls without compunction,

While Fancy hears the grateful thud
Of their arrival in the mud.

In vain my reeking barrels blare,

In vain I pull the cursed trigger,

My loader's disconcerting stare

Becomes a supercilious snigger—

(A want of adequate result

More worthy of a catapult).

Again a bellowed warning hums,

A desperate air of calm I put on.

By Jove, though, got him! down he comes

A hundred yards off, dead as mutton!

And "Dished that beggar, JONES,
my boy,"

I murmur to myself with joy.

The beaters trail across the snow—

Well, after all, they won't have found me

Without a single head to show

For all the cartridge-cases round me.

"Yes, pick him up, my lad," and then—

My sacred Aunt! the brute's a Hen!

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. 3.

Things are beginning to go more smoothly—thanks to the endeavours of both extremes to meet the other halfway. For instance—



WHEN CAPTAIN "REGGIE" FITZALBERT INVITES HIS FRIEND MR. "ALF" JORKINS TO TAKE REFRESHMENT WITH HIM AT THE DRAGOONS' CLUB, MR. JORKINS COMPORTS HIMSELF WITH DUE REGARD TO THE MANNER THAT OBTAINS AT THAT INSTITUTION.



WHILE THE CAPTAIN, WHEN STOOD A POT BY ALF AT THE SPOITED FIG, LIKewise ADAPTS HIMSELF TO HIS SURROUNDINGS.



IN THE SAME WAY THE "BILL" SMITHSONS, TAKEN BY THE MAINWARING-CARSHALTONS TO HURLINGHAM, BEHAVE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR IDEAS OF WHAT IS BEFITTING.



AND WHEN THE MAINWARING-CARSHALTONS ARE INVITED BY THE SMITHSONS TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH, THEY CONDUCT THEMSELVES, TO THE BEST OF THEIR ABILITY, IN THE MANNER THAT IS EXPECTED OF THEM.



Rector's Wife. "AND, BESIDES THAT, YOU KNOW HOW VERY WRONG IT IS TO GIVE WAY TO TEMPER."

Housemaid. "BUT MASTER GETS INTO A TEMPER AT TIMES, MA'AM."

Rector's Wife. "YOUR MASTER'S, JANE, IS ONLY RIGHTHOUS ANGER——"

Voice from Study "WHERE HAS THAT IDIOT PUT MY SERMON-BOOK? CONFOUND IT! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE——!!!"

ENGLAND'S DANGER.

[The Government's intentions on the Licensing Question are being anxiously discussed]

"O FOR a draught of vintage," sang the bard,
"Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth!"
Vintage for those who like it, we must guard
With reverent care a drink of greater worth.
Rally together, lift a rousing cheer,
And, Britons, guard your Beer!

Beer and the Briton! These for ages past
Through all the world have won a deathless fame,
And if our power and greatness are to last
Things must undoubtedly remain the same.
Then woe to him who dares to interfere
With England's glory—Beer!

Beware, Sir HENRY! Scan those barrels well,
And count the cost before you start to rob;
If you would, for a little longer spell,
Preserve your Party's power and hold your job,
You'll have to keep (or it will cost you dear)
Your fingers off our Beer.

If you should pass an Education Bill,
We might contrive to worry through the day,
Or that portentous promise should fulfil,
And sweep the Upper Chamber clean away,
England might flourish still without a peer,
But not without her Beer.

We'd bear it, if your economic zeal
Should lose us on the sea our old command;
If you should tamper with the Church's weal,
We might exist without a see on land;
But ne'er shall sacrilegious foot draw near
To England's sacred Beer.

You see the troubles gathered in your way
(For are you not by birth a canny Scot?)
You see what dangers threaten you to-day,
But do you see the biggest of the lot?
Lest you should have a troublous course to steer,
You must, C.-B., see Beer.

Take warning, sir. If you would not despair
To hold your Party steady on its legs,
Pursue your legislative path with care,
Or you will find, as sure as eggs is eggs,
That vast majority will disappear,
Swamped in a flood of Beer.

"Australian Bank Rate Down.

"Vienna, Friday.
"The Austro-Hungarian Bank to-day reduced the rate of discount from six to five per cent."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The distinction between Australia and Austro-Hungary may seem slight to *The Evening Chronicle*, but it is a very real thing to some people. It may make all the difference to JONES and HOBBS, for instance.



LOVE—AT LONG RANGE.

JAPAN. "LADY, I RECOGNISE THAT MY ADVANCES ARE DISTASTEFUL TO YOU; BUT I TRUST I MAY STILL REGARD MYSELF AS A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY?"

CANADA. "IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO LET ME SEE AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE OF YOU, I DON'T MIND BEING A SISTER TO YOU, FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PARLIAMENTARY "LIBERTY MEN" RETURN TO H.M.S. "LOQUACITY."

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 28. — To-morrow Parliament meets for its third Session. Clans gathering in anticipation of hard fighting. Bustle already commenced in environs of the House. Members from town and country hurry on to the familiar scene. Curious to note the elation of the coming back.

"There are," the MEMBER FOR SARK says, "two hurried hours in the Session. One is the rush from the place in August; the other the race for good places at the opening of the new term."

On both sides the joyance of coming together is dimmed by consciousness that to-morrow and through the Session there will be lacking from the Treasury Bench a familiar presence. LAWSON WALTON had been Attorney-General only two years. While still a private Member his constitutional modesty kept him in the background. He was within

hail if he was wanted either to serve the State or a friend. But he never pushed himself to the front. When he was dragged into debate his low musical voice, his gentle manner, added effect to the force of his argument, the weight of his counsel. Absolutely without an enemy in the world (except ill-health), his personal friends were as numerous in the political camp opposite as in his own. Yet he never sacrificed principle to natural impulse to avoid ruffling the feelings of others.

His advancement, attained at a comparatively early age, his stepping stone to the highest prize of his profession, excited no envy. Rather it was universally acclaimed. The tragic suddenness of his taking off casts a gloom over the opening of the Session. The Government have lost a powerful colleague; the House of Commons mourns the passing away of a friend loved for his sweet nature, admired for his commanding ability.

Came upon C.-B. on his way to his room. Looks much better for his sojourn in Biarritz.

"Thank you, Toby," he said, "I'm wonderfully fit. Every prospect of a lively Session. But, you know as well as most people, it is the unexpected that happens in this shop. House of Commons always reminds me of the sea. Not that which thundered day and night on the broad beach at Biarritz. I'm thinking of a quiet pond-like ocean, looking as if it wouldn't wreck a cockle-shell. Suddenly over its placid surface sweeps a gale, and before the day is spent your ship, maybe an Atlantic liner, is tossed about like a cork. Equally common is the day breaking in a storm and ending in sunshine and calm. Storm signals flying just now. South cone hoisted on clock tower. But who knows? We may, after all, have a common-place, even dull, Session."

"Then you don't mean forthwith to have it out with the Lords?"

C.-B. regarded me out of corner of his eye with suggestion of suspicion that there was more guile in me than was indicated by general appearance.

"That reminds me, TOBY," he said. "When Mr. G. was in Biarritz, being within measurable distance of the Basque country, he thought the opportunity convenient for acquiring a new language. I wonder how far he pursued the study? I suppose you never by chance heard him drop into the Basque tongue?"

"No," I said, marvelling what connection there was between this incident and the settled intentions of the Cabinet with respect to the House of Lords.

"Nor did I," said C.-B. "Well, good-bye now. See you to-morrow."

When he had gone it occurred to me that he not only had not answered my question about the Lords, but had left me no opportunity for pursuing enquiry.

Business done.—Begins to-morrow.

LORD HIVEBURY SPEAKS OUT.

LORD HIVEBURY, the new Lord Rector of St. Bunker's University, in succession to Mr. ANDREW LIBRAIRIE, delivered his inaugural address last week.

His Lordship began by stating that science was of vital importance in human life; it was more fascinating than a fairy tale, more brilliant than a novel, at any rate most novels, although there were, of course, exceptions. (Sensation.) And any one who neglected to follow the triumphant march of discovery was deliberately rejecting one of the greatest gifts with which we had been endowed by Providence. Many, if not most, of our troubles we made for ourselves. In the first place, many of them were purely imaginary. "I am an old man," said Colonel GOODWIN, "and have had many troubles; most of them never happened." That was the way to look at it. Don't believe in bad luck. Keep on saying, "There is no such thing; I am not out; I have not failed in the exam.; the brokers are not in." A man who steadily said "I am not out" would in time convince even the umpires. Every one could, if he chose, keep his mind, on the whole, at peace, contented and cheerful. No one else could do it for him, though others might help. In further detailing his "map of life" Lord HIVEBURY gave utterance

to a number of maxims, including the following:—Never say die; faint heart never won fair lady; leave rising balls alone; don't count your chickens before they're hatched; the darkest shadows in life are those which a man makes when he stands in his own light. He had often thought how closely the maxims of golf apply to real life—Keep your eye on the ball; keep straight; keep in the course; take time; do not press; not up, not in; do not lose heart; be temperate in all things; keep your temper or you will lose your game; drink sloe gin; use a Schenectady putty; don't give your caddie gold. Probably nine people out of ten eat more than they need, more than is good for them. A light stomach makes a light heart. Our body is so exquisitely constructed and adjusted, so beautifully adapted to its purposes and surroundings, that to spoil and ruin its delicate and complicated mechanism is not only a terrible mistake but a grievous sin. Use pepsine. Don't eat ices just before a large meal: profit rarely comes of it. Avoid mad bulls in narrow lanes. Don't exceed the speed limit. Think of Baron HUMBOLDT. Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body; in fact the two are inseparable. By the exercise of the body we secure peace of the mind. The body is an invaluable servant, but a cruel master, and we have all to ask ourselves whether the body is going to rule the soul or the soul to rule the body. Nature can do much for her darling, the strongest; she can make him great and rich and powerful, but cannot make him happy; that he must do for himself. Let us all do it for ourselves. Let every one present say, "I will be happy whatever happens for the rest of my life." Time is said to be money, but it is more—much more—it is life. Some men do Time—but Time does most men sooner or later. In the best sense every one may be great if he chooses. It depends upon what he eats. Look at DANIEL LAMBERT. Cod liver oil is very fattening. It is not so easy to make oneself small, but you can do wonders with gin. BURNS said, "Gin a body." Those who make trouble are unhappy themselves and a fountain of unhappiness to others, while those who take trouble are not only a source of happiness to others but to themselves also. Let us all be fountains of happiness. Why not? We often complain of the faults of others, but have much more reason to complain of our own. They do us much more harm, and yet how we love

them. The man who has no sympathy will not get it. The man who puts up a fence, fences out more than he fences in. If spring came but once in a lifetime, if the sun rose and set once in a year instead of once in a day, if a rainbow appeared once in a century, if flowers were as rare as rubies, and dewdrops as diamonds, how wonderful they would seem to us, how they would astonish and delight us. A blue moon would probably be more than we could bear. There is no place like home; by which he meant one's own home. HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived at home. A stitch in time saves nine. It has been well said that a love of reading is better than £10,000 a year. He had tried both and meant to do so. Reading changes hours of ennui into moments of delight, and SCHILLER scarcely exaggerated when he said that no one who had read HOMER could justly complain of his lot. On the other hand, no one, whether he had read HOMER or not, ought to complain of his lot. Complaint was cowardly, just as delays were dangerous. Look at ARCHIMEDES. (Loud cheers.)

FOG SIGNALS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us: "In the recent fogs two pedestrians, whose united ages amounted to 100, ran into each other, each having passed his house, 100 yards on either side, without knowing it. Surely this constitutes a record in fog experiences?"

At Oxford Circus on Thursday morning a motor omnibus skidded from the pavement into the road, to the consternation of the passengers.

It is reported that during the fog Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST was escorted across Downing Street by Mr. ASQUITH.

At many of the principal shops ladies waited patiently for hours awaiting the "final fog reductions."

Owing to the fog, passengers were enabled to catch the next day's trains with ease on all the principal lines.

Several persons used broken-down motor omnibuses as shelters from the weather during the fog, and might have been seen reading their papers till the time came for them to keep appointments.

Looking for Work.

"Wanted, a smart, active man to chase work from one department to another in small factory."

Birmingham Post;



Modest but unsuccessful tyro (who has been flogging the river for hours) "IS THERE ANYTHING I AM OMITTING TO DO, McWHIRR?"
McW. "I WADNA JUST SAY THAT EXACTLY. BUT I'M THINKIN' YE DRINK VARRA LEETLE WHISKY FOR A MAN WHAE'S NO KILLIN' FISH."

AN OPEN-MINDED BEGGAR.

READER, tell me, if you know,
What, on earth, is Socialism.
Is it—men have told me so—
Some preposterous abysm,
Into which we all may drop—
With the criminals on top?

Is the vehement *Express*
Justified in all it mentions;
And are WELLS and G. B. S.
Worse than *Sikes* in their inten-
tions?

Do those Fabian beasts of prey
Wish to take my wife away?

Or—observe that I am quite
Open-minded, gentle reader—
Are they sometimes nearly right
In the shocking *Labour Leader*?
Will the coming commune be
Paradise for you and me?

Do you think it can be true
That the death of competition
Guarantees for me and you
Sinless Edens—new edition?
Or was STUART MILL correct—
Will there be some grave defect?

Shall we all be servile wrecks
With the brand of MARX imprinted
On our miserable necks,
As *The Referee* has hinted?
Or—see *Justice*—shall we share
Perfect freedom with the air?

Will that entity, the State
Of Collectivist Utopia,
Actually operate
Something like a cornucopia?
Or will HARDIE's fatted friends
Leave me only odds and ends?

In this monster maze of doubt
I am groping like a blind man.
Shall I boldly blossom out
As a follower of HYNDMAN?
Or continue to exist
As an Individualist?

So, dear reader, will you, please,
Tell a poor, distracted Briton
Whom, in troubled times like these,
He should put his little bit on?
And, philosopher and guide,
Do pick out the winning side!

ART NOTE.—The recovered Cour-
trai Altar-piece will in future be
known as the Caravandyck.

A Job Lot.

"Mr. Chas. Boardman has re-
ceived instructions to sell by auc-
tion 2 horses, 4 sows, 8 Londoners,
and a clump of mangolds."

South-West Suffolk Echo.

Great Men.

(Names of great men all remind us
We must make our lives sublime.)

No. I.

"JELLY BELLY,
NAVAL AND GENERAL TAILOR."
Weihaiwei Gazette.

"Yesterday Grant Hall will assume the
duties of superintendent of motive power on
the western lines."—*Winnipeg Telegram.*

Curious names these Americans
have.

"Heir to an Irish Knighthood missing."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Probably he is in London dis-
guised as a Dowager M.V.O.

From a Preston paper:

PRINCE'S THEATRE.
THE PRICE OF SIN.
Times and Prices as usual.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

WHEN the actors on a stage laugh very loud at one another's pleasantries I generally feel myself excused from joining in their hilarity. Certainly the more boisterous merriment of the First Act of *The O'Grindles*, at the Playhouse, left me almost as indifferent as the stuffed pig behind the stile, who preserved throughout the scene an absolute immobility. But the quieter humour of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE as *Kathleen Fitzgerald*—a very graceful figure in her green riding habit—made fair amends. I have before now complained that the appearance of the larger quadrupeds in a play always makes me nervous, but she handled her mare very tactfully, and there was always the stolidity of the pig to reassure me.

I read in an interview somewhere that the author, Mr. ESMOND, regarded his play as a farce, but that Mr. MAUDE preferred to consider it a light comedy. They were both right and both wrong, but neither of them confessed to an element of rather thread-bare melodrama. This comes into the Second Act, with its time-honoured scheme of a hero under false suspicion and a villain allowing the blame to rest on the innocent. But it is too much to invite us to take an Irishman seriously; and the tragic possibilities of the situation suited so ill with the light-hearted natures of these adorably inconsequent folk that one began to doubt the genuineness of the picture. Already our confidence had sustained a severe shock by the apparition of a figure that seemed to have no conceivable relation to her environment. It was that of *Mrs. Harding O'Grindle*, whose snuffy airs and affectations were admirably conveyed by Miss WINIFRED EMERY—a very welcome reappearance. What the devil, I asked myself (speaking the language), was the lady doing in this dear old unseaworthy galley of the *O'Grindles*? How did she ever come to marry into such a happy-go-lucky crew? Still, the very contrast furnished by her self-assurance gave promise of a very pretty scene when the truth should come out and she should find that her devoted husband, and not his bachelor brother, was the libertine of the story. But the Third Act, in which everything righted itself along the old familiar lines, was a sad disappointment; and the nonchalance with which she received the news was such that I thought I must have missed some delicate subtlety. This Act was re-

deemed by a really genuine Irish incident—namely, the organisation of a supper-party to the whole neighbourhood by an officious friend of the house without the faintest collusion on the part of the actual host.

Mr. MAUDE and Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE played with refreshing spontaneity, and made in all moods a delightful pair of lovers, though they were naturally at their best in the quieter phases that permitted easy badinage or tender sentiment. Apart from the obscure rendering of some dialogue at the opening of the First Act, the whole cast showed a very level excellence; and special compliments are due to Miss



WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF THEM AT THE END OF ACT I.

Jim O'Grindle . . . Mr. Cyril Maude.
Kathleen Fitzgerald { Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

BLAYNEY's clever performance on the haystack.

As for the author's share in the evening's success, if one took away the fascinating brogue and some pleasant touches of humour, and put modern dresses in the place of these picturesque costumes of a hundred years ago, I fear the residue would be found to be rather thin stuff. O. S.

Local Colour.

"The whole country lay under the soft silvery sunshine of the new moon." "Autolycus" in *The Peterborough Citizen*.

Annus Mirabilis.

"The year 1907 was remarkable for the fire at the club in February, and a blend of beer in September."

The Batley News.

HINTS TO ARMY OFFICERS.

WE notice in *The Daily Graphic* that the Army officer is now allowed, when in mufti, to travel in a penny omnibus. The concession is certain to result in a big rush of military men for this popular vehicle, and shareholders in omnibus companies are to be congratulated on the unexpected creation of a new class of patron.

While it is probable that at many of the military riding schools an omnibus will in future form a part of the equipment, so that officers may privately become familiar with its way before attempting to use it in public, there are many, doubtless, who will welcome the information we are able to give about this pleasant mode of travel.

The omnibus may be seen in most of the principal thoroughfares of London. It may be distinguished from the hansom cab by its wealth of colour and display of reading-matter. If you see a two-horsed, four-wheeled vehicle, with "Nestlé's Milk" printed in front, and on the side "Vesta Tilley," in big letters, separated by a strip of glass from "Liverpool Street, Bank, Charing +, Piccadilly, Sloane Street," and other information in smaller letters, that is an omnibus.

Unlike the hansom cab, the omnibus requires two men to run it—a driver and a conductor. The driver is the man in front, above the milk; the conductor either stands at the back, ringing a bell, or wanders about the omnibus, ringing a bell. He is a conductor of sound, and frequently of heat.

The omnibus is unlike a cab in other ways. If the omnibus contains one or more passengers, that is not an indication that it is engaged, and an Army officer in mufti is at liberty to hail it and to enter it. It will not always take you just where you wish to go. An omnibus marked "Putney" cannot be persuaded to go from the Army and Navy Stores to the Trocadero. The only way to make an omnibus go where you want it to go is to want to go somewhere to which it is going. The omnibus will not catch a train for a double fare. Copper coins may be tendered in payment without a crowd assembling. A further dissimilarity is that any Army officer in mufti may ride on the top of an omnibus without risk of being mistaken for a sailor on furlough.

The uninitiated may have a difficulty in ascertaining where an omnibus is going. Beginners will find it a good plan to stop the omnibus (raising the



Mr. Smith (after ill-tempered speech by Brown). "MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN, FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF MR. BROWN'S LUNCHEON, I SHALL VENTURE TO DISAGREE WITH HIM."

umbrella to the conductor is sufficient: it is not necessary to handle the vehicle in any way) and walk round it, reading the names of streets, public-houses, and churches printed upon its sides. Another way is, having stopped the omnibus, to walk slowly up to the conductor, and ask "Where are you going?"

To get on an omnibus while it is in motion, run after it, avoiding the mud as much as possible, grasp the left-hand rail with the left hand (care should be taken to continue running), and the right-hand rail with the right hand. If the hat and umbrella become troublesome at this stage, let go one hand (but keep on running) and give them, with the eye-glass and any other obstacles, into the care of the conductor. Having firmly grasped both hand-rails again, while still running place the left foot on the lower step, and simultaneously cease running with the right, which should be lifted to the second step. Take the first turning to the left, and you are in the omnibus.

The motor omnibus can be distinguished from the other kind by the absence of horses. Further, it is

bigger, swifter, and noisier than the horsed-omnibus; it also stops longer. Do not run after a motor omnibus; you are sure to lose.

THE SKIPPER.

The cock, one January morn,
With trumpet tone punctilious,
Awoke me, dreary and forlorn,
I wished I never had been born;
My visage, shrivelled and unshorn,
Looked ominously bilious.

I paced, with neither aim nor scheme,
From basement floor to attic,
And saw, depending from a beam,
A rope. "Why strive against the stream?"

To end it thus, I thought, would seem
Both tragic and dramatic."

But Heaven decreed another course;
Instead I started skipping;
I whipped my toes without remorse,
With every skip I gained new force,
And bounded like a bucking horse,
My pores with moisture dripping.

Dyspepsia's sword is in its sheath!
I've solved the liver riddle.

What though the house, my skips
beneath,
Should join the Tube at Hampstead
Heath,
To-day I'm crowned with Hebe's
wreath,
And fitter than a fiddle!

So much ridicule has been cast upon its arithmetic that the Tariff Reform press is going very warily just now. We give two examples:

"Each badge costs the Council 9d., and it is estimated that the 10,000 needed will cost £375."—*Daily Mail*.

"With a guarantee of 33 1-3d per cent. gross - roughly 4d. in the shilling."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The italics are our very own.

There has been some correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the synchronisation of public clocks, all of which seem to have different views as to the right time. Among opinions expressed we read:

"SIR G. FARDELL, M.P.—Synchronisation would necessarily involve an expenditure which cannot be justified at the present time."

But, of course, the whole point is, "What is the present time?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HALF hoped when I began *The Explorer* (HEINEMANN) that the name had a psychological or social meaning, because people who perforate untrodden jungles are occasionally boring to the reader as well. But I soon found that *Alec MacKenzie* was an exception. Mr. MAUGHAM has shown a quite heroic reticence about lug-gage and rare flora and unpleasant entomological specimens where they don't concern his plot, and the result is a SARGENT-like portrait of a pioneer as he ought to be—a strong man not too silent, and, except when he is on the march, not too long-winded either. I don't think even the author of *The Modern Traveller* would really dislike him. Nor are the nice people he leaves at home forgotten, as so frequently happens in novels of travel. Mr. MAUGHAM remembered that it was going to be leap-year, and has made *Dick Lomas* compel that very charming widow, *Mrs. Crowley*, to propose to him as the finale of a delightful flirtation. These two characters form a flippant relief to the more passionate part of the story, which is also, as far as one can foresee, destined to come right in the end. But I should like to know whether *Alec MacKenzie* will buy back *Hamlyn's Purlieu* for his wife when he comes home from the Congo. Mr. MAUGHAM will perhaps add a footnote about it in another edition.

Mr. Punch's established modesty does not preclude him from giving it as his opinion that life would be immeasurably duller without the delightful annuals of Messrs. LUCAS and GRAVES. Their latest—*Hustled History* (PITMAN), in which Mr. GEORGE MORROW once more lends the aid of his whimsical illustrations—is as good as their best, and that is saying a great deal. Satire, of course, has lost something of its ancient power. In an age when notoriety is a marketable substitute for fame, everybody, and in particular the masters of the New Journalism, would any day rather be laughed at than overlooked. If ridicule kills at all it is the Valhalla kind of killing: the butchered victims rise next morning as fresh as paint, and very grateful for the advertisement. But there are consolations. Nobody loses his temper; and these delightful pasquinades can never exhaust their themes.

When the youthful hero of a novel is solemnly asked by a dying man to look after his neer-do-weel son and, if possible, save him from himself, he knows, or ought

to know, that, after such a prologue, he is in for a peck of trouble and a halo in three acts and a tableau. *Act I.*: Master Wild Oats runs amok, and commits one particularly foolish offence against the criminal laws; *Act II.*: Hero takes on his shoulders the disgrace and burden of the said crime, to the dismay of all his friends except One-who-believes-in-him. *Act III.*: Wild Oats, overtaken by Nemesis, dies repentant, proclaiming with his last breath the innocence and heroism of his deliverer. *Final Tableau*: Hero is discovered in a blaze of glory and a brand-new halo, smiling at One-who-believes-in-him (off). That, roughly, is the scheme of Mr. ALGERNON GISSING's *Second Selves* (LONG), the un-academic story of two Oxford undergraduates. As a

psychological study of poor double-faced human-nature it is distinctly clever. But I find the motives assigned for the central crime—absolutely certain of detection and nearly barren of reward—far too trivial. I suggest to Mr. GISSING that what really happened was that poor Wild Oats committed it in a fine frenzy of altruism. He knew that he was the villain of the piece, and that without his help Hero could not possibly win his halo. So he just did the first outrageous thing that came handy, without worrying about probability or motives. The idea, I admit, sounds far-fetched, but I honestly prefer it to Mr. GISSING's.

CHANGE OF FACE.

["Yet London still looked beautiful with effects that might have appealed to the brush of a Whistler, as the lights of shops, of street lamps, and of flares at street corners, battled with the cloud of dark mist."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

ONCE, London Fog, thou wert a thing to shun,
To cut (with knives or any other means)—

Indeed, quite lately, someone made a gun
Designed to blow thee into smithereens.

All that is changed: at length thy beauty dawns
(When nothing else does) on our smarting eyes;
Thy brown limbs may be likened to a faun's
(Of urban tastes) preparing a surprise
For prosy cits imperfectly aware

That London's Nocturnes really are a boon;
And doubtless spots like Bournemouth will prepare
To run excursions to the Midnight Noon.

The Fiscal Don Juan.

"One of the Tariff Reform lecturers has boasted of the wonders he has achieved with a lecture, in the course of which he exhibited twenty real loves of various sizes."—*Freeman's Journal*.



THE AMATEUR PAPER-HANGER.

"DEAREST, WHY DID WE HAVE STRIPES?"

LADY FLAMBOROUGH'S
MEMOIRS.

STRANGE SIDELIGHTS ON SOCIETY.

ENCOURAGED by the success which has attended the publication of Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's anecdotal reminiscences, now being produced in *The Century Magazine*, the Marchioness of FLAMBOROUGH (*née* Miss MAMIE SHYSTER) has begun to contribute an even more poignantly interesting budget of personalia to the columns of *The Mayfair Shibboleth*.

ODD COMPANIONS.

The following is a picture of the amenities of political rivals, outside the House of Commons, in the early "eighties": "HARRY CHAPLIN was always a confirmed melomaniac, and many were the times when he, JOHN MORLEY and I, went off to the Monday 'Pops' together to listen to the entrancing strains of JOACHIM's fiddle and PIATTI's 'cello. My fashionable and frivolous friends used to chaff me about my strange companions, the one so solemn and *exalté*, and the other sumptuously attired with a gardenia in his button-hole and pale pink spats."

DUETS WITH MR. CHAPLIN.

"HARRY CHAPLIN's knowledge of music was quite extraordinary, considering how little time he was able to devote to it, and he was no mean performer and sight reader on the tenor trombone. We often played operatic selections from *Zampa*, *Faust*, and *Rigoletto* together, and at times he would jodel the solos from *Il Barbiere* in a rich fruity bass. On Sundays we played *Handel* and

Beethoven, for golf in those days was practically unknown to the upper ten."

DUKE AND DEMOCRAT.

On one occasion Lord FLAMBOROUGH, who in those days cherished democratic views, invited JOHN BURNS to dinner:—

"The Duke of TRENT, my poppa-in-law, was deeply incensed, and left the dinner-table with the ladies,

GOOD BUZZINESS!

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I have just come across the following paragraph in an evening paper:—

"With a view to preventing another plague of wasps next season, the Hayward's Heath Horticultural Society offers a penny for every queen wasp brought to the summer show."

Now there is money in this. Listen.

At the last census there were in this country 250,000 queen wasps, and the figure will shortly be probably nearer 300,000.

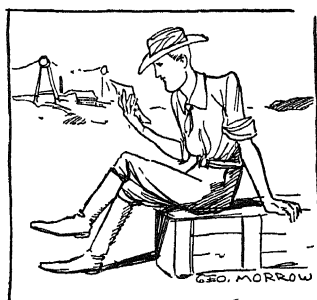
Well, 300,000 at a penny a head works out at £1,250. I don't suppose for a moment that I shall catch all of them, but with ordinary luck I ought to be able to account for 10 per cent. of the total. Now 10 per cent. of £1,250 is £125. (You wonder how I do this so quickly? Shall I let you into a secret? I simply struck off the nought!) Allowing, say, £25 for tube and 'bus fares in pursuit of wasps (and packing), this leaves a profit of £100.

There will be no expensive machinery to lay down, as I still have the

heavy ivory paper-knife with which I did such damage last year.

The sting—if I may call it so—of the paragraph is, however, contained in the words "queen wasp." My acquaintance with Royal Wasps is of so slight a nature that I am quite unable to distinguish them from their subjects. That, Sir, is why I am appealing to you, in the hope that you who are doubtless better acquainted with these delightful insects will be able to enlighten me.

Yours hopefully, ADOLPHUS BUSBY.

THE SYNDICATE FOR THE SUPPLY OF ILLUSTRATIONS.
THE MAGAZINE SHORT STORY.

It was her portrait; or, He read the letter again and again; or, It was a letter from home.



"Go," she cried, stamping her little foot; or, "Coward!" she exclaimed, hotly; or, He left the room reluctantly.



It was a quiet wedding; or, The happy day at length arrived; or, The orange-blossom became her veil.



"We have met before, I think"; or, Her eyes fell before his gaze; or, He gazed admiringly at the slight figure.



"Yes," she said, softly; or, "No," she replied, demurely; or, They dined at the Fitz.



"Forgive me," she said; or, "Brave girl!" he exclaimed; or, "You will not forget?" she murmured.

using the most awful language, and threatening to cut off FLAMBOROUGH with a shilling. The next time we attended a Primrose League meeting, FLAMBOROUGH and I were greeted with groans. It was a terrible ordeal, but ultimately the Duke forgave us, and fell on my neck, which has never been the same since."

"Blue and white striped domestics suitable for the Lagos trade are in a depressed condition."—*Manchester Guardian*.

You didn't know that.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

[To an ardent Reformer, M.P.; hinting, in conclusion, at the advisability of reducing Parliament to a Single Chamber]

AND so the futile round begins again
In that high Palace of the People's Will,
Vocal with repetitions chiefly vain,
And talkers talking with a curious skill
For signifying *nil*.

Look back, my ARCHIBALD, two little years!
How sadly different was then the scene
When first you sat elect among your peers,
Among the brand-new brooms alert and keen
On sweeping most things clean.

Had not the Shrine of Demos been profaned
With foul Augean filth? and were not you,
You and the other Herculae, ordained
To purge it of the rotting refuse due
To the old Tory crew?

Rightly you looked upon yourself with awe,
Fixed by the Nation's Choice in Freedom's van
To be a filter to the Fount of Law,
And realise upon a Liberal plan
The latent Rights of Man.

You'd bring the late Astraea back to earth:
No one who jibbed at work should go forlorn;
Old Age, regardless of intrinsic worth,
Should win its weekly crown, and bless the morn
When ARCHIBALD was born.

Bursting all barriers (like the House of Lords)
You would renew the Paradisal spell;
Ploughshares should blossom in the place of swords,
And the vile slum exchange its local smell
For whiffs of asphodel.

Alas for every dear illusion lost!
Eheu for blighted hopes that turn you 'ick!
And all those pretty budlets nipped by frost
That seemed, before the cold had touched their
quick,
So span and oh! so spick!

For see! your Temple, set on holy ground,
Proves but a babble-shop where, say, a score
Of chartered orators enjoy the sound
Of their own voices, saying o'er and o'er
Just what they said before.

There happy songsters should have built their nests,
Chanting the pæans of an Age of Gold;
Not simply parrots throwing off their chests
Those petrified refrains that leave you cold,
Being so very old.

And you who were to put creation right,
You are required to hush your swelling throat,
And through each matinée and half the night
Perform your dull mechanic part by rote,
And vote and sleep and vote.

Still, do not be down-hearted; clouds may lift.
In dreams I see a god debouch below
Out of the Upper Chamber, stern and swift,
To tell the Commons: "'Tis a farce, your show!
Mend it or out you go!"

O. S.

THE LITERARY WEEK.

[Some what as "The Academy" now sees it.]

WE call attention to the Trilby Parva scandal. The Rev. ADOLPHUS BLOXHAM, the vicar of that parish, in a moment of senile dementia—he is in his eighty-seventh year—invited the children of several local Nonconformists to a magic lantern entertainment held at the vicarage. On hearing of this atrocious act of insubordination the Bishop of BOOTLE (Dr. GARGOYLE) at once very properly inhibited Mr. BLOXHAM, and ordered him to be confined for a month in his own cellar. Our Nonconformist contemporary, *The Daily News*, affects to be wounded by the normal results of Mr. BLOXHAM's outrageous laxity of discipline. We know nothing of Mr. BLOXHAM except his age, but we have been assured that his cellar, though somewhat damp, is infinitely more comfortable than many of the cells provided by TORQUEMADA for the reception of recalcitrant Churchmen in the palmy days of the Mother Church.

The sudden and lamented death of "OUIDA" suggests an historic reference to the "lofty slashing stroke" of the winning crew at Putney. The capital made out of this venial blunder only serves to illustrate the preposterous importance attached to success in athletics, or the correct use of athletic jargon by the man in the street. Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA's sole claim to political advancement was the fact that he had rowed in the Cambridge eight. He does not know a Bollandist from a Mahatma, or a scapulary from a phalanstery. He probably thinks GARIBALDI a greater man than Pio Nono, and Dr. CLIFFORD better company than CARDINAL ANTONELLI (if he ever heard of him). And yet, on the strength of having once possessed a straight back and a certain amount of brawn, he is now allowed to decorate the front bench with his perky profile. That in itself is odious enough. What is far worse is the entrusting to this suburban opportunist, who has no convictions but a genuine hatred of a past which he cannot understand, of the power to wreak his vengeance on the work of saints and martyrs.

The state of the Lunacy Laws is a constant source of grief to the judicious. Perhaps in no respect is their inadequacy more patent than in the liberty which is accorded to our most popular novelists to assume at will the rôle of critic. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has just invited his thousands to follow him "through the magic door" of his own sumptuously upholstered study. Cannot the system of confinement "during the King's pleasure," or some other which would produce the same effect, be extended to such cases? By some such means such persons who are not positively insane might be subjected to the humane and remedial treatment of expert doctors, as they are at that admirably conducted institution—Broadmoor.

There will be the usual Mothers' Meeting on the 5th.

Hustled History.

"I hear that the favourite rôle in the coming great pageant of London is that of Henry VIII. There has not been the same anxiety for any of the other more sympathetic and romantic rôles as, for instance, that of Bluff King Hal."—*Daily Dispatch*.

In the course of a speech the other day Dr. MACNAMARA stated, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, that he put his back into the work placed in his hands. It sounds like a foul,



RICHTER THE RING-MASTER.

Mr. Punch begs to congratulate Dr. Richter on the brilliant success with which he has conducted the first complete performance of Wagner's "Ring" in English.



FORM AT A GLANCE.

Mabel (expounding photograph of her school hockey team to visitor, who happens to be a hockey international). "SHE'S PRETTY. SHE'S NOT PRETTY, BUT I LIKE HER. SHE'S RATHER PRETTY. SHE'S NOT PRETTY, BUT LOVELY HAIR. SHE'S A GOOD SORT, BUT UGLY. SHE'S LOVELY. SHE'S HIDEOUS!!!"

OXFORD YET.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

PROF. PORSON P. MACKINLEY was the pride of Upaidee; In all that seat of learning none had such a name as he; He occupied the chair of Greek, and all the State of Conn. Came up to study *Plato* with this up-to-date young don, His ways were ultra-modern, and he did not care a d— For antiquated systems of the Isis and the Cam.

"What's inefficient Oxford?" he would cry, with up-turned nose;

"Her students publish nothing and her dons are comatose.

My pupils do not slumber like an audience in church: We live, we think! Our watchword is 'Original Research!'"

No empty boast! For Porson P. had won himself renown

By counting up the passages where *Plato* used *μὲν οὖν*; These passages are printed in a book for all to see— It's published at a dollar by the Press of Upaidee.

His students needs must emulate this bright and shining star;

In eager haste they crowded to his cultured seminar, And one he set to counting up the number of *οὐ μὴς*, A second counted *πῶς γὰρ οὖς*, a third the *τί δὲ δῆς*.

Small wonder that the great man grew elated now and then

On gazing at the output of his promising young men; Small wonder that his glory spread across the wide grey sea,

Till classic Sheffield offered him her LL.D. degree.

Then Porson P. engaged a berth as swiftly as he could,

And soon he was invested with a brand-new Sheffield hood;

But ere he travelled home again he thought he ought to see

If Oxford could be wakened from her fatal lethargy.

The dons were most polite to him; they opened wide their doors,

And fed him like a monarch from their hospitable stores, But when he came to stir them up, poor Porson P. grew hot

To find they knew a thing or two which he himself did not.

"Why don't you publish?" he would cry. "Why hide your brilliant light

Beneath a bushel, O ye dons? Why ever don't you write?"

They only smiled benignly on the newly LL.D.'d, As though to say, "Good Porson P., why ever don't you read?"

Prof. Porson P. is safe at home in Upaidee again, But ah! the fatal Oxford blight has settled on his brain. Unmoved he scans the theses which the College bookshelves hold,

The labours of his seminar now leave him strangely cold;

All Upaidee is puzzled; they regard him as a freak— They have caught him twice red-handed in the act of reading Greek.

MY SPEECH.

[I don't see why the Government should be the only people to make a speech at the beginning of a Session, even though they do call it The King's Speech, and pretend that they didn't write it. Why shouldn't I be allowed to make one for myself? Anyhow it would be a bit brighter than the Parliament one.]

A. A. M.]

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen
(May I say, *Friends*?)—

It's a perfectly topping morning, and I'm as fit as anything, and jolly glad to see you all again. Thank Heaven the fog's gone. I don't mind rain so much—in fact, I rather like it in the country—but I do bar fog. However, that's all right now, and it's the 1st of February, and in another month it will be spring.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—Think of that!

Court and Society.

My relations continue to be friendly. My uncle and I have just concluded an agreement concerning our respective interests in old clothes and solid cash, whereby we both hope to derive much benefit. My cousin HENRY sent me a fiver on my birthday—pretty decent of him, considering. In the home circle I am still thought to be kindly, intelligent, and hard-working. I had a letter from CYNTHIA yesterday, the dear. However, she isn't a relation—luckily.

Small Holdings.

The correspondence (including several important telegrams) which has recently passed between the proprietors of an eminent newspaper and myself has placed me in possession of a handsome History of the World in several volumes. It is known as *The Historians' History*, and that rather made me wonder whether I was worthy of it, not being an historian myself in the strict sense of the word. However, their fifth letter reassured me on this point.

The Sinking Fund.

By the way, going back to my relations for a moment. Bob has just paid up the tenner I lent him years ago, and jolly well time too. We'll leave it there for the present.

Colonial Matters.

Turning to our Colonies (you know, you mustn't think that I am not interested in Public Affairs. On the contrary, I read the papers every day, and I am a true Imperialist, being particularly keen on Australian questions)—turning to our Colonies, I am glad to see that, in Australia, HUTCHINGS continues to take runs off the opposition. I spotted him five years

ago as the best bat in England, when they weren't even playing him regularly for his county, so I'm naturally rather pleased about it. It will be perfectly sickening if we lose the rubber; and I've got a level half-crown on it that we don't with THOMSON, who is a beastly Little Englander. (If it had been the South Africans I should have called him a Pro-Boer, so he may consider himself lucky.) Now that JONES is back I'm certain to win; but I shall refer to this again when I come to the Estimates for the year.

Foreign Affairs.

Foreign affairs have also claimed my attention. I have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. THOMAS COOK under which I hope to travel as far as Switzerland in the summer. A Bill for preserving the integrity of Swiss hotel keepers, who will charge two francs for quite a small lemonade, which failed to pass into law last year, will be again submitted to them.

Ladies,—

Did I say I'd had a letter from CYNTHIA yesterday? Awfully sweet it was.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

Estimates for the expenditure of the coming year have been occupying my attention quite a lot lately. You know it's perfectly absurd, but it works out at about twice the estimated income. On the "double entry" system, putting down the receipts twice, and allowing for THOMSON's half-crown, I can just make it square; but that isn't good finance, you know.

Negotiations for a loan from my cousin HENRY are in progress, and in the event of their failing to materialise the offer will be renewed at a later date. Meanwhile we can only hope for the best (unless *you* can think of something), and—as I remarked before—it's a perfectly topping day, and spring's nearly here, and I'm blown if I care what happens.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Bills will be laid before myself for the following purposes:—

To amend the system of monthly payments for the History of the World, either by reducing the amount or by lengthening the period.

To regulate the hours at which I rise and retire. (I doubt if this passes.)

To improve and extend the education of my housekeeper, particularly with regard to the

important question, "What happens to the sardines?"

To establish an authority for the control of the man on the floor below, who doesn't seem to like music.

To consolidate and amend the method of scoring in county cricket, so that Kent may become champion county next season.

I am sorry I can't think of anything else just at the moment, but probably other things will turn up as we go along, and then I'll let you know. It's a perfectly topping day, and it will jolly soon be spring.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Here's luck!

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement in the King's Speech that an important outcome of the Second Peace Conference will be the establishment of an international court of appeal in prize cases has caused great satisfaction to disappointed Limerick competitors all over the country.

A proposal has been made that, with a view to the better safeguarding of Cabinet Ministers, the Government shall erect for their accommodation a special Suffragette-proof building, with underground passages leading to the House of Commons. Arrangements would at the same time be made for a strong force of police to take the gentlemen out for exercise twice a day.

"Good gracious me! Has the Revolution already taken place?" cried a nervous old lady on reading last week the following advertisement:—

THE THRONE.

NEW PROPRIETORSHIP.

UNDER

ENTIRELY NEW DIRECTION.

The rival candidates in South Hereford are said to have distributed leaflets at the rate of at least fifteen to each elector, and it is thought that it will be some time before the local match trade recovers from this unfair competition.

It is officially intimated that the actions which were pending by Messrs. D. D. SHEEHAN, M.P., and JOHN O'DONNELL, M.P., against Mr. JOHN REDMOND for expulsion from the Irish Party have been abandoned. We imagine that the difficulty would

have been to prove that any damage was suffered.

There have been threats of a serious shortage of wood-pulp, from which paper is made, and it may yet be possible, in writing to the editors of some of our journals, to refer to "your valuable paper" without the suspicion of irony.

"The pedestrian to-day is king of the road," says *The Car*. Even so, its noble Editor must allow that the motor-car is a fairly truculent "power behind the throne."

Following on the announcement that, as an additional safeguard against burglaries, watch-dogs are to be stationed in the galleries of the Louvre at night-time, comes the report that the Director of the National Gallery is considering a proposal for the insertion of a phonograph behind LANDSEER'S "Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," which is to emit angry barks during the smaller hours.

A bomb placed under a window of a New York bank last week exploded, and blew out half the wall. The news of the outrage started the rumour that the bank had been closed, and hundreds of depositors rushed up, to find that, on the contrary, the bank had been opened.

Mr. EDWARD LYTTON, of the Coronet Theatre, has invented a mechanical scene-shifter. We see no reason why it should not be as successful as some of our mechanical actors and mechanical playwrights.

Apparently the campaign against unclean literature is already having a satisfactory effect. Our attention was attracted the other day at a bookstall by the notice:—"SOILED NOVELS—HALF PRICE."

Eve's Apple, by ALPHONSE COURLANDER, has just made its appearance; and, in case a sequel should be demanded, the author has, we understand, already copyrighted the title *Adam's Apple*.

By a curious coincidence, at the same time as a member of the American Congress was advising the taxation of foreign bridegrooms, suggesting that the Customs officers might classify them "like frog's legs as poultry," the Council of the Associated Chambers of Agriculture at a meeting in London were advocating



Peggy. "WAS THAT P'LIEMAN EVER A LITTLE BABY, MOTHER?"

Mother. "WHY, YES, DEAR."

Peggy (thoughtfully). "I DON'T B'LIEVE I'VE EVER SEEN A BABY P'LIEMAN!"

the imposition of a duty on foreign hops.

An official List of Scenes in the forthcoming London Pageant has now been published. It will, we fear, lead to some friction. For instance, the City Corporation is anxious to take charge of the *tableau* "Feast to the five kings, by Henry Picard, ex-Mayor of London," to which it feels it could do better justice than to "The Election of Richard III. at Crosby Hall."

The bugle that sounded for the Light Brigade at Balaklava has been sold by auction. The famous charge (about which so much has been written) was only £300.

The second reading of the Bill to

increase the German Navy has been passed by the Reichstag, Admiral VON TIRPITZ having assured the members that the measure was not directed against Great Britain. In official circles it is supposed that trouble is brewing with Switzerland.

Fair Warning.

"Man wanted to drive milk, and milk; must be good milker."—*Glasgow Herald*.

It will be no good his pretending afterwards that he thought he had to clean the windows.

Great Truths.

"Women of thirty of the present day are undoubtedly taller than they were, say, eighteen years ago."

Bystander.

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[The Duchess of BATTLEDOWN, who has a handsome house in Belgrave Square, one day takes her baby boy, aged eight months, in the carriage with her. Somehow she mislays him and fails to bring him back. Being both absent-minded and short-sighted, she does not notice the child's absence until the middle of the next night, when she suddenly wakes and realises her loss. She arouses the Duke her husband, and informs him, and they at once send the maid and the valet to Scotland Yard.]

PART II.

In this distressing but veracious history
I don't propose to rack you with a mystery:
The Earl of BRASENOSE, the infant heir,
Was gone—but I shall tell you how and where.

The ducal coachman, Mr. WILLIAM OATES,
Was of the kind on which a Duchess dotes.
No portlier man, I ween, has ever graced
A lofty seat, and none so purple-faced.
With careless ease he wore his curly wig;
His calves were massive and his back was big.
Poised on the great barouche's box he sat,
And, poised on him, reposed his cornered hat.
He could control his prancing chestnut pair
With wrists of steel and hands as light as air.
If some pert busman, facile with his slang,
Upon his looks the ready changes rang,
Calling him "Porpoise," "Puffer," "Pudden-head,"
Or names like these, no word he ever said;
Or if a cabman, as a cabinan will,
Pointed him out with, "There's a beauty, BILL,"
He answered not, but with a glacial frown
Looked the delinquent up and looked him down,
And left him there in London's busy street
Convinced of sin and frozen to his seat.

Now, in spite of his splendour, WILLIAM O.
Had never been caught in the toils of Cupid:
He thought the stages of courtship slow,
And marriage itself he reckoned stupid.
By the charms of the fair he set no store;
He meant to remain a bachelor.

His father was dead, but his mother remained:
She kept an animal shop in the Dials,
And whenever the soul of the son was pained
By the burdensome weight of a coachman's trials
He sought the home of feather and fur,
And called his mamma and consulted her.

One night—it happened to be the night
When the Duke and the Duchess had their fright—
A man with most of his face concealed
In a muffler that left one eye revealed—
A man who wafted upon his way
A faint aroma of straw and hay—
A man who bore on his ample arm
A burden carefully wrapped from harm,—
One night this man, as I say, crept up
To the door that was flanked by kit and pup,
And when Mrs. OATES had let him in
Declared himself as her kith and kin.
"I'm your son WILLIAM," he said, said he,
"And I'm sorry to say as I've made so free
As to bring yer the Earl of BRASENOSE.
This 'ere 's the Earl in his Sunday clo's.
His mother, the Duchess, went and dropped him,
And I nipped orf o' the box and copped him.
It's the Earl 'isself, and it ain't no other,
And you've got to keep him for me, dear mother.

"The baby's a regular precious gem,
And he'll be much better with us nor them."

His mother heaved a sigh. "The Duchess dropped
him?"

She said at last, "she's really rather careless.
I'll temporarily at least adopt him,
I bet she'll hardly notice being heirless."
(To be continued.)

DANCING DEITIES.

HIGH JINKS IN WALHALL.

THE brilliant representations of WAGNER's *Ring* at Covent Garden, we are glad to learn, have been greatly appreciated in immortal circles, and, in particular, in the house of Donner. A baronetcy, it will be remembered, was recently conferred on Mr. Edward Donner, of Manchester (though his brother-god, Mr. Thor, received no such honour), and a paragraph in the social and personal column of a leading newspaper states that "The fancy dress ball for young people, given by Mrs. Philip Donner and Mr. Julius Donner at the Villa Beauregard, went off splendidly. The dresses were superb, the dancing animated, and the children looked delightful."

A later wireless telegram from Walhall gives the following interesting particulars as to the progress and conclusion of this unique entertainment:—

"Among the grown-ups present were Mr. Bert Froh, Fire-Brigadier Loge, Hon. Wanderer and Lady Fricka Wotan, Miss Popsy Freia, Sir Siegmund and Lady Sieglinde Volsung, Colonel Fafner, C.B., in fancy dress; Mr. Perce Siegfried, who wore an antique cap and massive gold ring, accompanied by Lady Brunnhilde Siegfried, who brought her horse (one) and her sisters (eight), the Misses Gerdi, Ortili, Trauti, Schwertli, Wiggi, Siggi, Grimgi, and Rossi Walküre; Lieut-General Alberich, V.C., and Mr. Herb Hagen (the Public Executioner) from Nibelheim Lodge; Mrs. Erda chaperoning Miss Norn, Miss Gladys Norn, and Miss Trixie Norn; Miss Guttrune Gibichung, Dr. Mime, F.R.C.S., and Mr. Sid Hunding; Sir Frederick Fasolt, K.C., was also present, but unfortunately died soon after the party commenced. Fräulein Waldvogel and the Rheintochter Trio sang at intervals. Besides Sir Frederick Fasolt, other guests died during the evening, and the survivors were consumed later by a fire which unfortunately broke out. The refreshments, supplied by Mr. Gunther, were also consumed. The Rheintochter Trio alone escaped by taking to the water, having previously annexed Mr. Perce Siegfried's golden ring in lieu of their fee, which under the mournful circumstances was otherwise unattainable."

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I see that the Labour Conference at Hull has resolved that the Party shall aim at the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes. My wife's social qualifications are so transcendent that I doubt my ever becoming her equal even in a democratic sense. But what I want to know is this: If the future Democratic Providence allots me £500 a year as my proper share of the loot, will it, in order to make my wife economically my equal, grant her the like amount? Yours anxiously, WAWERER.

According to a contemporary the De Beers Company at Dutoitspan has stopped washing, and discharged a hundred white workmen in consequence. This seems a pity, as under the new conditions they might soon have qualified as "coloured labour."



"HEARD MELODIES ARE SWEET, BUT THOSE UNHEARD—"

She "WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?"

He. "A FIDDLER PLAYIN' THE FIDDLE, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE."

THE "LOOP-THE-WORLD" RACE.

PARIS TO PARIS BY PERAMBULATOR.

(From Our Correspondent.)

Paris, Feb. 3.

THE perambulator race from Paris to the North Pole and down the other side of the world to the South Pole and back to Paris is creating much interest here. America will be represented by four prams, France by three, and Germany by one. The competitors are all men of note in perambulator circles—manufacturers of baby carriages, fathers of families, etc.—and realising the importance to the world of knowing how these popular little vehicles will stand rough handling in arctic regions and the tropics, these unselfish men have come forward in the interest of the public, ready to undertake the noble task.

Each competitor will push himself and his pram. News of the race will be conveyed to the Press direct from the "log" of each vehicle. As most of those concerned are no novices at log-rolling, the public may rely on being kept fully informed of all the necessary details.

Though the generous donors will blush at having their disinterested kindness publicly recorded, it must be mentioned that the travellers' emergency rations of canned *Sauerkraut* are the gift of the Boomer Food Company, while every perambulatorist will be swaddled up to the armpits in bear-proof bags presented by the Trumpeter Trouser Trust.

As the domestic pram will, of course, be used a great deal under arctic conditions in the future (and we all know how Baby loves a ride down an iceberg), the tests in the terrible frozen North will be looked forward to by us at home with the deepest interest; and the behaviour of the sturdy little carriages whilst ploughing their way through the sands of tropical deserts will be watched no less keenly, seeing that Nurse may find herself obliged at any moment to cross the Sahara.

"Maxims and Moralising."

One man's tragedy is another man's face.—PULITZER.—*The Imp.*

PULITZER has got the gist of the matter, but in real life it is more often his own face.

Simple Bible Teaching.

"I once knew a little boy whose criminally callous parents called him Absalom. Fancy calling a little funny-faced creature in long clothes by a name like that! The very sound of the word speaks of a hoary-headed old patriarch, with flowing beard and eyes dimmed with age."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

It seems a thousand pities that the parents of the original ABSALOM didn't think of this when they named their child.

From an advt.:

"The pens of my manufacture, though they are not the cheapest so far as first cost is concerned, yet every consumer who has tried them has found that 144 good pens, at a reasonable price, are cheaper than the low priced rubbish from which the consumer has to select (if he can do so) a few out of the lot that will write."

Other well-known stylists are MACAULAY, LAMB, and STEVENSON.

"FRENCH VIEW OF ANGLO-GERMAN RELATION.

PEACE OF WORLD LIES BETWEEN TWO HORNS OF DELEMA."

For this masterly summing-up of the situation we are indebted to *The Jamaica Daily Telegraph.*



L. RAVEN HILL

CAUTION.

Patient. "AND IF I HAVE GAS I SHAN'T FEEL NOTHING?"

Dentist. "NOTHING WHATEVER."

Patient. "AND I SHAN'T KNOW WHAT YOU BE DOIN'?"

Dentist. "YOU WON'T KNOW ANYTHING."

Patient. "WELL, JUST WAIT A MINUTE TILL I'VE COUNTED MY MONEY!"

FIRST AID TO AUTHORS.

READERS who desire candid and careful criticism of their literary efforts may send their Manuscripts, with Remittance, to The Editor, W.P.B.'s WEEKLY, Literary Advice Department.

"CHICOT."—Your stuff has a certain effervescence, not altogether unlike sherbet, but it is doubtful if the constant recurrence of such a phrase

as "Friend the Reader," witty as it undoubtedly is, is to be recommended. As you are strong be merciful, and don't be so funny about bootjacks. Give us more of the Oxford manner.

M. C.—It is a long time since you sent us anything, and such delays, you ought to know, are detrimental to the position of a leading lady novelist. If you don't do something soon the consequences may be

serious, especially when the activity of Another is taken into account. Have you no play, no matter how bad?

OFFICE WINDOW.—The theory of the epigram is that it should have a point. I have read the last of yours several times, but I cannot find where the point is:—

"CAINE IN EGYPT."

I've often wondered dimly how
You spelt a
Fortune; sought a deal—and now
I've Delta."

Try again, and take more room. To put four lines together is not necessarily to make an epigram.

T. W.-D.—All that you say about your wild and lawless life as a gipsy interests me profoundly. But it is doubtful if the sonnet is the best medium for conveying an impression of the wild existence of these romantic nomads. It is doubtful if *Boswell* is a good name to choose for your heroine, since it is associated in most people's minds with that very ungipsyish person the satellite and biographer of the Great Lexicographer. When you write again please tell us how you got the walnut juice off your face.

W. LE Q.—Your story is full of excitement, but it is a question whether it is wise to refer to the unmarried daughter of a peer as a countess; and to make your titled detective devote his leisure hours to winning the Newdigate is a lapse from probability. It was, however, a good idea to imagine a radium mine beneath the crater of Vesuvius.

THE ESSENTIAL.

STALWART supporter, do not fret!

Pray curb your natural chagrin
That, when that post you hoped to get

Fell vacant, we were forced to let
A lesser man step in.

Your qualities, we own, excelled

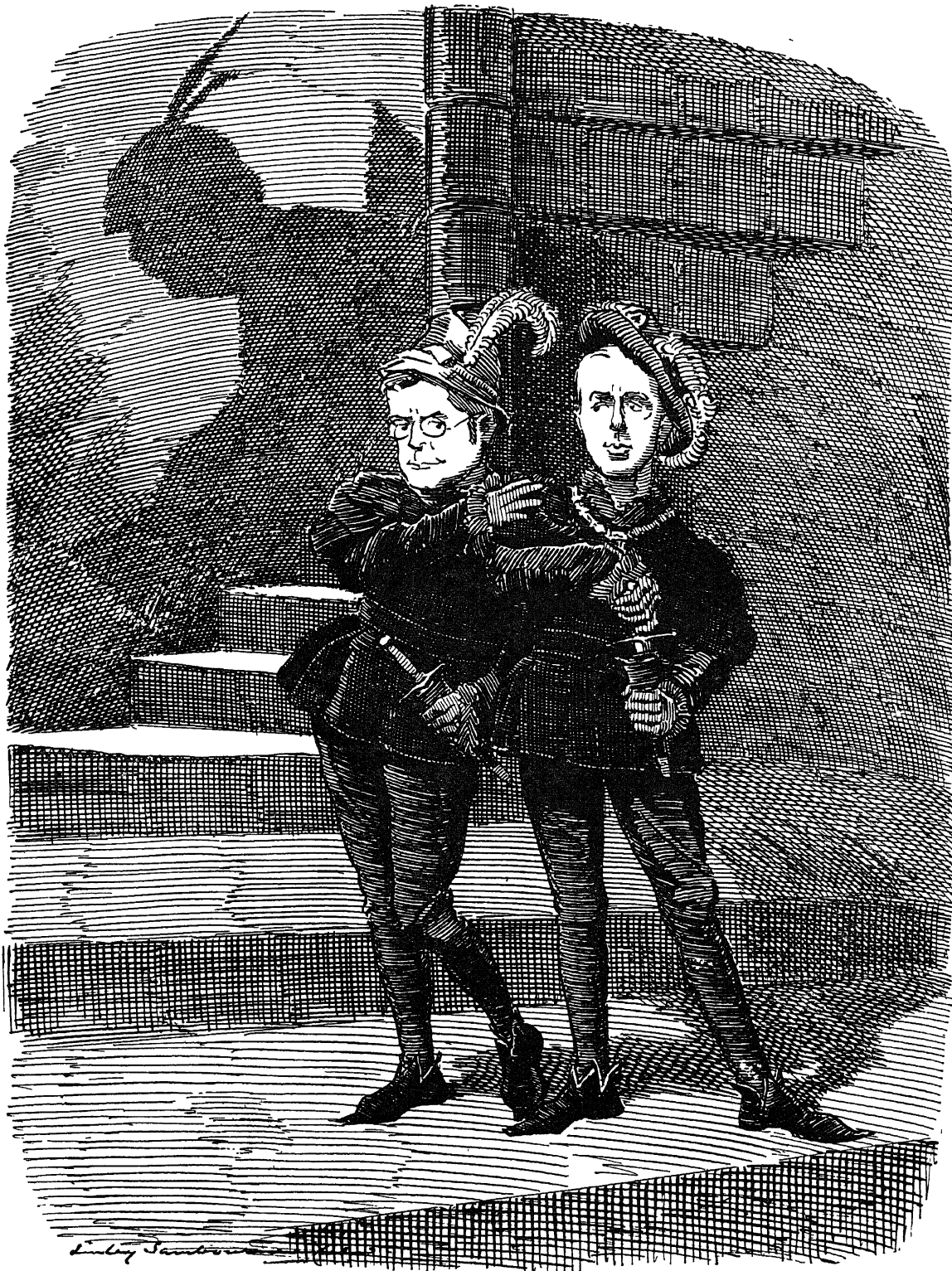
His at whose triumph now you
chafe;

But one thing cogently compelled
Us to our choice—the seat he held
Seemed (at the time) so safe.

"SORE FEET.—On long country walks it saves sore feet to wear two pairs of socks, one thin old pair, and to soap the soles of the feet after putting on the first pair over the socks."

The Country Side.

This sounds difficult, but when once you have got the second pair of feet safely between the soap and the thin old socks it is the merest child's play.



THE VICTIMS.

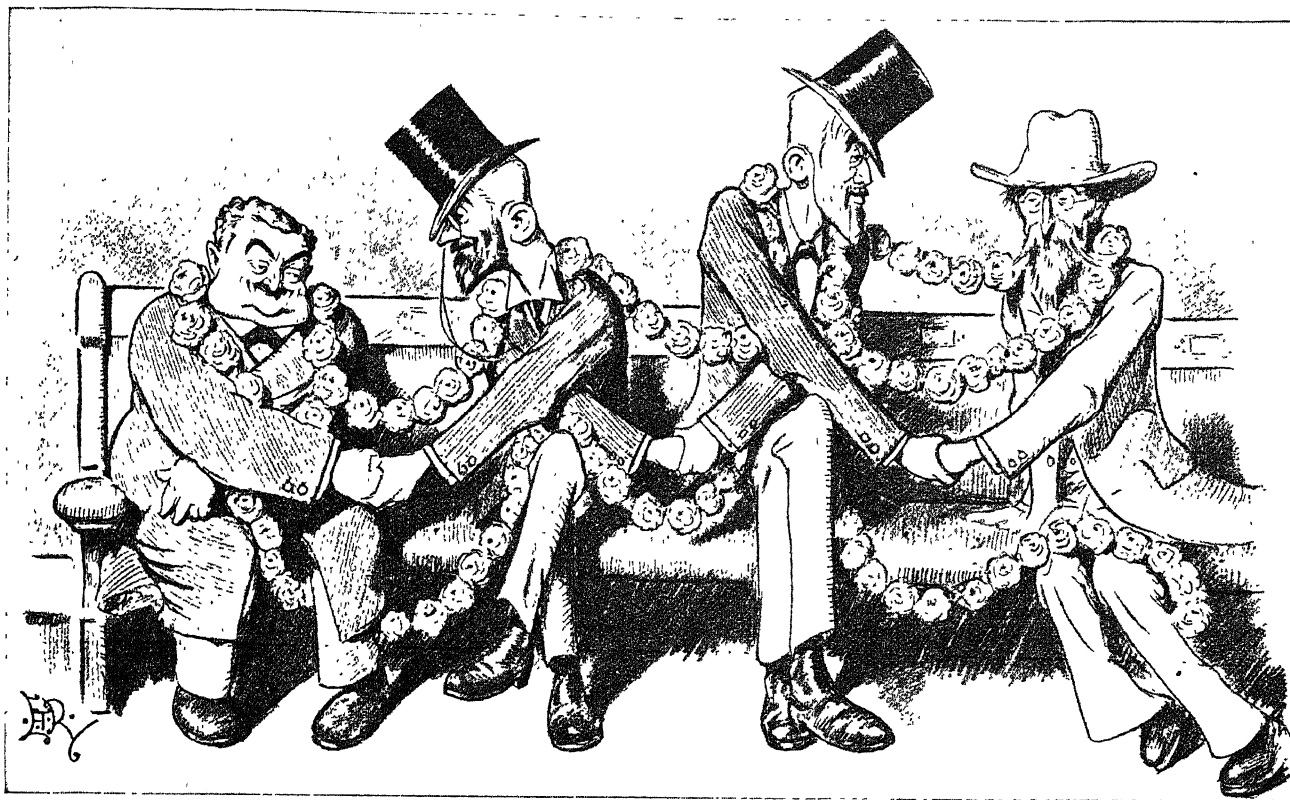
(After "The Princes in the Tower," by Sir John Millais.)

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL (*apprehensively*). "I SAY, REGGIE, HERE COMES UNCLE ARTHUR."

REGINALD MCKENNA (*with modest assurance*). "I DON'T MIND. IT'LL TAKE HIM ALL HIS TIME TO SMOTHER ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LITTLE SHORT OF A MIRACLE!—"WALK UP! WALK UP! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND SEE IT WHILE IT LASTS."

By a superhuman effort the above gentlemen, who have not been on speaking terms for years, have succeeded in (temporarily) presenting a united front to the Saxon oppressor.
(Messrs. R-dm-nd, H-ly, D-ll-n, and O'Br-n.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, January 29.—Opening of new Session marked by one of those little personal episodes which touch the heart. It is no secret that for many years Irish Nationalist Party has been riven by misunderstanding among the gentlemen who undertake to lead it. Mr. REDMOND, Mr. TIM HEALY, Mr. JOHN DILLON, and Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN have vigorously hated each other for the love of Ireland. With the freedom from conventionality that marks an interesting race, they have openly expressed opinions about each other, the verbal construction of which renders quotation undesirable. In the House of Commons they have studiously ignored each other's presence whilst betraying consciousness of it by "talking at" each other. During



"BRAVO, RUDIE!"

The Member for the Market Harboro' Division (Mr. R. C. Lehmann) moves the Address.

month preceding opening of Session it was found expedient to bring this state of things to a conclusion. A truce was sounded, followed by signing and sealing of an alliance offensive and defensive.

Evidence of new and happier state of things forthcoming at meeting of the House. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, looking up from Treasury Bench, was deeply touched at the sight presented. In taking his walks abroad, whether in Battersea Park or on Hampstead Heath, he has sometimes happened upon a youth and maiden hand in hand, spelling out the old, old story as they walk. To see now the four ancient foemen seated together below the gangway, hand in hand, whispering sweet nothingnesses what time they gazed affectionately into each

other's long unfamiliar eyes, was enough to move a less sensitive nature than that of the Chief Secretary. He felt it was a spectacle that boded no good for him. Whilst they were divided he might, to a certain extent, rule. Reunited, animated by a common object, their conduct guided by a single policy, they would make him feel the resemblance of the Irish Office to a bed of roses to be more remote than ever.

Before new Session had advanced an hour, example was forthcoming of the practical working of *La Belle Alliance*. JOHN REDMOND, taking exception to absence of notice of the deprivation suffered by the House consequent on temporary withdrawal from the scene of the Member for North-west Meath, at present in prison for contempt of Court, moved appointment of a Select Committee. Last Session TIM HEALY would have sat scornfully silent, attempting by subtle adjustment of his pince-nez to express pitying contempt for JOHN's judgment and his intellectual capacity generally. Now he rose to support the contention of "my hon. friend," a tremor shaking his voice as he thus alluded to him.

Ominous this for the Chief Secretary, who has two Bills in hand. Meaner natures would have resented the burying of the hatchet and all its portends. ST. AUGUSTINE paid it the tribute of a tear as he murmured—

"Then blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears."

The Member for Sark, taking a sordidly practical view of the matter, is accustomed to hold forth against the ancient practice of moving and seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. He points out that it is in its inception and execution a purely artificial performance, to be regarded seriously only inasmuch as it is responsible for wasting valuable time on threshold of Session which, as PRINCE ARTHUR demonstrated, cannot be long enough for its appointed work.

The anachronism was to a certain extent justified by proceedings of to-day. RUDIE LEHMANN's speech in moving the Address was a model of the best thing possible in the circumstances. In excellent taste, admirably phrased, modestly delivered, it reached the highest level of the opportunity.

"Now's the time," says SARK, nothing if not logical, "to strike the performance out of the bill. We can't improve upon the latest 'pre-



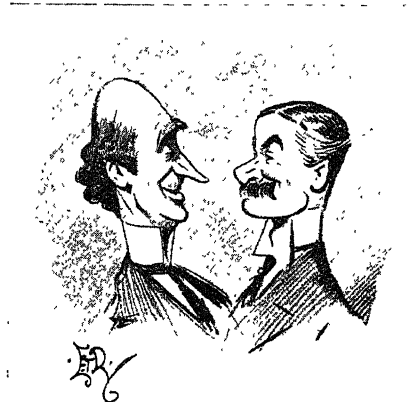
THE NEW PYJAMA POLICY OF THE SUFFRAGETTES;
OR, WHAT ABOUT "JUSTICE FOR MEN"?

Sir E. Gr-y, Mr. B-r-r-l-l, Mr. H-l-d-ne, and others are attacked before breakfast by the advocates of Justice for Women.

sensation,' as Mr. FROHMAN would say. Opportunity accordingly enticing to drop the flummery, and get straightway to business when we meet for a new Session."

Business done.—New Session opens.

Thursday.—House disturbed by wild stories of Cabinet Ministers besieged in their bedrooms at early morn by forces of Amazons armed with bannerets and umbrellas. Circumstantial narrative current of one Minister, disguised as the milkman, captured as he was making his way out by a side-door, and held for ransom just as if he were Kaid McLEAN. Happily his appearance on the Treasury Bench shortly after three o'clock discredited the report. A hearty cheer testified to general relief at his escape.



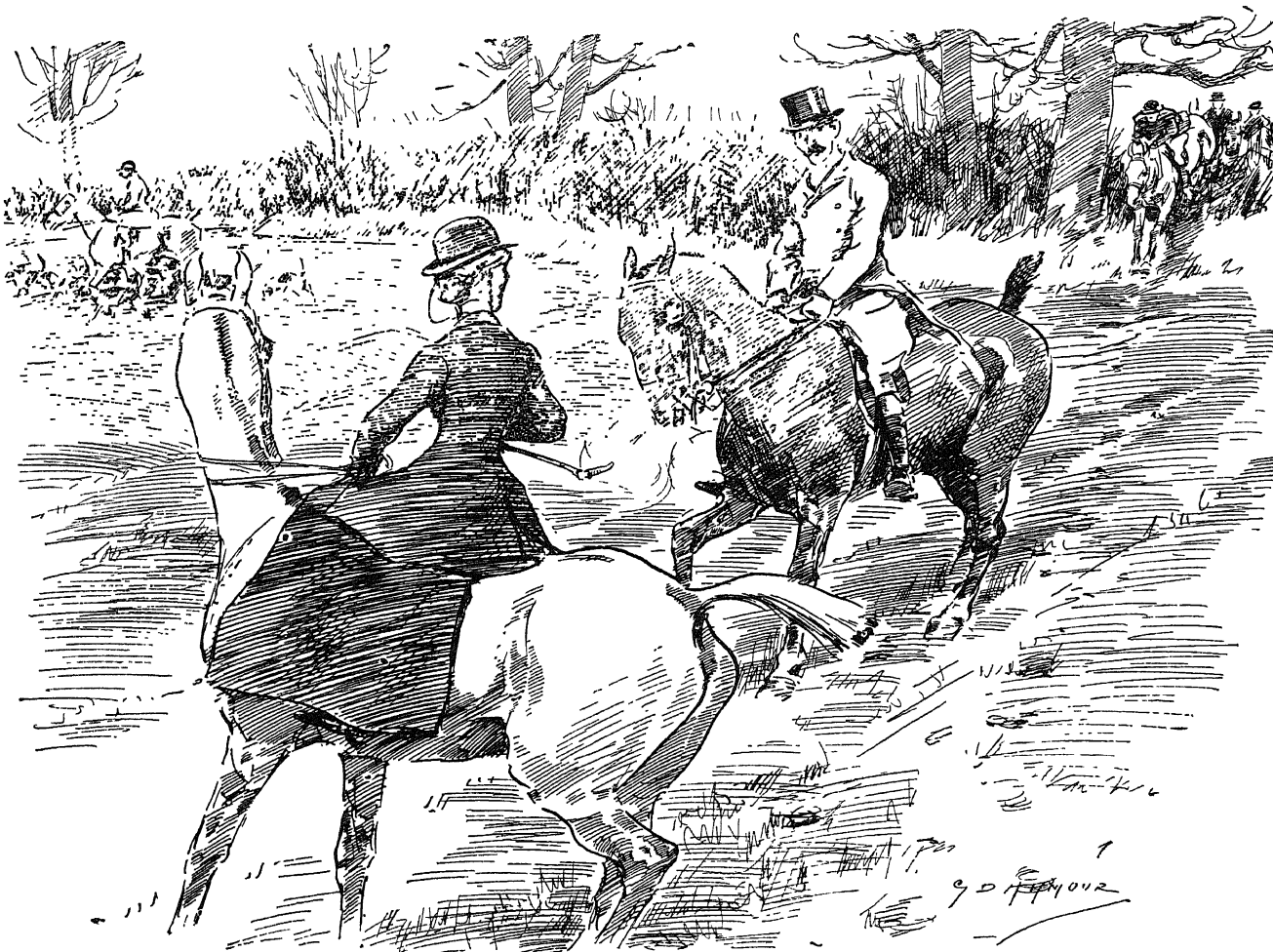
(The new Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, Mr. S-m Ev-ns and Sir W-l-l-m R-bs-n)

Still the question remains with us, oppressively insisting on an answer. How long are our Cabinet Ministers to be made the sport of clamorous woman? Cattle-driving in Ireland, deplorable as a form of popular pastime, is a trifle compared with this new sport of Cabinet-Minister-hunting. LLOYD-GEORGE, though encouraged by project on foot to double his official salary, is reported to have expressed doubt as to whether the money is sufficient compensation for the daily inconvenience, the hourly anxiety, imposed upon him by the Suffragist crusade. It was bad enough when right honourable gentlemen were assailed in their office or waylaid on their way home. When it comes to routing them out of bed at break of day with shrill enquiry why no mention of women's votes was made in the King's Speech, life is not worth living, even at the rate of £5,000 a year.

In contrast with these scenes of disorder was the appearance of the House this afternoon. No one casually looking in would guess that the subject of debate was one which Socialists have made their own. RAMSAY MACDONALD moved amendment to Address deploring absence from King's Speech of reference to the state of the unemployed. There was nothing violent about him save the colour of his blood-red necktie. As for PETE CURRAN, who seconded the amendment, he preached pure Socialism in a quiet matter-of-fact manner suggestive that he was doing nothing more startling than reciting the multiplication table, say up to twelve times twelve. Apart from its matter—and, after all, that is something—it was an admirable discourse, reaching a level of style which many much older Parliamentary hands might envy.

Next to this earnest, simple, outspoken avowal of Socialism, declaimed in hearing of the unshocked Mace, the most remarkable thing was the grave attention with which it was listened to by a crowded House. No cry of dissent, no note of remonstrance interrupted the measured flow of PETE's eloquence. In fact, as happened when a foreign prelate addressed at length a peccant parrot, no one seemed a penny the worse. When the Socialists among the Labour Party made an end of speaking, members strolled out quietly into the division lobby, and the amendment was negatived by 195 votes against 146.

Business done.—Debating the Address.



Sportsman (having just come over cramped place after a refusal). "FUNNY THING THE OLD HORSE REFUSING. I SUPPOSE IT WAS BECAUSE I GOT ON HIS NECK TO MISS THAT BOUGH."
Cruel Fair. "DON'T BLAME THE OLD HORSE. PERHAPS HE THOUGHT HE HAD JUMPED!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Of many superstitious mists
That rise to claim my close attention,
I've noticed among novelists
What I may term the "Name-convention."
E.g., ere I begin to track
The course of any writer's fancy,
I'm sure that we shall "all love Jack,"
Who, if a tar, must wed with Nancy.
Although untiringly you con
Romance, you'll never find a *Prue* pert,
Or come across a wicked *John*,
Or fail to love dare-devil *Rupert*.
What's in a name? It is not meet
To offer SHAKESPEARE contradiction,
But *Rose* would not be half so sweet
If she appeared as *Liz* in fiction!
Observe the author: notice well
How "cabin'd" (if not "cribbed")
his skill is;

When all goes as a marriage-bell,
Some *Tom* or *Dick* may mate with *Phyllis*;
But no such careless names will do
If Ma says "No" and sides with his Pa;
'Tis *Mary* then and thoughtful *Hugh*
Who weep o'er rings engraven *Mizpah*.
And though the hero travels where
New England keeps her choicest Misses,
We still can breathe the Old World air
If 'tis a *Dorothy* he kisses!
And if at times the tale is thin,
Our author's trick (and what trick's apter?)
Is just to drag a villain in
To give a *Philip* to the chapter.
"May is a pious fraud," while *Beth*
Is shy and somewhat prone to "falter";
Anna (in books) is "true till death";
Hal's as unstable quite as *Walter*;

Kitty and *Madge* alike assume
A manner that is rather goey;
Round *Janet* clings the faint perfume
Vaguely suggestive of old *Chloe*.

A *Barbara* who is not proud
Would simply flabbergast the critic;
A fickle *Ruth* would strike a crowd
Of Constant Readers paralytic:
Yet for this pseudonymic law
I have an honest admiration,
For here, at least, no scribe can draw
Carte Blanche on his imagination!

Physician, heal thyself.

"Many Labour speakers in their desire to make their orations as forceful as possible have been known to coin some very sparkling gems in the way of mixed metaphors."

The Tattler.

"WANTED, two Violins and Piano (ladies)."
Keble's Gazette.

We have a little girl flute we should be glad to sell, if that would do, but our concertina is a gentleman.

A ONE-GIRL SHOW.

Her Father, the new play at the Haymarket, has been adapted from the French by Mr. MICHAEL MORTON. It must be great fun to be an adaptor, and Mr. MORTON must have enjoyed his work immensely; but I am afraid he has not been completely successful. Luckily I have an idea for him.

He started off well. "Her father" in the original was an architect. Now we don't care much about architects in England, but we do like a lord. So Mr. MORTON gave the fellow a title—*Lord Claremont*. The lover was turned into a baronet—*Sir Claude Trehmayne*. Good. Now what can be done for the *Rigoley-Fanes*? A "Hon.," a simple "Hon.," at least.

Having Englished the characters successfully, Mr. MORTON turned to the plot. Here he was in a perfect sea of troubles. French Law (I don't know whose fault it is, but it makes it extremely awkward for adaptors) is different from English Law. Now the whole play turns on a point of law. *Mrs. Forster* had obtained a judicial separation from her husband eighteen years ago. Her baby had just been born, and the Court gave her the custody of the child for eleven months in the year; but in the month of June it was to be packed up and sent to Mr. *Forster*. (Mr. *Digby*, the solicitor, would have put it better than that.) Whether this is good law or not I cannot say; but somehow I do not see an English Judge ordering a babe of six months to spend June away from its mother. However, we need not worry about that. The point is that when the child, *Irene*, is eighteen years old, the father (now *Lord Claremont*) suddenly turns up and claims his month.

Irene has never seen her father; *Mrs. Forster* has never forgiven him. The mother and daughter swear they will never, never, never be parted from each other. Besides, *Irene* has just become engaged to *Frank Morris*, a very attractive young man. But Mr. *Digby* puts the case for the claimant so strongly that *Mrs. Forster* has to submit. Off goes *Irene* to Berkeley Square.

You guess, of course, what happens. The girl who came to hate her father remains to love. Also, I am afraid, she forgets *Frank* (she never had really cared for him, you know), and loses her heart to *Sir Claude*. When she returns to Hampstead and *Mrs. Forster*, *Lord Claremont* goes

with her, and there is a pretty reconciliation scene to end up.

Let us return to Mr. MORTON. At some moment in his work of adaptation a horrible thought must have struck him. Has an English Court power over a girl of eighteen? Or does it only last until she is sixteen years of age? We can imagine Mr. MORTON wrestling with this problem; staying awake o' nights; finally obtaining expensive legal advice. And then we can imagine him saying, "Well, hang it, there'll be no play at all if I've got to alter that. I'm dashed if I do. . . . Besides, what does the English public know or care about law?"

I think he was wise. Because, if



Two men of the world, noted for their charm of manner, putting a maiden at her ease.

Lord Claremont Mr. Bourchier.
Sir Claude Trehmayne . . Mr. Cyril Keightley.
Irene Forster Miss Marie Loehr.

we had not had this play, we should not have seen Miss MARIE LOEHR as *Irene*. I am almost afraid to say what I think of her—her prettiness and charm (which, after all, is her own affair), and her delicate acting (which as a free-seater was mine). But I shall tell Mr. MORTON my idea.

It is this. Why not have Miss LOEHR on the stage all the time? In the First Act, for instance, when *Mrs. Forster* and *Frank* are having dull explanations, which only we are supposed to hear, Miss LOEHR might be arranging the flowers in the back room, with the door open. (Of course she would be too honourable to listen.) That would make the First Act complete. The Second would be more difficult, but I think it could be done. The stage would have to be divided into two parts—one side the Berkeley Square house, with *Lord Claremont* waiting for his daughter, and telling his friends

about her; the other a compartment of the tube, containing Miss LOEHR on her way from Hampstead. . . . And so on. Do you see the idea, Mr. MORTON?

I must say a few words about the others. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON I last saw as *Mrs. Clandon*, a similar part to that of *Mrs. Forster*. In both cases my sympathies were all with the man. In *You Never Can Tell* that was perhaps right; in *Her Father* I am not sure that they should have been. As an injured woman Miss WATSON is always so austere; her voice is so—so righteous. That may be her interpretation of *Mrs. Forster*, but I don't think it is the right one. *Mrs. Forster*, in telling her story to *Frank*, has to break down and cry; in reproaching *Irene* for letting herself care for her father, to wail (in the charmingly unreasonable way of women), "You don't love me any more. No, don't talk to me. You don't love me any more." Miss WATSON's *Mrs. Forster* would never have cried, would never have been unreasonable.

Mr. BOURCHIER's performance as the father was another fine piece of acting misplaced. Now and then (I am awfully sorry) *Lord Claremont* struck me as rather a bouncer. Perhaps he was. But *Irene*, who had already detected lapses in *Frank* which nobody else could see, certainly would not have liked a bouncer for a father. Mr. MARSH ALLEN as *Frank* was charming; but then if he was really a bit of an outsider Mr. ALLEN should not have been so charming.

And so where are we now? I don't know. No one of the interpretations seems to fit in with all of the others. But if you go to the Haymarket to see *Her Father* (as of course you will) it will not really be to see Her father, or Her mother, or Her lover, or anybody else. It will just be to see Her. M.

"A lady who was visiting Monte Carlo for the first time desired to try her luck at the tables, and being undecided as to what number to choose, she asked a friend to settle for her. 'Put it on your own age,' was the reply. So accordingly the louis was placed on number 25. When the croupier announced 'quarante!' that poor lady's discomfiture told its own tale."

With great deference to the authoress who contributed this story to *The Daily Mail*, we do not believe it. And we are surprised that she should imperil her immortal soul for the sake of four paltry pips, when *trente-six* would have done almost as well as *quarante*, and at the same time would have had the crowning merit of being one of the actual numbers employed in roulette.

THE LAST LINE IN EDUCATION.

It may be assumed that the Limerick is already the only literary form in which the rising generation can be expected to express its thoughts with fluency and grace. The following examples, therefore, of the right method of compiling grammars, readers, and examination papers for primary and secondary schools are offered for the use of teachers. They aim at combining the subjects of the ordinary curriculum with practical training in the only lucrative career.

I.—ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Complete the following stanza, and state what poet wrote the less compoundious original:—

Oh Attic receptacle! oh
Chaste ornament made long ago!
Be a lesson to youth
That Beauty is Truth,

* * * * *

II.—GENERAL AND HISTORICAL.

Fill in.

Who signed Magna Charta? * * *
Where do bayonets come from? * * *
What monarch is wiser
Than SOLON? * * *

Who wrote the best ballads? * * *
The last two questions are for advanced students only.

III.—ALGEBRA.

$$112 - b$$

$$+ 79 - c$$

(Where $b = 7$, $c = 11$)

* * * * *

IV.—ARITHMETIC.

If a pot of green gooseberry jam
Weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ kgm.,

Falls out of a flat

On a gentleman's hat,

Deduce his remarks on it * * * *

WE LIVE AND LEARN.

THE greatest excitement has been caused by the discovery—gleaned from an interview with Dr. B. P. GRENFELL, the Egyptologist, printed in *The Daily Mail*—that in ancient Egypt social life went on more or less as it does now. One of the wonderful papyri unearthed at Oxyrhynchus runs thus: "Chaeremon invites you to dine with him at the table of the Lord Serapis in the Serapem to-morrow, which is the 15th of the month, at nine o'clock." Such testimony to the modern habits of the ancient Egyptians has naturally sent a thrill through the impressionable heart of Carmelite Street. Think of it—the ancient Egyptians ate and gave parties!



THE BIRTHRIGHT OF ART.

Police Constable (to small boy having a free view of football match). "NOW THEN, DOWN YER COME."

Small Boy. "GARN! I'D 'AVE YER TO KNOW MY FARTHER 'ELPED TO TAR THESE BOARDS."

Here is another of Dr. GRENFELL'S discoveries: "Herais invites you to dine with her at the marriage of her children in her house to-morrow, which is the 5th, at nine o'clock." They married, too, these wonderful people!

Dr. GRENFELL, in a further interview which he granted to ourselves, has told us several things which he dared not trust to the youthful yet brainy emissary of our sprightly contemporary. It seems that, again on the evidence of these papyri, the ancient Egyptians kept and revered cats, and, what is more remarkable, these cats had kittens. Egyptian society was divided, much like our own, into rich and poor; some of the populace were shopkeepers; politics and religion had a part in their lives; they played games; and

when they died they had funerals. It is all almost too incredible, yet Dr. GRENFELL assures us that it is true. More, they read books, and, indeed, stored a large number in the library at Alexandria, which unhappily was not only burned but was not insured. The ladies wore jewellery, the children had toys. In fact, the only thing in which the ancient Egyptians seem to have been poorer than ourselves was in the lack of a daily press in which the renaissance of wonder is an every-day occurrence.

"He was also a great lover of birds, and used to do a trade in catching and training wild birds to sing, and then selling them in the Liverpool Market."—*Formby Gazette*.

It was all very well to dissemble his love, but why did he catch them and sell them in the Liverpool market?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Sheaves* (HEINEMANN) Mr. E. F. BENSON returns to his old form. His books had been falling off sadly; the tone had got more morbid, the writing had grown more and more careless; and in *The House of Defence* even his dialogue seemed to have lost the gay sparkle which had once characterised it. But *Sheaves* is quite in his best style: I should put it next to *The Challoners* and *Limitations*. The subject of the story is the love of a young man for a middle-aged but still beautiful woman. *Hugh Grainger* marries *Edith Allbutt*, in spite of her fears for the future when she is old and he is still only in his prime. But Mr. BENSON does not solve the problem for us; for *Edith* dies of consumption. (One day Mr. BENSON will give us a story without a disease in it.) *Hugh*, by the way, is a wonderful singer; *Edith* an extraordinarily successful play wright. Generally I cannot believe in such people, but Mr. BENSON quite persuades me. In fact he could almost persuade me of anything, if he would only keep to this level of excellence.

Hazarding a guess at the genesis of *Graham of Claverhouse* (JOHN MURRAY) I should say it was an early effort of IAN MACLAREN'S, possibly touched up with the ripper skill of advancing years. Certainly neither in style nor in the gift of characterization has it anything in common with *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, with which is firmly rooted the fame of the novelist. *Claverhouse's* body-servant, the Lowland Scot, is most nearly akin to studies from *Drumtochty*. For the rest, including the hero—our old friend "Bonnie Dundee," in whose memory there has through more than two centuries been much filling up of the cup, also of the can—the men and women of the story are a bit stagey. The author does not seem to have quite made up his mind whether he should write a biography or a novel. Perhaps the former would have been better. Certainly the finest chapter in the book is one in which he, unrestrainedly falling into biographical form, presents a vivid character-sketch of CLAVERTHOUSE as he moved and fought, hunted out and, for the love of God, hanged Covenanters.

In Mr. ST. JOHN ADCOCK'S land—
The World that Never Was—one meets
(Or so, at least, I understand)
Only such folk as venture out
When you and I are not about—

When we, in fact, are neatly packed
At rest between the sheets.

On such occasions come to view,
A-walking up and down the roads
(At least, I understand they do),
The statues and the folk who stare
From poster hoardings everywhere,
And sport till morn returns to warn
Them back to their abodes.

Delightfully their tale is told
(Published by GRIFFITHS), and if one,
Grown sceptical with age, makes bold
To doubt, why, he himself could name
A score of youngsters who'd exclaim
"It's simply fine!" nor doubt a line
Until the end was won.

In pantomime, of course, where even a baron's off-

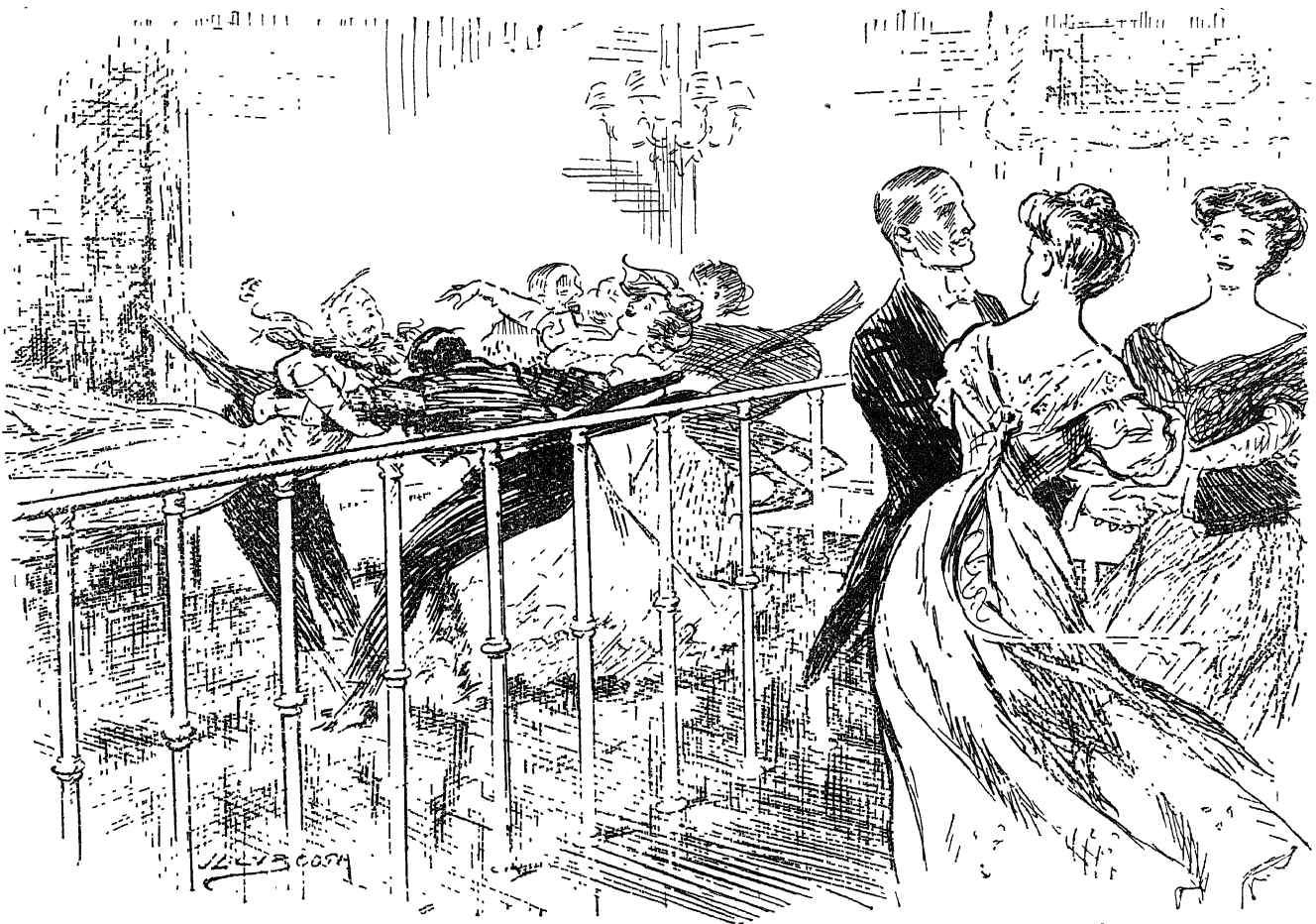
spring are not remarkable for family resemblance, no one objects to hearing *Cinderella* talk like *Kate Nickleby*, and her sisters like *Fanny Squeers*. But in Upper Norwood, and what purports to be real life, it is not a little surprising. The heroine of Mr. FRED WHISHAW'S *A New Cinderella* (JOHN LONG) is *Mary*, who does all the housework: her sisters *Millicent* and *Ruby* are flighty and vain, their sole occupation being the pursuit of rather elusive princes in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. This is a specimen of *Millicent's* conversation: "For all sakes



ONE ADVANTAGE OF OUR CLIMATE.

don't you go letting it get further. Henry and I have had a quarrel. . . If he comes on bended knee I'm not going to listen to him—oh, never again! No, thank you, I'm not taking any more, Henry." And this of *Mary's*: "I think you would say he is very gentlemanly—in the widest sense, I mean, and that covers a great deal of ground, doesn't it?" What wonder that, endowed with the three graces of grammar, goodness and gentility, *Mary* romps home anyhow. As a matter of fact she has two admirers—one over sixty, but both well-to-do—marries the old gentleman first, and is afterwards re-claimed as a widow by her early love. It is very hard to make this type of suburban romance deeply interesting from a serious point of view; and I don't know whether anyone, except perhaps Mr. PETT RIDGE, could do it. But the "wicked sisters" at least seem a faithful representation, and, considering that they have the name of *Jellibee* to get away from, are not much to be blamed for their carryings-on.

"THE MAN OF ROSS,"—Captain CLIVE, M.P.



LONG- FELT WANTS.

A RAILED OFF SPACE FOR "PLUNGERS."

MUSICAL NOTES.

MR. HORNING in his new play *Stingaree* lays peculiar stress on the passionate love of music which dominates all circles of antipodean society. This is borne out by the recent epoch-making concert tour of Count and Countess RUMMERLEY KENFORD, of which a full account has been compiled by Mr. P. F. WARNUNG. Perhaps the most extraordinary adventure of all was that which befell them on the voyage from Yokohama to Adelaide. A charity concert had been organised for the benefit of the Stokers and Donkey-engine Drivers' Widows and Orphans Fund, at which the Count and Countess had kindly consented to officiate. The talented pair were singing *The Night Hymn at Sea*, when an extraordinary commotion was heard overhead, and two magnificent cachalots, who had leapt on board, attracted by the divine melody, hurled themselves down the companion ladder, and without any

formal introduction burst into the crowded saloon. The audience were moved to tears, and the cachalots, blubbering profusely, presented the diva with an exquisite bouquet of seaweed.

Hardly less extraordinary was the experience of the Count and Countess on their arrival at Woolloomoolloo. Their concert was in full swing when an elderly kangaroo, who had been accommodated with a *fauteuil* in the front row of the stalls, rose, and in expressive marsupial pantomime besought the Countess to sing *Home, Sweet Home*. Needless to say the request was at once granted, amid thunders of applause, the kangaroo officiating as accompanist with commendable dexterity.

The fondness of the New South Walians for music has long been proverbial, and is only equalled by their passion for cricket. Happily an opportunity was found for gratifying both these tastes in the match be-

tween Sydney and the famous *I Stingari* Club, for which Count KENFORD kindly consented to play. In the second innings of the *Stingari* an extraordinary incident occurred. Count KENFORD hit a ball to mid on, and simultaneously began to sing BRAHMS' "Four Serious Songs" with such astonishing break of tone that the whole field were hypnotised, and the batsmen ran 114 before the ball was returned to the bowler.

The results of the tour may be thus summed up. Seventeen bush-rangers have abandoned their calling and adopted the musical profession. Forty-one aborigines have changed their names to RUMMERLEY or KENFORD. Sixteen wallabies have died from excess of rapture at hearing the efforts of the great artists. The record is, on the whole, most satisfactory, but the Count and Countess make no secret of their disappointment at not being kidnapped by the Mazawattee Indians, as happened to Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER last year.

HINTS ON BRIDGE.

BY DRUCE-PORTLAND.

I CANNOT impress upon my readers too strongly the paramount necessity of watching the fall of the cards. People who, after playing a card, take up a book or a hand-mirror or stroll about the room by way of distraction, till it is their turn to play again, seldom finish in the front rank. It was my privilege once to watch a game of bridge being played upon the ruins of San Francisco, shortly after the earthquake; and I noticed that one of the players produced no fewer than four aces of trumps during the course of a single hand. It would have been impossible for this irregularity to have been overlooked if his opponents had been carefully watching the fall of the cards. I remember asking a lady partner, more in a tone of curiosity than of reproach, why she had chosen to lead the one particular card which threw the rest of the game—a no-trump declaration—into the hands of our opponents. She replied that she had been busy wondering how she was to get her luggage on board the liner next day. I felt a profound admiration for the rare candour of her explanation, but her case affords a terrible example of the danger of allowing one's thoughts to wander.

On the other hand, I have known a man to watch the fall of the other players' cards so carefully that he never noticed what he was playing from his own hand, with the consequence that he seldom revoked less than six times an hour. He became unpopular, and eventually abandoned the pursuit of Bridge.

It is not enough to watch the fall of the cards. You must make deductions from your observations. Some people merely notice what cards are out, and do not deduce from their absence what cards are still left in. Yet this deduction is really a quite simple mental process; and the strain on the memory becomes less and less as the game advances, till finally you can tell with consummate ease what are the four cards that remain (including your own), even though you may not have the faintest notion where they lie.

But the process of deduction should go still further. Thus, from the fact that a player has not followed suit, even a moderate performer may hazard the conclusion that he has no more cards of that design. A higher stage is reached when, for instance, from the playing of an ace by the third hand during the first round of a suit you deduce that he either does or does not hold the King, according as he has played a false or an orthodox card.

Here the question of character comes in. Before a man will permit himself to play a false card, he must have sunk to a certain level of depravity. It is therefore advisable not only to watch the fall of a man's cards, but also the decline, if any, of his moral standard.

This observance of what I shall call Bridge-character is a very essential matter. I can illustrate my point from a game played by an acquaintance whom I may, I hope without offence, describe as Z. His opponents (shall we say A and B?) had already been diagnosed by him on previous occasions; they belonged to the type that never itself commits a revoke, and only detects it (or anything else) in others when the circumstances are peculiarly flagrant. His partner (Y) was a perfect stranger. Z knew nothing of him, except that he had the outward bearing of an imbecile. Dummy (B) had won the first round of hearts with the King and returned a small one. The second round was taken by A with the Queen. A fresh suit was now led, but not before Z, carefully watching the fall of the cards, had

made the deduction that the Ace also lay with A. Two small hearts remained in Dummy's hand, and two even smaller in his own (Z's). Z therefore made the further deduction that his partner had no more of that suit. Accordingly he took the first opportunity of leading a third round of hearts for his partner to rough A's Ace. Judge of his surprise when A roughed his heart, and was over-trumped by Y. Z at once began to deduce very smartly. He deduced that his partner had had the Ace all the time, that it was on the outside of his hand, and had been mistaken for a blank card, its solitary pip being obscured by his fat thumb. A revoke therefore had been made; and a less intelligent student of Bridge-character would at once have called out to his partner, "Having no heart?" Not so Z. He swiftly gathered the trick (which gave them the odd and took them out), and saying, "We don't want any more, do we, partner?" threw the rest of his hand across the table (he would have lost all these last tricks, anyhow), and in the general confusion the revoke escaped notice.

I say nothing about the morality of Z's behaviour; I only say that he had a keen flair for Bridge-character, and was a brilliant deducer. Some people instinctively carry their observations beyond the point of mere utility for the purposes of Bridge; after a few hands they can tell you what are the dominating influences and motives in the lives of the other players: this one is a confirmed agnostic; this professing bachelor has a married establishment in the suburbs; this woman leads a treble life.

It is a superb gift; but it may always be acquired by dogged industry and application.

A correspondent, signing himself "Gunner," sends me an account of an excellent little invention to take the place of the living voice, and do away with the risk of vocal insinuations when a player has to declare a suit or convey any other permissible intelligence.

It consists of an electric indicator, worked by levers on a junction-board attached to the Bridge-table, and it causes certain phrases in common use—such as, "No trumps;" "I leave it to you;" "This must positively be the last rubber, as it is past 3 a.m., and I am lunching with a Bishop at the Athenæum"—to appear momentarily in bright red letters through the green baize.

My correspondent also suggests an alternative in the form of Gramophone Bridge Records by well-known artistes, and he speaks very highly of Madame TETRAZINI's "I make it diamonds"; Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN's "Having no more?"; Miss MARIE LLOYD's "I double"; and Mr. HARRY LAUDER's "How's that for a revoke?"

O. S.

"Mr. Birrell's reply was full of 'obliter dictet.'"

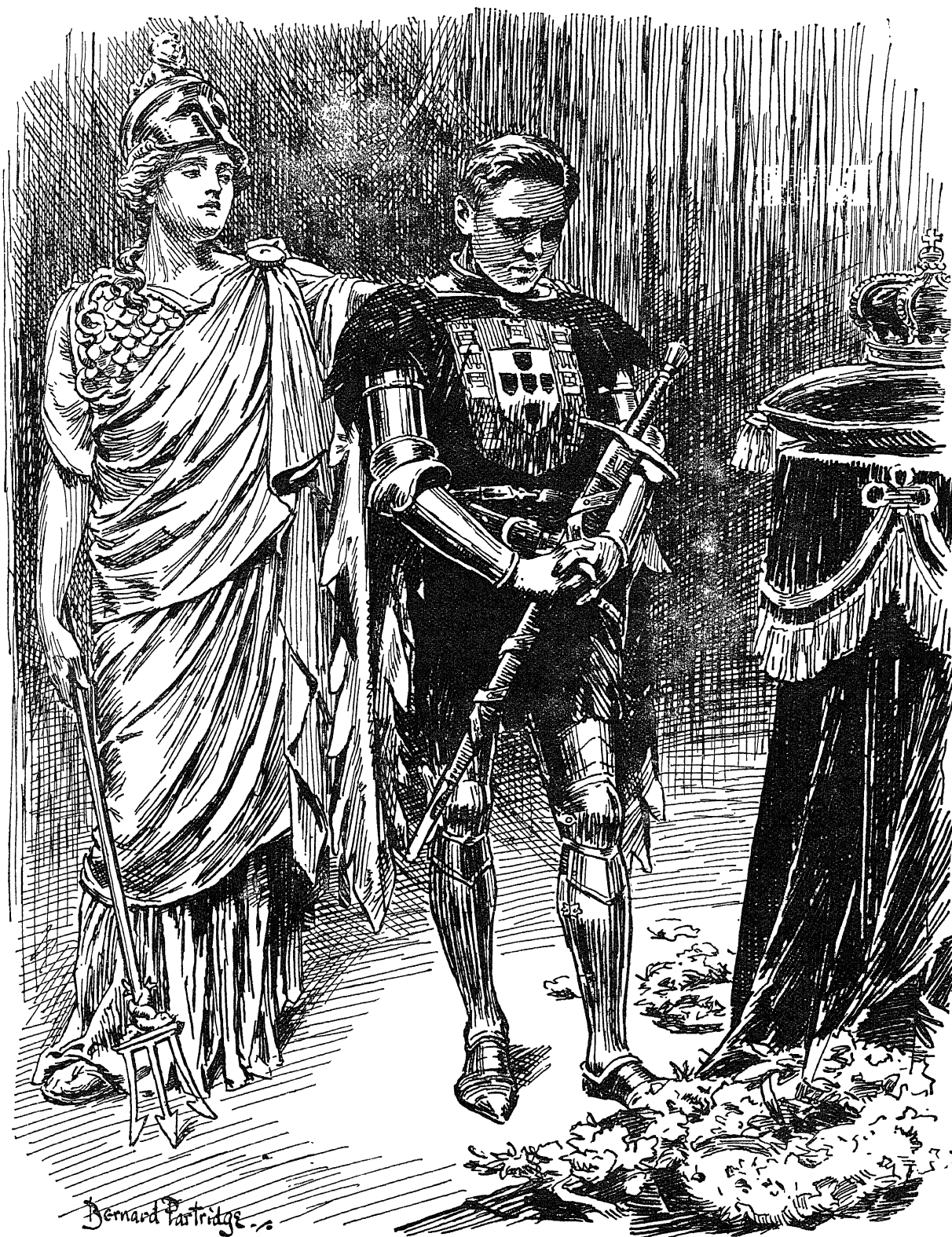
Eastern Daily Press

Printer's Reader: I'm not much at these foreign languages. Are you sure that's right?

Editor of the Eastern Daily Press: Well, yes, it does look a bit funny in print. But I've heard lots of people say it, you know.

"The Council of the Senate of Cambridge University has submitted a proposal to hold a Darwin celebration next year, in which will fall the anniversary of his birth and that of the publication of *The Origin of Species*."—*The Morning Post*.

Other anniversaries occurring will be those of the Battle of Thermopylæ and our tortoise's second marriage. Altogether a remarkable year.



“COURAGE!”



Picture dealer (to very "valuable" client). "THERE, SIR. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR A GAINSBOROUGH?"

Client. "WHAT—THAT A GAINSBOROUGH?"

Dealer. "WELL, SIR, NOT QUITE THE CLASS OF GAINSBOROUGH I SHOULD SHOW YOU!"

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[Owing to absence of mind on the part of the Duchess, the Duke and Duchess of BATTLEDOWN have lost their only son, aged eight months. They take certain measures for his recovery; but the child has in the meantime been secreted by the ducal coachman, Mr. WILLIAM OATES, in an animal repository in Seven Dials belonging to Mrs. OATES *mère*. Mr. OATES being himself a bachelor, Mrs. OATES resolves to take care of the infant Earl of BRASENOSE.]

PART III.

MEANWHILE the valet and the maid had flown to Scotland Yard.

The Chief Inspector there they saw and plied him very hard

With facts about the infant Earl and guesses of their own,

Explaining how the Duchess came to take him out alone. The Chief Inspector took his notes; he rang the usual bell:

"A funny start," he said it was, "a rummy go" as well:

"We'll search the country up," he said, "and then we'll search it down;

We'll paste ten thousand bills about in every part of town;

We'll do whatever can be done. Should Fate these efforts foil,

There's always left," he said, and smiled, "Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE."

With that he bowed the valet out; he gave the maid a wink—

Of all polite Inspectors he was certainly the pink. They both remarked "So long," and then sped back to Belgrave Square, And nothing more was heard about the little missing heir.

The Earl in the Seven Dials grew,
As babies everywhere mostly do.

He seemed to find it a treat to live
On the best that the Dials had to give—
Such as crusts and meat and a dash of gin
In his bottle of milk, to keep him thin.

For Mrs. OATES had a simple plan
For rearing a right down healthy man:
"Whatever," she said, "is good for me
Is good enough for the likes of he."

She never spanked, but she petted him,
And humoured his every infant whim.
The neighbours wondered at first and smiled
At the tales she told them about the child:
For she said that once, when her shop was full,
She had missed a puppy, a brindled bull;

And later on, when the crowd dispersed,
And when in a rage
She searched the cage,
Instead of the pup
The babe turned up,

All properly dressed and nicely nursed.

"I hadn't the heart," she said, "to out him; And that's as much as I know about him."

Obeying precedent, the years went on
And passed away; the child, obeying, too,
The rule of children, or, at least, of males,
Grew, as I said, and so became a boy.
He had the name of THOMAS: MRS. OATES
Once had an uncle who adorned that name,
And she bestowed it on the stolen Earl.
His rightful names were six: ALOYSIUS
OTHO FITZWYGRAM RUPERT ARTHUR CHARLES;
But now as TOMMY OATES he shared the fun
Of streets and gutters, and he came to know
How many beans make five; he sucked at ease
The juicy orange or the brandy-ball.
Tip-cats he knew and played; full many an eye
He did endanger, and to sundry hats
Of those who wandered by incautiously
A dent he gave, but minded not at all.
The whirling boxwood of the top he whipped;
The peg-top, too, he very deftly spun,
And raised it in his palm, and tossed it up,
And caught and tossed it spinning yet again.
And language, too, he learnt, the English tongue
As men and women speak it in the Dials:—
"Blimey," he said, or "Bust my bloomin' eyes,"
"Not arf," and "Ain't she got 'em on to-night!"
"This 'ere's a beano," when he would imply
That joy and revelry were holding sway—
And many spicy bits of insolence
And repartees as fruity as the vine
That grows in far Oporto's tinted fields.
All these he knew, and much he knew beside:
The lore of birds and beasts, the care of dogs,
And how to groom a Persian kitten's coat.
(To be concluded.)

THE ETIQUETTE OF CALLING ON CABINET MINISTERS.

(As arranged for Ladies intending to join the Woman's Freedom League.)

BY AN AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT.

When and where to call.

As soon as possible after your admission to the League you will be expected to call upon the various members of the Cabinet at their private residences. To neglect this duty on the pretext of not having an appointment would betray gross ignorance of the usages current in the Society to which you have aspired. Be careful not to call later than 9 a.m. At this hour a Cabinet Minister is almost certain to be at home—whether instructions have been given to deny it or not. And he may be delighted to see you. You never know.

What to wear.

Almost any style of costume may be worn on these occasions. The less elaborate it is, the better. "Tammies," fur jackets, and short skirts are perhaps most suitable, while stout walking-boots with double soles are *de rigueur*. You will see why presently.

Number of callers.

Calls should not be made *singly*. This is *never* done. As many should call together as can arrange to do so. The more the merrier. The majority, however, will remain on the pavement, while three of the party, selected for the superior stoutness of their boots, ascend the steps. One of the trio will now knock, while the other two ring, and this should be continued until it succeeds in attracting attention from within. But kicking the

panels—except in cases when at least five minutes have elapsed without response—is a social solecism which cannot be too carefully avoided.

How to behave to the butler.

It is not necessary to explain to the butler what you have come about. He will quite understand. If, as is not unlikely, he assures you that it is absolutely out of the question for the Minister to receive you at that moment, you will infer that he is either in his bath or still in bed. In either case you should waive your demand for an immediate interview. Tell the butler that, as a matter of grace, you are willing to allow his employer twenty minutes to dress. The door will probably be closed at this stage.

Employment of interval.

The interval will be spent in consultations with your colleagues and in haranguing the crowd which will by this time have collected. Also, should the front-door—like those of most London mansions—be of a sombre appearance, you may correct its lack of gaiety by attaching a coloured poster to the panels. This attention is sure to be highly appreciated. As soon as the twenty minutes are up, knock and ring once more.

Bannerette-leaving.

If the door remains unopened, the proper course is to leave a bannerette. This should be of glazed calico, as nearly white as possible, and bear the words, "Votes for Women," in plain black. Coloured or gilded lettering would be in the worst possible taste. It is more correct to have the inscription in the middle. The bannerette, after being well flourished, should be neatly rolled up and pushed through the letter-slit in the door. It would make a charming fire-screen, should the owner of the house be not already provided with one.

Other necessary amenities.

Should this act of courtesy meet with no acknowledgment, it may merely be because the people of the house are under the impression that you have gone away. Correct such a misapprehension to the best of your ability by a vigorous performance on the knocker and bells. After all, what are they there for, except to be used? Boots and umbrella-handles must also be used to emphasise the fact that you are still waiting patiently for an answer—until, in time, a police-sergeant may request you to move on, which you will, of course, firmly decline to do.

Of the 'Patent Andromeda Attachment.'

A fashion has come in, for callers who object to being hurried, of wearing a strong steel chain with patent spring-catch, by which they secure themselves to the area-railing. This is undeniably smart—but the means of releasing oneself at will should never be left at home. Otherwise you might find yourself in a rather awkward position should some Inspector be brutal enough to decline the risk of bruising you by employing force to sever your bonds.

Department to be observed during an interview.

If only you wait long enough, the Minister is certain to come out at last. You will have an excellent opportunity of interviewing him while he is passing from the door to his carriage. Give him air. It is inadvisable for more than two to hang on each of his arms at once, and the use of hat-pins—even to attract his attention or give point to your arguments—would imply a want of *savoir faire* which might impress him unfavourably.

You should endeavour to extract a promise from him that the Cabinet will immediately introduce a Bill for



MORE GEMS OF LANGUAGE.

Ethel. "WELL, GRAN, WE'VE HAD A TOPPING GAME. THE OTHER SIDE WERE BALLY ROTTEN AT THE START, BUT THEY BUCKED UP NO END, AND WE HAD A BIT OF A JOB TO LAY 'EM OUT."

Di. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST PIFFLING CREW OF FOOTLERS I'D EVER STRUCK. WE WERE SIMPLY ALL OVER 'EM, AND HAD 'EM IN THE CART IN NO TIME."

Women's Suffrage. If you succeed in this you may consider the result of your visit as, so far, satisfactory. But if—which is a great deal more probable—he meanly pretends that he has no authority to pledge the Cabinet, you will be quite at liberty to address him as "Coward" or "Villain" while he is driving off.

Concluding formalities.

All that will now be required for the successful discharge of this social function is to cajole a constable to take you into custody, and, should you attain this end and be afforded an opportunity of embracing martyrdom as a second-class misdemeanant, you may retire to prison with the proud consciousness of having done a glorious morning's work for your Cause.

After an interval, which should not exceed a month, or six weeks at most, the Call should be repeated.

F. A.

A Daniel come to Judgment.

From a letter in the *Whitby Gazette*:

"A woman has a woman for her mother, same as a man, and a girl is made to go to school same as a boy, and if a woman commits a crime she is punished by law same as a man, and so why not have a vote same as a man?"

The writer has quite got the idea, and in a little while will be a promising recruit to the Women's Social and Political Union.

RIGHTEOUS WRATH:

[Thoughts on reading "Goneaway's Race," and other Sporting Ballads for Recitation, by the author of "Kissing Cup's Race," described on the wrapper as "The Rage of the Season."]

WHEN the ballads are all of boys who're bust,
Broke, stony, or otherwise far gone;
Who've gambled like sin (this is couched, I trust,
In the regular sporting jargon);

When a hush comes over the gorgeous scene,
And the pace is (of course) a cracker,
And the heroine's turning pale, *unseen*,
Till you feel you would like to smack her;

When the clutch of debt is about his throat,
And the room, aha! is darkling,
And he collars the baby's five-pound note,
While the silvery moon is sparkling;

When the artless maid and the aristocrat . . .
(And so on, for fifty pages);

When the Season's confronted with stuff like that—
No wonder the poor thing Rages!

From a catalogue:

"The New Imitation Old Silver Embossed Metal 'Nouveau Art' Toilet Box."

We should know it anywhere.

DO HIM NOW.

I.

Anticipatory adages from Mr. Peter Keary's fourth volume in his famous Success Library, "The Secrets of Success;" "Get On or Get Out;" "Do it Now."

THE scissors are mightier than the pen.

**

When in doubt quote.

**

Think of this wonderful body of ours. Think of your hands, and remember that other people have pockets.

**

Do him now.

**

The world is full of many better things than money. But you can't get them without money. You won't get even a Bible without money. If you can't buy a Bible, steal it.

**

Keep your eyes on the gutter. At any moment there may be something worth picking up.

**

Do him thoroughly now.

**

CONFUCIUS in private life edited a half-penny paper.

**

MARCUS AURELIUS only pretended his wise passiveness; he was really a company promoter.

**

Never credit anything gentle or sweet.

**

If you make a doormat of yourself people will naturally step on you. Do the trampling first.

**

You will get cold feet if you stand about waiting for dead men's shoes. Kill them quick and have warm trotters.

**

Do him now and do him at sight.

**

That day is lost on which you cannot say as you get into bed, "I have bested someone."

**

Do him now, but do not overdo him. Wait till he gets some more money.

**

One-half the world is waiting for its chance to do the other half out of its job. Hustle and join the better half.

**

If a man fall down in a fit, take his watch—if it is a good one.

Nothing succeeds like success. Do him now.

**

Someone has got to be on top. Why not you? Do him now.

**

Don't worry about any little blemish that Providence has given you. MIDAS, the richest man of his day, had asses' ears.

**

Do not be particular about your tippie. There is always some fly in the ointment. CLEOPATRA drank pearls in her wine, and Lord ARMSTRONG takes diamonds in his Lemoinade.

**

Don't be afraid of growing old. ANDREW CARNEGIE has passed his seventieth birthday.

**

All men who put cloves in their mouths have cloven hoofs.

**

If a man tells you that he prefers a quiet life to a hustling one don't believe him. He is deceiving himself and you.

**

Paste is thicker than ink.

**

Now is the time to do him.

II.—A MAN WHO DID.

About the middle of the seventeenth century WILLIAM (afterwards Captain) KIDD was born in Scotland.

He could not get on in Scotland so he got out.

He never did absurd things, such as washing his neck twice a day, but from the very first paid his court to Success, the lady with the big, glad, welcome smile.

The last words his mother sobbed out to him at parting were "Make a Profit," and he never forgot them.

He said to himself, "Though I am a KIDD, I will be a man as well."

If he had stayed in Scotland he would have probably become a publican, but he went to the West Indies and became a privateer.

He never forgot the famous words of Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart.: "Remember, corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save."

Becoming a bold and skilful sailor he obtained the KING's commission to put down piracy.

He showed the pirates that two could play at their game. He did the KING in the eye. He was the Sunny Jim of the Western Main.

KIDD was no slobberer. He never got into the soup. He made piles of gold. He did not trample on the

weak. He simply made them walk the plank.

KIDD was a great man, but he lived too soon. He invented the hidden gold game, but there was no weekly paper to organise it properly.

It is true that he was hanged; but what of that? He had succeeded first. He was the foremost pirate of his time.

It is better to be successful and be hanged than to be a failure and die in a failure's bed.

KIDD's motto was, Do him now. Make it yours.

WHAT SOCIALISM REALLY MEANS.

BY ROBERT BLANDMAN.

[NOTE.—Articles on "Socialism in the Drawing Room," "The Socialistic View of the Sermon," "What Socialism will do for Mr. C," and "The Happy Socialist" have appeared elsewhere. For the benefit of those readers who wish to come to closer grips with the subject, we have made arrangements with an eminent Socialist to tell us what Socialism really means.—EDITOR.]

WHAT is Socialism? What will it do? Why are so many of the great minds of the day Socialists? How would a Socialist Government go to work if it were in power to-day? These are some of the questions which your Editor wishes me to answer for you.

First of all, then, what is Socialism? The ignorance which exists in the minds of Liberals and Tories alike over this simple question is appalling. Not only appalling, but criminal.

Suppose that you wanted an answer to the query "What is tapioca pudding?" How would you set about it? Well, I suppose you would first go to your cook. She would tell you, anyhow, the ingredients of the pudding. More, she would tell you how it was made, how served. There her knowledge would end. She could not give you any information as to its medicinal effects; for this you would have to go to your doctor. Your doctor (if you found him in) would add to your knowledge. He would tell you (for a trifling fee) that tapioca pudding was invaluable for invalids, easily digested, a strength-restorer. Good! You are learning! But if you are really desirous of knowing all about tapioca pudding you will not even stop here. On leaving your doctor you will go home to your library and turn to your *Encyclopædia Britannica* under T. Here you would become acquainted with the historical aspect of the matter—the origin of tapioca. And, perhaps at the end

of the day, you would really be in a position to give some sort of answer to the question "What is tapioca pudding?" You would not (and here is my point)—you would not dismiss it contemptuously as "milky sort of stuff with blobs in it."

Very well then. So far we have got on all right, and can understand each other. Now apply this to Socialism. How do our opponents dismiss this—I say it without fear—this enormous question of Socialism? Contemptuously, as "milky sort of stuff with blobs in it;" as, that is to say, a "share-and-share-alike concern," an "all-men-are-equal show." And having assumed that Socialism is this or that they proceed with a great flourish to prove how ridiculous it all is. They don't, as honest men would, consult their cook, their doctor, their Encyclopædia. They have not read my book "I Don't Think"; they do not subscribe to my paper *The Blast*. They have, in fact, taken no trouble at all to find out what Socialism really is.

"All men are equal." Where have I said that? Of course all men are not equal. Is ZBYSCO equal to LITTLE TICH? Hardly. He is bigger (is he not?) to start with. He is taller. He is more round the chest. He wrestles, I suppose, with more skill. On the other hand LITTLE TICH is, I take it, the more humorous companion; the lighter on his feet, the shorter, the less round the chest. Yet in face of all this our opponents go about saying that Socialism pre-supposes that all men are equal! It does nothing of the sort.

Refuting this sort of argument, however, is really too simple. Let us take something more difficult. A writer in a magazine makes parade of contesting MARX'S theory of economic values. Who is MARX? I have never read a line of him in my life. And do I believe in economic values? How could I? Who is to decide what is the economic value of any of us? What is HALL CAINE'S economic value as compared with that of ATLAS? Who is to settle between HARRY LAUDER and EUCLID? What is the economic value of MARX himself, whoever he is? The impossibility of answering these questions makes it evident that I do not believe in economic values.

But who said I ever did—except this magazine writer? I challenge him to find anything about it in my book "I Don't Think," or in my signed articles in *The Blast*.

Then what, you ask, do I believe? I will tell you. I believe in Socialism. Nay, I will say more. I



Lance (aged five—waking up). "OH, IT WAS A LOVELY DREAM! I WAS AT A BEAUTIFUL PARTY, AND THERE WERE LOTS OF LITTLE BOYS, AND I DREAMT——"

Oswald (aged four, anxiously). "WAS I THERE, LANCE?" (Lance shakes his head.) "Boohoo! Boohoo!"

will speak not only for myself, but for my brother Socialists. We all believe in Socialism, the regenerating force of the twentieth century.

But what is Socialism? What does Socialism really mean? Well, that is what I have been trying to explain. Once more I will make it clear even to the dullest intellect.

What is Socialism? Socialism is simply this—"England for the English"; or, to put it still better, "Britain for the British."

And what will Socialism do? Well, it will do this. It will make this a happy England, a contented England, a peaceful England. It will lend a strong hand to the suffering; it will raise the degraded. Under Socialism there will be no more

slums, no more unemployed. Under Socialism we shall dwell together in unity, loving each other. And this fair land of ours, this beloved England, will smile again, as it smiled in those far-off days, ere the labourer had fallen (to his honour) and the capitalist had risen (to his shame).

And how will it do this?

Well, I can but quote again the beautiful Socialist motto. Then you will understand.

"From each according to his strength; to each according to his needs."

There you have it all. A. A. M.

[NOTE.—Next week we may or may not publish a luminous article by Mr. HUBERT HYNDBLATCH, entitled "What Socialism really and truly does mean."—En.]



GOING IT IN LONDON.

Country Bride (with an air of inspiration). "OH, I SAY, DEAR, LET'S TELEPHONE!"
Bridegroom (joyfully). "YES, BY JOVE!—LET'S. WHO SHALL WE TELEPHONE TO?"

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY, in an article on the KAISER, describes him as "a wiry little man." Surely the time has arrived when one might drop all references to a telegram which we are sure the KAISER now regrets as much as any of us?

Mr. HARRY THAW received hundreds of letters of congratulation upon being pronounced a lunatic.

The writing on the wall! The Government majority, which stood two years ago at the huge total of 357, has now dwindled to a paltry 349.

The new Member for South Herefordshire, upon being asked whether he would give his support to the Bill for the Prevention of Premature Burial, stated that he could not give a definite pledge until "he had heard both sides discussed in the House." This is the first we have heard of a party in favour of Premature Burial.

Dr. STOKES, in a paper contributed to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, mentioned that the Cambridge "rag," which is popularly supposed to have originated less than twenty years ago, is really an institution at least seven hundred years old. This is a nasty blow for those who are always boasting of the progress of our Universities.

The advertisement of a certain Southampton hotel states that it is "midway between both stations." Rival establishments, we take it, are midway between one of the two stations only.

London music-hall managers are up in arms at a proposal by the L.C.C. to forbid persons to stand in the gangways, and they are determined not to take this sitting down.

Many books nowadays bear an advertisement of their contents on their wrappers. Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has extended the idea to the title of his new novel, which he personally describes as "Somehow Good."

The South-Eastern Railway, it is stated, has lost 2,250,000 passengers during the past half-year. We think, however, it is unduly pessimistic to look upon them as all lost merely because they have not turned up yet.

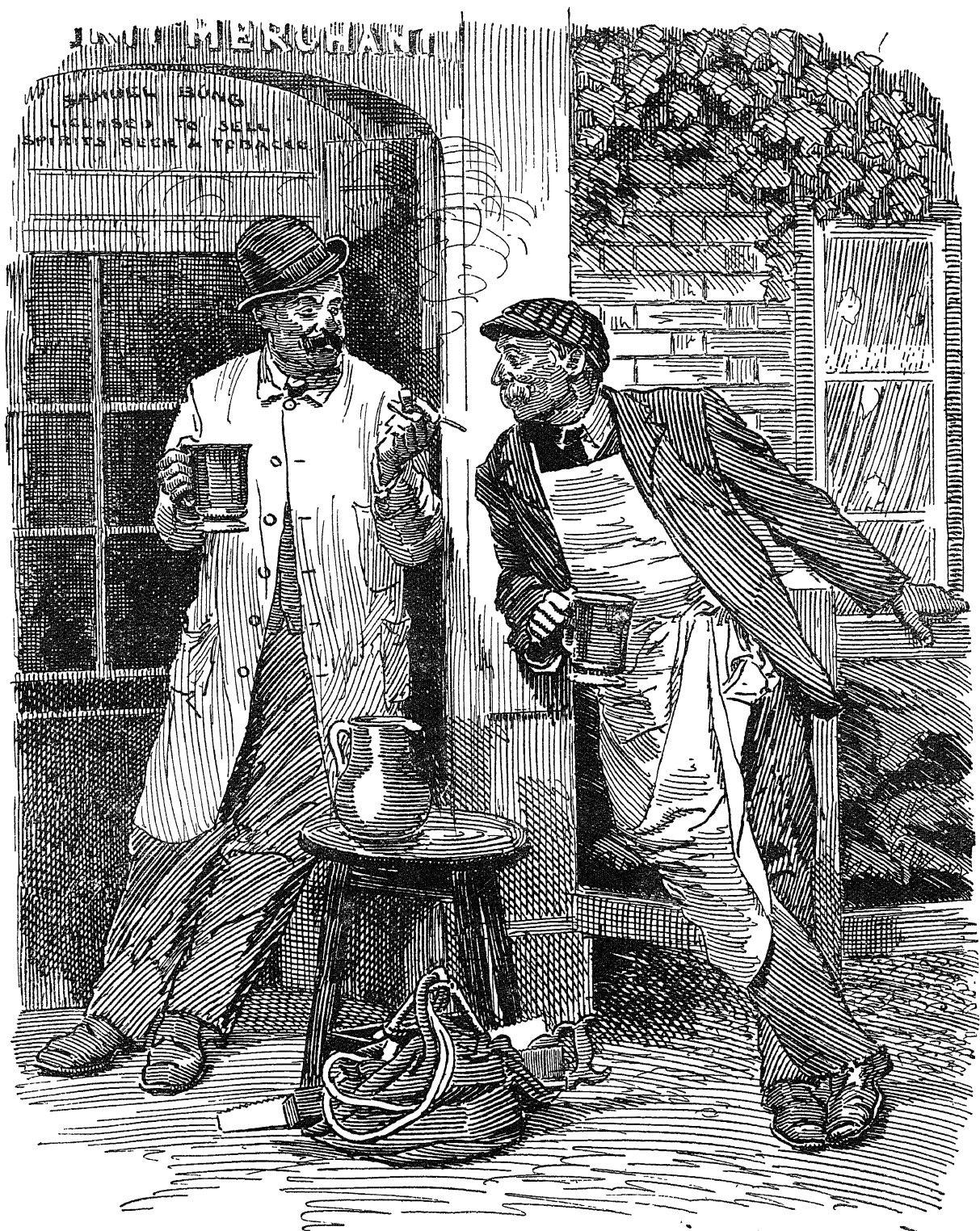
Pictures painted by convicts while undergoing terms of imprisonment are to be seen in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, says *The Daily Mail*. Our contemporary might have gone on to draw attention to the grave scandal that artists who paint much worse pictures are allowed to be at large.

"Dress bows should be self-tied," says an authority on Men's Fashions. That is just what many of us are asking for—the bow which will tie itself.

"The police reported among their miscellaneous duties 9,794 defective lamps, and 1,218 lost children restored to their parents."

North Mail.

It is dreadful to think how many parents turn their lamps and step-lamps into the street without visible means of subsistence.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FIRST TOPER (*discussing Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill*). "DOES HE WANT TO STOP OUR BEER?"

SECOND TOPER. "NOT LIKELY. IF HE DO, 'OW'S 'E GOIN' TO GET THE MONEY FOR OUR OLD AGE PENSIONS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE LITTLE "VICTIMS" (OF LAST WEEK'S CARTOON OF "THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER") SHOW FIGHT.

(Lord R-b-t C-c-l, Mr. McK-mna, Mr. W-l-t-r L-ng, Mr. B-y-r-ll, and Mr. Ch-pl-n.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 3.—It is written in history that when Mr. Toots was still a pupil in Dr. Blimber's educational establishment he occupied his time in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex." These he carefully preserved in his desk, occasionally took out, and re-read with pleased concern.

SWIFT MACNEILL, recalling this incident, held interesting conversation with the SPEAKER with reference to case of Member for North-west Meath, just now in jail on conviction of contempt of court in connection with cattle-driving. The

lineal descendant (by a collateral branch) of the late Dean SWIFT suggested to SPEAKER that Mr. GINNELL might be supplied with Parliamentary papers and reports just as if he were in residence at home, instead of in a building registered as his Majesty's.

The SPEAKER, ever ready to oblige, assented. "But," he added with habitual caution, "whether he be permitted to receive them is a matter over which I have no control."

SWIFT MACNEILL explained what was desired was that the imprisoned patriot should have the papers in order that he might take intelligent interest in what was going on at

Westminster, might write letters and conduct his correspondence without prying interposition on part of prison authorities. Held out pleasing prospect of Mr. GINNELL occasionally cheering SPEAKER's breakfast-table with a letter. SPEAKER so evidently mollified by this prospect that the adroit SWIFT pressed matter a little further.

"Might not Mr. GINNELL," he asked, "be allowed in his retirement to draw up questions in the usual manner addressed to Chief Secretary or other Minister, and have them printed on the paper?"

"Ah, there you have me," said the SPEAKER—not of course precisely

in those words, but with that purport.

If the prison authorities didn't object to Mr. Toots (I mean Mr. GINNELL) writing out questions and forwarding them per post, the SPEAKER had no objection to their appearance on the paper, "provided," he added, thinking aloud, as to amusement of the House his not infrequent habit is, "it does not presuppose or necessitate the appearance of the hon. member here."

If Mr. GINNELL's name appeared on question paper in the ordinary manner, the SPEAKER must, when his turn came, call upon him by name, well knowing that after his exertions with other people's cattle pastured in his native land he was enjoying a period of rest in a neighbouring country.

"Which," added the SPEAKER, happily quoting Euclid, "would be absurd."

In the end it was agreed that Mr. GINNELL might write letters to himself or to other public persons, pose St. AUGUSTINE with searching questions "arising out of that answer," and generally enjoy himself. Whether within walls of House of Commons anything would be heard of correspondence or questions quite another thing.

On drear night this little episode gave huge delight. As far as *dramatis personæ* concerned the duologue was perfect. Below the gangway SWIFT MACNEILL, emphasising his question by shaking his fist at the Clerk at the Table, now and then abruptly stopping to slay with haughty stare a jeering Ulster Member above gangway; in the Chair the gowned and wigged SPEAKER, with imperturbable countenance, slowly making reply which, without obvious intent or apparent self-consciousness, brought out the absurdity of the situation.

Business done.—State of Ireland debated in both Houses.

Tuesday night.—C.-B. back again. Came in midway through Questions. Greeted with rousing cheer from the Ministerialists; demonstration repeated when he rose to answer question; renewed when he appeared at Table to move resolution deploring the murder of the KING OF PORTUGAL and the CROWN PRINCE.

This last a duty most trying to a Leader. Equal danger of overdoing it or of falling short in due measure of emotional speech. Happily the House possesses in Leaders on both sides masters of the art. Differing in style, they equally rise to the situation. PRINCE ARTHUR, alack! still



THE VICTOR OF MID-DEVON.

This gentleman, with that modesty which is peculiar to Members of Parliament, attributes his own triumphant election "to the growing intelligence of the electors."

(Captain Cl-ve.)

confined to his room, was unable to follow with pleasing contrast of method and manner the simple passages in which C.-B. bewailed the dead and sympathised with the living.



THE SUPPRESSFRIGATES.

A suggestion to Sir J-hn Br-n-n-r and others who are determined to economise on the Navy. Why not lash themselves to the railings outside the Admiralty? It couldn't do any harm, and we could go and look at them every now and then.

Another day with Ireland. Even more doleful than yesterday, when for a while St. AUGUSTINE stirred the stagnant pool with vigorous speech. Oratorical honours rest with TAY-PAY. "Somewhat exaggerated eloquence," ROBERT CECIL sneered. But it moved a fairly crowded House on both sides.

For the rest, debate miserably dull. Situation more depressing by contrast with what was anticipated. The unprecedentedly bad condition of Ireland, the criminal incapacity of the CHIEF SECRETARY on eve of opening of Session, supplied notes for the rallying cry of the Opposition. With drums beating, flags flying, horse, foot and artillery moving in masses, they were to advance on a cowering Ministry and, if not entirely rout them, administer what the *Private Secretary*, in moments of extreme provocation, was accustomed to describe as "a good hard knock."

Behold the battlefield! A desolate space, void of movement, life or colour. Last night a Member suggested that House should be counted. Not a difficult process. Including gentleman on his legs, the number present was four. Division of Parties nicely balanced; two on one side, two on the other. At sound of division bell others trooped in. When SPEAKER, folded cocked hat in hand, counted up to forty, they trundled forth again. A little better to-night, but not much. Opposition sorely miss PRINCE ARTHUR, the only man who could have invested the melancholy business with approach to appearance of life.

A final staggering blow dealt by DUDLEY. He, a Unionist above reproach, rose in thronged House of Lords, and, speaking with authority of an ex-Lord Lieutenant, defended St. AUGUSTINE's policy in refraining from recourse to coercion.

Conclusion came on stroke of eleven o'clock, when, on division taken amid throng and bustle grateful after the long plunge into state of coma, Vote of Censure was negatived by a majority of 300 less 1.

Business done.—Still talking round the Address.

Friday.—Appetite of PIKE PEASE is, as becomes one of his Christian names, voracious. But he tempers inquisitiveness with caution.

Observes published statement to effect that number of unemployed in Berlin is stated to be 30,000. Wants to know from JOHN BURNS (for fiscal reasons) how that compares with number in London to-day?

Ordinary way of obtaining such



THE SYNDICATE SHOOT AGAIN.

(Echo of the Season just closed.)

Member (to guest at end of beat). "FIND THAT A PRETTY HOT CORNER, EH?"

Guest (emerging from retreat). "OH—ER—VERY. IS IT ALL OVER?"

Member. "YES. GOT MUCH TO PICK UP?"

Guest. "ONLY MY HAT, THANK YOU. AND I CAN'T CLAIM THE SHOT MYSELF."

information is to address question to Minister. Exactly. But what are you to do when it is necessary for your purpose that you should state the fact that the figures were officially furnished "at a meeting of the Berlin Stadtverordnetenversammlung."

P. P. has been long enough in the House to know that as soon as he rose to refer the President of Local Government Board to the numbered question on the paper he would be met by storms of cries of "Read! Read!"

Adroitly meets difficulty by handing in the question with notification that it does not need oral answer. Accordingly JOHN BURNS will be left to wrestle with the seven-leagued word in the silence and solitude of

his office, and P. P. will have his answer printed at the expense of the nation.

Business done.—Debate on Address being closed last night, private members unexpectedly have a look in.

"High as the goal bar this effort came skimming along, with every eye of the vast throng watching its progress on tiptoe."

Glasgow News.

Enough to make the goal-posts start out of their sockets.

From an advt. in *The Pioneer*:

"A Lhasa Dog, in appearance like a Sky Terrier, just come down."

Of course that isn't *really* how these terriers get their name.

Another Sex Problem.

"English widow, 35, fair, steady position, housekeeper, widow, bachelor, gentleman"—
From a Toronto Paper.

"B.C. 4400 First Egyptian Dynasty.
4004 Creation of the World."
The Ladies' Year Book.

Why should the ladies have all the information? Votes for Men!

Having decided to leave JONES and FANE out of the fourth test match, *The Daily News* goes on to say:

"Then the eleven would include all the bowlers, without materially weakening the attack."

This is, perhaps, a little unkind to our change bowlers.

VAGABONDS AND VILLAINS.

I HAVE not yet read Mr. W. J. LOCKE's book, but the Second Act of his play gave me some idea of *Paragot* the Beloved Vagabond—of *Paragot* the philosopher, *Paragot* the stroller, the artist, the rhapsodist, *Paragot* following the open road, singing in the sun and sleeping under the hedge, *Paragot* grasping the skirts of happy Chance, lending a hand in the hayfield, fiddling to a wedding party, drinking deep at an inn, and for ever scattering his philosophy abroad—the incomparable *Paragot*, the Beloved Vagabond, that divine creature.

This, I suppose, is *Paragot* of the book. But he was too big, too unwieldy for the stage. Too irresponsible also. "You must have 'form,'" said Mr. LOCKE (or was it Mr. TREE?). "Your play wants a beginning and a middle and an end. You want a plot. Now *Paragot* is like good red wine; an excellent thing in itself, but you can't have it running about all over the place, just where it likes. You want it neatly bottled. Any old bottle will do." But there he made his mistake, for he forgot that the

wine was new, and he pushed poor *Paragot* into the oldest bottle he could find. There are many old stage bottles (I must keep my metaphor) to be found on the Surrey side of the river, and the oldest of them is this.

The hero—well, let us give them the names which their latest sponsor has chosen—*Gaston de Nerac*, then, the hero, called briefly "the most wonderful man God ever made" (and to be known in the Second Act as *Paragot*) is engaged to *Joanna Rushworth*. *Joanna's* father, *Lord Rushworth*, is in difficulties; unless he can find £20,000 he must go to prison. The *Comte de Verneuil* (ha! the villain!) offers to pay the money if *Gaston* will resign his claim to the lady. To save her the knowledge

that her father has been guilty of—has been indiscreet, the hero consents; he signs a document (oh, these documents!) undertaking to absent himself from Paris for five years without any explanations to the lady. *Joanna*, for no apparent reason, but in the way of heroines, thereupon marries *Verneuil*, who poisons her mind against her defaulting and dead lover. (He had mentioned casually that *Gaston* was dead. Naturally she believed him.) Five years roll by. *Verneuil* dies. The beautiful widow discovers her old lover, who now calls himself *Paragot*, still alive in a garret. Misunderstandings and explanations ensue;

was great enough to be a play in himself, just as *Broadbent* is a play in himself. Just as, too, *Mr. Pickwick* might be; you would not push him into a farce whose plot turned upon the coincidence that two people were both called Smith. *The Beloved Vagabond*, in short, would have been technically a better play, if Mr. LOCKE had not worried about technique; if he had left it to itself, as Mr. SHAW left *John Bull's Other Island*.

It is because the Second Act and half of the Third were so good that I am annoyed with Mr. LOCKE for not giving us more of it. Mr. TREE in these parts of the play was *Paragot*

to the life; I can imagine no character which would suit him better. His manner was just right; his airy method of expounding his philosophy, his careless way of giving off his best things, was almost too good. Anyhow, it was too much for his first-night audience, which simply could not keep up with him. On several occasions I found to my surprise that I was having a little laugh all to myself.

Of the others, Mr. QUARTERMAINE deserves special mention for a remarkable study of the vil-

lain. Miss EVELYN MILLARD as *Joanna* was best in the emotional scenes; she was not quite happy until trouble began. Mr. LION and Miss BRITTON were both good.

I had two disappointments at the Queen's Theatre over Mr. E. W. HORNING's play *Stingaree the Bush-ranger*. First, nobody was shot; and secondly, no reference was made to "damper." "If," I said, as I made a careful toilet, "I am going to see 'squatters' in the 'Bush' this evening, surely I shall hear something more about 'damper.' Perhaps (who knows?) even see some at last. You know, you can't really go into the 'Bush' without 'damper.'" Well, I was disap-



Office Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S DEAD, AND I MUST GET OFF EARLY TO GO TO THE FUNERAL MATCH—I MEAN THE FOOTBALL CEREMONY—THAT IS—"
[Exit in confusion.]

but at last he takes her in his arms. Curtain.

Now there you really have a plot; but what the dickens, I ask, is *Paragot* doing in it? Any *Brown* or *Robinson* would have acted in much the same way. He would have signed the document and left the lady to his rival; in the Third Act he would have had misunderstandings and reconciliations. The only difference would have been that *Robinson* in the five years' interval (in the great Second Act, that is to say) would have gone up to the City as usual, trying to drown his sorrow in work; while *Paragot* spent them gloriously on the open road.

Mr. LOCKE should have had the courage of his creations. *Paragot*

pointed. It was entirely the fault of the squatters, who never got into the Bush at all, but remained at the back-blocks. However, I mustn't be too technical.

That nobody was shot was, I think, a mistake of Mr. HORNUNG'S. I could have spared *Bracy*. When *Bracy* drew a bead on *Stingaree* the latter might have sighted him through his hip-pocket and shot him in the wrist. This is often done. Instead, *Stingaree* hands over his gun with the words "Take two." Even so, things might have happened. *Bracy* might have dropped his shooter and taken the other's, with the poetical idea of killing a bush-ranger with his own weapon. It would then have transpired that *Stingaree* (who knew the idea) had given him an unloaded one. Exit *Bracy*.

Of course I quite see Mr. HORNUNG'S difficulty. He had to make his hero a romantic fellow—good at heart, you know, but a little hasty. So when he held up the mail it was simply to get the papers and see how many TRUMPER had made; and when he took your watch it was only because he wanted to know the right time. And he had never, never killed a man in his life—only a rabbit, I swear. Of course, then, he couldn't have killed *Bracy*. But a flesh-wound nobody would have minded. A small flesh-wound on the fiftieth night, please, Mr. HORNUNG.

However, shots or no shots, damper or no damper, the play is decidedly interesting and picturesque. Mr. HENRY AINLEY made an excellent *Stingaree*; certainly a much better one than I had anticipated. But then he has a deal of love-making to do, and I had expected scalps. As the heroine *Hilda Bouverie*, Miss HILDA ANTONY looked charming, and sang delightfully. Three years elapse between the first three Acts and the fourth (personally I smoked a cigarette), and in some wonderful way Miss ANTONY, who had been, I suppose, twenty-two in the First Act, really looked three years older. The others hadn't altered a bit. M.

The Spirit of the Age.

I.
"When the memorial is completed it will represent 500 tons of the finest marble."
Daily Mail.

Not quite the finest though, because it will have been knocked about with a chisel.

II.

From a Chelsea shop window:
"This pair of Clever Water-Colour Pictures, Framed complete, only 15s.
NEARLY NEW."



District Visitor (unmarried). "HOW DREADFULLY YOU'VE BEEN TREATED!"

Cottager. "WELL, IT MIGHT 'AVE BEEN WORSE."

D. V. "HOW COULD IT HAVE BEEN WORSE?"

C. "WELL, MA'AM, I MIGHT 'AVE BEEN IN THE SAME POSITION AS YOURSELF—'AVING NO 'USBAND!"

VALENTINES.

For the Cabinet. "So free we seem, so fettered fast we are."—BROWNING, *Andrea del Sarto*.

For Mr. Morley. "Every man has his faults, and honesty is his."—TIMON OF ATHENS.

For Mr. Haldane. "There ain't going to be no corps!"—MARK TWAIN, *Tom Sawyer*.

For Mr. Balfour. "I hope you

have preserved the unities, sir!"—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

For Mr. McKenna. "You look wise. Pray correct that error."—LAMB.

For Mr. Shaw. "Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

For the Poet Laureate. "I would the gods had made thee poetical!"—AS YOU LIKE IT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DISAPPOINTMENTS, like twin-daughters, never come singly. *The Heart of Penelope* was a good book, and *Barbara Rebell* a better, and, as a humble admirer of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES, I wanted her third to be better still. But, alas, *The Pulse of Life* (HEINEMANN) beats much more feebly than *The Heart of Penelope*. Then, again, I used to cherish a fond belief that Russian Grand Dukes were more maligned than malignant. I am not so sure now. I forget whether the TSAR has or had an uncle called PAUL. I prefer to think that, with more daring than discretion, Mrs. LOWNDES has invented him. for I blush to say that six times during the course of a supper-party, given at the Islington bijou-villa of a frail ornament of the music-hall stage, the grand-ducal toes removed the shoe of the modest British maiden sitting next him, and "replaced it as neatly as if it had been slipped on by her maid." I feel sure that Lady GROVE would tell us this is not done under the best tables. The story proper is chiefly concerned with the Margravine of MORAVIA—not a foreign substitute for butter, but the sovereign lady of a *royaume d'opéra comique*, who abdicated in order to marry an English Catholic gentleman, a friend of the Cardinal Archbishop of WESTMINSTER. Their tale of love is prettily told, and the minor characters are drawn with fidelity and strength. But, as the story takes place in 1903, the Margravine and the Grand Duke and the Archbishop take a deal of swallowing. All the same it would be a loss to English literature if Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES were to be sent to Siberia for contempt of the Russian Court.

The art of scientific reviewing may be studied by the curious in a book entitled *Modernism and Romance*, by Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES (LANE). To most of us, just as a primrose was a primrose to Mr. P. BELL, a novel is a novel—a book to pick up and read and lay down again, sometimes going right through with it, and at other times turning to the end to see if she marries him or not. But not so with Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. To him a novel is a symptom, a portent, a straw to show which way the wind is blowing. No sooner does he read a novel than he pigeon-holes its author either among the decadents or the mystics, the protesting apostles or the pessimists, the fugitives or the borderlanders. Mr. GALSWORTHY, for example, whom we esteem merely as the delightful author of *The Country House*—what do you think Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES calls him? A borderlander. Mr. MEREDITH, Mr. VACHELL, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and Mr. HICHENS find themselves seated side by side in a chapter reserved for psychologists. And so on.

It is all very ingenious, but one would have more fun if one read the novels that are dissected.

Since Ulysses made his last journey few heroes have seen more of men and cities than has Sir HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF. Sixty-two years ago he began his career as a Clerk in the Foreign Office, finding employment in Florence, the Ionian Islands, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Egypt. In Bucharest, Teheran, and Madrid he was the representative of his Sovereign. But it was as a Member of the Fourth Party that his name became familiar outside the Foreign Office. In spite of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's subsequent predominance, Sir HENRY was actually the founder of that interesting Parliamentary phenomenon. It had its birth in the campaign against Mr. BRADLAUGH's impartial desire either to take the oath of allegiance or make affirmation as

a preliminary to admission to the House of Commons. It was SIR HENRY WOLFF who, in defiance of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's milder counsels, objected. Lord RANDOLPH did not appear on the scene till a fortnight later, when the hunt was in full cry.

A shrewd observer, a delightful raconteur, endowed with the gift of retentive memory, Sir HENRY's *Rambling Recollections* (MACMILLAN) rank among the most interesting books of the still young year. The title is excellently chosen. The bulky volumes are fearlessly free from anything approaching sequence of narrative. If, when writing about the Berlin Treaty, the internal affairs of Persia, or the condition of Roumelia, a good story crops up in Sir HENRY's mind, it is straightway told, with less of introduction than pre-

luded the attempt to tell the story about grouse in the gun-room. But a good story is better than a disquisition on foreign politics, especially when these are of distant date, and Sir HENRY's stories are as good as they are numerous and diversified.

JAMES BLYTH elects—I know not why,
Nor do I very greatly care—
To look on life with half an eye
Which misses almost all that's fair;
Though many myriad sweets are there
He only seems to choose the nasties—
Such all his tales I've tackled were,
And such *Rubina* (LONG), his last, is.
I do not greatly care, I said,
For there are other pens to write
Of kindlier things which can be read
With quite a decent appetite.
Yet one regrets that he, despite
His name so gay, should dully utter
The sort of notes that bring to sight
Some commonplace neglected gutter.



The Stranger. "AND WHO ARE THE MURPHYS' ANCESTORS?"

Mr. M. "ANCESTORS? WHAT'S THAT?"

The Stranger. "I MEAN, WHO DO THE MURPHYS SPRING FROM?"

Mr. M. "THE MURPHYS SPRING FROM NO ONE. THEY SPRING AT THEM!"



LONG- FELT WANTS.

A DRAWING-ROOM "CUBICLE" SYSTEM, FOR ENTERTAINING GROUPS OF VISITORS WHO DON'T HIT IT OFF WITH EACH OTHER.

MORE PAGEANT NOTES.

THE postponement of the London Pageant until 1909 gives time to the leading actors to allow the natural changes through which their countenances have to pass to be more gradually consummated. Mr. STEAD, for example, who, on being cast for OLIVER CROMWELL, announced his intention of sacrificing his beard, will now be able to shorten that ornament by such easy stages that when the time comes none of his friends will notice the transformation—just as MILO carried a calf so consistently that it grew into perfect cowhood in his arms practically unobserved.

Great competition has, it is said, already set in for the rôle of DICK WHITTINGTON. Mr. LOUIS WAIN at present is first favourite, being a safe draw with a cat; but both the partners in the firm of GIDDY AND GIDDY are in the running on the strength of their capacity for turning again.

MR. FRANK WHISKERSON, whose intention, it is said, is to play either *Lord Dundreary* or *Blue Beard*, according to the impulse of the moment, *Blue Beard's* early days having been spent between Maiden Lane and Doctors' Commons, will now be able to subject his chin to that prolonged and careful irrigation without which no really satisfying face fungus can be provoked.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street will be an interesting character in the Pageant. For her costume Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is lending a dress length of cloth of gold as used at the famous field meeting between HENRY VIII. and KING FRANCIS. It is doubtful as to who will represent this mother of millions, but the names of both Mrs. EDDY and Madame HUMBERT have been mentioned.

To prevent facetiousness the part of HENRY VIII. will be taken by the head waiter of the Bachelors Club.

The part of EDWARD THE BLACK

PRINCE will be given to BOOKER WASHINGTON, who will be in England for the season.

Another rôle for which there are many claimants is that of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, the salient point in his career that has been chosen being the lighting of his first cigar. No other smoking will be allowed in the Pageant. The choice of the Committee is expected to fall upon Mr. BARRIE.

There is no truth in the statement that Sir RAY LANKESTER will take the part of GOG.

A number of Suffragettes will walk in procession to symbolise the great city's out-skirts.

Some odd anomalies are promised. Thus the part of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN has fallen to Lord HAWKE.

The Plague of London will be represented by— [No, we daren't. —Ed.] Dr. SALEBY will take a prominent part in the Pageant.

A WEEK OF MY LIFE AT ETON. NEW STYLE.

[By permission of the Headmaster of Eton, an address was recently delivered to the whole school by Mr. GRAY, of "The Manchester Marchers" (unemployed)].

April 1.—Yesterday the entire staff of assistant masters left and the new system of open-air instruction by outside experts began. In the morning Mr. W. P. BYLES lectured on "The Dangers of Militarism," with special reference to public school cadet corps. Meeting broken up in consequence of allusion to the bloodthirsty cruelty of British soldiers. Mr. BYLES rescued by the Headmaster and conveyed to the station under police escort. In the afternoon address from Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST on "The Cruelty of Boys," with cornet solos and collection on behalf of imprisoned Suffragettes.

April 2.—Visit of Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, and address on "Socialism for Schoolboys." Eloquent appeal to all sons of peers to disown their parents, discard all titles, and repudiate all debts. Mr. GRAYSON carried shoulder high to the river, and taken to the station on one of the Royal Humane Society's drags. In the afternoon lecture by Mr. CLARENCE ROOK of *The Daily Chronicle* on "The Tyranny of the Bath." Mr. ROOK also carried shoulder high to the river.

April 3.—A quiet day. In the morning Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN addressed the school on "The Irreducible Minimum of Pocket Money." The great financier said that the burning question in England, and indeed America, at the present time was, "Could a self-respecting Etonian manage to exist on 200 dollars a term?" After describing the arduous youth and early privations of CATO MAJOR, LORD ROTHSCHILD, MR. ROCKEFELLER, and MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, he said that the task was herculean, but not impossible, given that self-denial and Spartan frugality which had always been the distinguishing feature of the British aristocracy. (Great cheering.) There was nothing wrong in the desire to possess money. As the Latin poet put it, the *auri fames* was *sacra* or holy. It was the use one made of it which mattered. A welcome feature of the address was that there was no collection. In the afternoon Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON lectured on the "Evolution of the Eton Jacket," in which he found a complete refutation of the Darwinian hypothesis of the simian ancestry of man. He added

that he was having an Eton jacket built for him by POOLE, to wear with a Panama hat and a pair of accordion-pleated bloomerloons. (Cheers.)

April 5.—A delightful lecture this morning from Lady GROVE on "Social Solecisms." The Headmaster introduced the lecturer as a lady who had risen superior to her status and fearlessly exposed the petty shibboleths of caste. (Loud cheering.) After the first part of the lecture, which was devoted to pronunciation, an examination paper was set in the names of the aristocracy, full marks being awarded to ISIDORE GOLDBERGHEIMER. To celebrate the event a half-holiday was given the school, and the lecture on "Emperors I have Exhausted," by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, postponed till next term.

April 6.—This morning we had a surprise lecture from Mr. A. C. BENSON on "What I would do if I were Headmaster of Eton." The Headmaster, introducing Mr. BENSON, said that the subject of the lecture was apparently somewhat irregular, but hypothesis was always fruitful, and it was the duty of all generous public school boys to hear all sides, no matter how unpalatable. Mr. BENSON then began his lecture by saying that if he were called on to undertake the post of Headmaster of Eton the first thing he would have to do would be to give up writing any more books. This announcement was greeted with such a tempest of dissent that the lecturer found it impossible to proceed, and the whole school spent the rest of the morning in playing the new games of Humanitarian Hockey and Socialistic Spillikins.

April 7.—This morning the school were summoned to attend a controversial debate between Sir OLIVER LODGE and Mr. PETER KEARY on "Success and How to Achieve It." The Headmaster introduced the disputants as two of the master minds of the age, and begged the school to give them an attentive hearing. OLIVER LODGE told us that what we had to do was to spiritualise our intellects. PETER KEARY said this was all bilge. Life was a wrestling match on the catch-as-catch-can principle, and if OLIVER hadn't asked for more he would now be lodging on the cold ground. Ultimately the Headmaster had to separate the combatants and administer first aid to both.

April 8.—Monster round-robin presented to the Headmaster, signed by the entire school, begging for

the reinstatement of the assistant masters and the abandonment of the new system of instruction.

CHARIVARIA.

TARIFF REFORM continues to make converts. The latest of these is Mr. STEAD, who has announced his intention of appearing in the London Pageant as The Protector.

* *

We trust that the new Children's Bill is not so loosely drawn that it will fail in its objects. One provision, we note, authorises the police to confiscate "tobacco" found in the possession of juveniles. The words should surely be "tobacco, or tobacco-like substance"?

* *

The Manchester unemployed not unnaturally failed to make any great impression either on the Harrovians or the Eton boys, the general feeling in these centres of learning being that the visitors were lucky beggars to have no work to do.

* *

"Grosvenor Square is to be paved with wood this year," we read. This gives one some idea of the badness of times, for it used to be paved with gold.

* *

The Daily Chronicle published an interview with an old lady aged 102 last week. Upon being asked to write down her name and age for publication the game old dame quite entered into the spirit of up-to-date journalism by writing, in the first instance:—"SARAH BROWN, aged 1,002."

* *

"It is to be hoped," says the *Lancet*, "that before the end of the year the motor ambulance van will be a familiar object outside the boundaries of the City of London." While such a wish is not unnatural, coming as it does from a medical source, we must confess that we should be better pleased if the ambulance were never required.

* *

"Cremation in this country," says *The British Medical Journal*, "is almost wholly confined to persons of some intellectual distinction." And even they put it off till they die.

* *

But, of course, as the M.C.C. says, the great drawback to ashes is that they are so easily lost.

* *

Thirty men engaged in a tug-of-war with an elephant at Olympia last week for £50. The men won. While



ANOTHER ULTIMATUM.

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Editor, reading M.S. of poem, "The Land Bills o' Bonnie Scotland"*). "BUT SURELY I SENT THIS BACK TO YOU A LONG TIME AGO?"
"C.B." (*Spring Poet*). "YES, I KNOW. BUT I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE—BEFORE I BLOW YOUR OFFICE UP."

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT TORTOISES.

(With reference to a particular case.)

IN all probability there are few men now living who can claim to be as intimately acquainted as I am with the idiosyncrasies of the Common Tortoise. This is not boasting—it is simply stating a plain fact. I ought to know something about Tortoises, after having kept them as pets, employed them as paper-weights, and used them (occasionally) as missiles, for a period of several years. I ought to—and I *do*. Only this afternoon, in the window of a certain West-End shop where they sell kindergarten toys, I happened to see a glass jar containing what had once been a rather ordinary tortoise. It was now preserved in spirits of wine, and its under-shell had been removed to afford a view of its internal arrangement. Altogether, it formed an instructive, if not a pleasing, plaything for the young. Well, my own studies had been purely psychological—and yet this anatomical revelation came as no surprise to me! It was so exactly what I had always felt intuitively that a tortoise *would* be like inside!

Sympathy, in my case, had supplied the lack of biological research. My taste for tortoises began on the day I first bought three off a barrow in Oxford Street; the man wanted half-a-crown apiece for them, I remember, but I got a reduction in taking a quantity. Ah, sturdy old "Samson," frolicsome young "Absalom," and shy, bright-eyed little "Lady Godiva" [I always prided myself on finding appropriate names for my tortoises] even as I pen these lines I seem to see your friendly faces around me once more! I do not keep any now, having taken to a motor-car instead; but to this day the most casual reference to a tortoise will strike a responsive chord on my heart-strings, assuming (I have already implied that I am no anatomist) that organ to be constructed on the principle of a harp. Poets seem to think so—and they may be right. Anyway, the reader is now in a position to understand the vibrating thrill of emotion which I experienced the other day on reading the following pathetic appeal to the Editor of *The Daily Mail*:—

"Sir,—(it began, quite simply) *I have had a tortoise for many years, and every winter it has been in the habit of going to sleep from October until March. This winter, however, it has not done so, and has been as lively as it generally is in summer, eating, drinking, and roaming about the house, and sleeping only at night. Can anyone enlighten me as to the reason of its strange behaviour?*"

I would gladly do all in my power to allay the writer's very natural anxiety—but before I can speak with any certainty I should require rather more precise information. How lively, for instance, is this gentleman's tortoise generally in summer? Is it just sedately cheerful, as a well-regulated reptile should be, or does it eat and drink to excess, and then proceed to riot about the house? A great deal would depend on this. My poor "Podasokus"—one of the most promising young tortoises I ever possessed—perished of premature decay, entirely brought on by want of ordinary self-control.

Then what about the family history of *The Mail* correspondent's tortoise? I mean, is there any hereditary tendency to insomnia? Is he quite certain that it *ever* does go to sleep, even at night? It may lie awake and brood; it is not generally known, but some tortoises are rather liable to morbid introspection. I don't quite like its habit of roaming all over the house—it seems to

point to its having something on its mind. Grief, possibly, or remorse. Which reminds me of "Barbara," an extremely amiable tortoise I once owned (we called it "Barbarossa" for a long time, but had to alter the name when it laid an egg unexpectedly). Well, "Barbara" struck up a sort of friendship with a tortoiseshell Tom of ours. They used to play together—at least, the Tom would sit by "Barbara's" shell and claw her head the moment it protruded. It seemed a poor game from "Barbara's" point of view, but she and the cat understood one another. She used to take him out poaching; or else the cat took her out poaching—we were never quite sure which. And one day "Barbara" came back from the coverts alone, with every sign of agitation and concern. On examining her shell, I found it dented as though by a charge of small shot. Later we discovered the body of the cat lying in the bracken, and guessed what had happened—a keeper must have fired at "Barbara," and the shot had *ricoché'd*. But "Barbara" couldn't forgive herself for the accident. For weeks she rambled restlessly up and down stairs, searching for her lost playfellow, and mewing, as tortoises will in distress, like a kitten! Eventually Time the Consoler brought oblivion; but "Barbara" never quite recovered her former spirits. (I sent a full account of all this at the time to *The Spectator*, but they didn't put it in. I don't know why.)

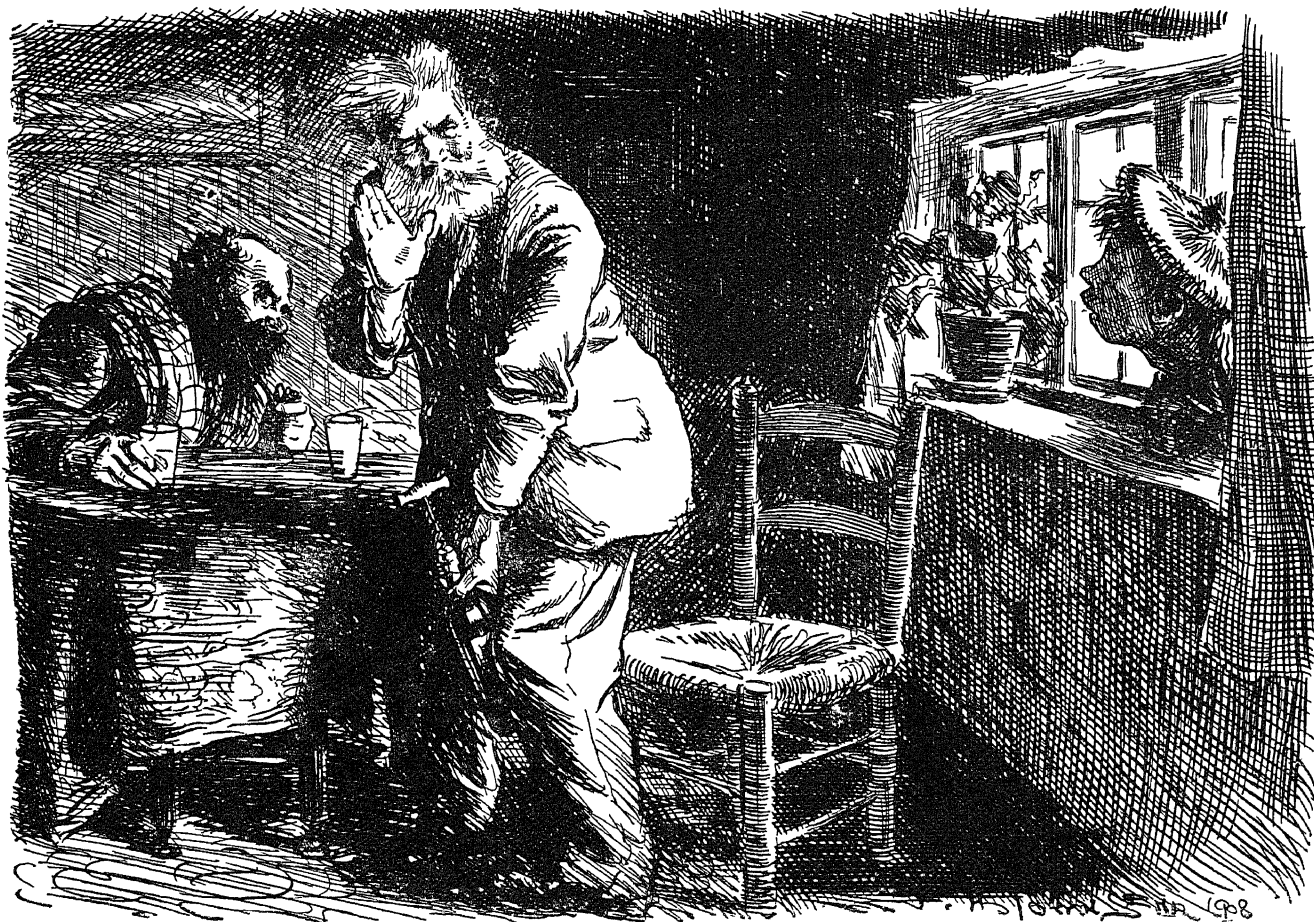
If the abnormal restlessness cannot be accounted for in any of these ways, it may arise from some premonition of danger. A tortoise has a singular instinct for foreseeing peril, and will often display remarkable courage and resolution when the emergency arises. I had a very worthy tortoise once of the name of "Archibald," which, when autumn came round, could not be induced to hibernate as usual, either by persuasion or threats—and I tried both. One or two neighbouring houses had been broken into recently—but it never occurred to me that the fact could have any connection with "Archibald's" extraordinary conduct.

One night, however, I became aware that there was a burglar in the room immediately below mine. I heard him so distinctly that it was unnecessary to go down and investigate. I knew that, if I could only retain sufficient presence of mind to stay in bed, the burglar would go away in time of his own accord. Not that this one did; they found him next morning in a swoon under the sideboard, with "Archibald" still hanging gamely on to his left calf!

The burglar was very unwell afterwards—and so was "Archibald." Blood-poisoning was said to be the cause in both cases. I fancy the burglar must have been in poor health at the time. Thanks, however, to careful nursing, each recovered; "Archibald" retiring, when convalescent, for his annual rest-cure, while the burglar was ultimately removed to Dartmoor. (I sent this anecdote, too, to *The Spectator*—but they never published it. I don't think the Editor takes much interest in tortoises.)

Is it not just possible that *The Daily Mail* gentleman's tortoise may really be fast asleep all the time—in short, a somnambulist? If so, he should be careful not to awake it too suddenly, as I did my poor "Matilda"—a lovable but sadly neurotic creature. I acted entirely for the best—but I see now that it was a mistake to restore her to consciousness by such means as a soda-water syphon. She survived, it is true—but with a reason permanently unhinged.

One last explanation occurs to me: I recollect being completely mystified once by the unaccountable pro-



Ragman. "ONY RAGS OR BOTTLES—ONY BOTTLES?"

Sandy (busy with a new bottle of the "Auld Kirk"). "A' RICHT, MON—JIST A MEENIT."

ceedings of another tortoise I had, which I called "Hop-lite." Its temperament, which hitherto had shown no trace of levity, suddenly became almost painfully frivolous and irresponsible. I could not imagine what on earth possessed the thing! But at length I found out that an acquaintance, whose psychical powers have been exceptionally developed, had taken what I must describe as the unpardonable liberty of hypnotising the unhappy animal without my permission. He had actually impressed it with the conviction that it was a hare!

I have only volunteered these reminiscences and suggestions because I cannot bear to see any man in trouble about his tortoise without making some attempt to solve his difficulties by the light of my own experience. And if I were he I should try not to worry over it. After all, there is always a chance that there may not be anything very serious the matter with the tortoise.

F. A.

Mr. Punch's suggestion to Inspector SCANTLEBURY:—
"A special line of hose for ladies."

Secrets of Success.
"HOW I ESCAPED."

BY DE WET.

"This force frequently chased De Wet, Captain Morrison-Bell and his men often sleeping in their boots for weeks at a time,"—*Gloucestershire Standard*.

PITHY NEWS FROM THE COURTS.

"Campbell Bannerman, sixty-four, of no fixed abode, was remanded at Croydon charged with attempting to obtain five shillings by a trick from Det.-Sergt. Walters."—*Evening News*.

HENRY ASQUITH, fifty-five, giving an address in Cavendish Square, was charged at Westminster with attempting to obtain by false pretences money intended for the Navy. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but excused his conduct on the ground that he fully intended to devote the money to Old Age Pensions. As this particular kind of fraud is very rife just now, and it is supposed that HENRY is not the only one concerned, he was remanded in order that further enquiries might be made.

"At Winchester he showed his abilities with the bat, and at Eton he won the position of captain. It was the same at Oxford."

The Globe.

But what, oh what did he do at Cambridge?

"Face to face with the ugly anomalies of industrial England, and sharpened on the Carlylean grindstone, Ruskin's artistic temperament became a spur in the flanks of an intransigent idealism."

We have been meaning to say this for weeks, and now *The Glasgow Herald* has stepped in and taken the words out of our mouth. It is very hard.

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[The Earl of BRASENOSE, son of the Duke and Duchess of BATTLEDOWN, carelessly mislaid by the Duchess when he is eight months old, has been secured by Mr. WILLIAM OATES, the ducal coachman. He hands the child over to his mother, the proprietress of an animal shop in the Seven Dials. She brings the Earl up to the best of her ability, and under her care, while ignorant of his noble origin, he acquires a fine sporting command of the English language as spoken in the Dials. He passes under the name of THOMAS OATES.]

PART IV.

IN Battledown House from day to day
Affairs went on in the usual way.
One child they had had and lost: no other
Was ever to call the Duchess mother.
A house with never a girl or boy
Is certainly not a house of joy;
But after all, when you own a yacht,
A moor, a forest, and quite a lot
Of castles and palaces here and there,
The grief you feel for a missing heir
Instead of being a wild *crescendo*
Is apt to be planned on a *diminuendo*.
And so, having passed through the first mad flurry
Of loss, they finally ceased to worry.

But still at times the Duchess felt a sense of something
lacking,

A something quite elusive that she couldn't well
define;

That came upon her suddenly when breakfasting, or
packing,

Or sitting at the opera, or going out to dine.

A sort of void that didn't ache, but yet possessed an
ache or two,

That sometimes made her somnolent and sometimes
seemed to wake her, too;

That sometimes made her garrulous and sometimes
made her still,

Determined or affectionate or quite bereft of will.

She took to keeping tortoises; she had a cage of bats;
A pink-eyed rat became her joy, a very queen of rats.
She thought of breeding yaks and gnus; she had a tank
of seals;

A score of twinkle-footed "Poms" went yapping at her
heels.

And, spite of all the Duke could say his town house
came to be,

Instead of being fit for him, a vast menagerie.

A keeper being requisite, she went to WILLIAM OATES:

She said, "I want a lively boy to come and groom their
coats;

To feed them when it's time for food, and generally do
Whatever may be good for them. I don't know one;
do you?"

Now Mr. WILLIAM OATES was growing old:
And sometimes, as will happen with the old,
His conscience pricked him for that he had filched
The little Earl and never said a word.

Oh, what a chance was here! He might restore

A son to both his parents, not, of course,

As being their son, but in another guise;

And Fate, that weaves our lots to all of us,

To Dukes and Duchesses and coachmen, too,

And lads and ladies of the Seven Dials—

Fate would provide the sequel and the end.

So thought, so done. "Your Grace," he said, "I know
A sturdy boy, a very willing boy:—

He's twelve years old, and all his life was spent
With fur and feather. He can come at once.

OATES is his name, he being, I believe,

My mother's uncle's cousin's aunt's first cousin,

Or something similar that makes him kin

To me and mine." "Engage him," said the Duchess.

(To be concluded next week.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TAXIMO."—Your best plan, if you want to take a
licensed motor-cab from the rank in Piccadilly or at
Hyde Park Corner, is to knock at the door of the
Shelter, raise your hat, drop on bended knee, and
implore one of the haughty ones for his patronage. He
will ask you contemptuously where you want to go, and
you had better leave in his hands the choice of your
destination. You may with luck be taken somewhere,
but your chance will be greatly reduced if a gramophone
concert is going on at the time inside the Shelter.

"LITTLE NAVY."—So you prefer Old Age Pensions
to an adequate Fleet? But have you properly con-
sidered whether we should be in a position to enjoy to
the full our Old Age Pensions if we had already perished
in our beds at the hand of the Invader? You should
consult Mr. ASQUITH. He is said to have very firm
views on the question.

"PRO-ZAKKA."—You are wrong in supposing that a
week-end in Bombay is all that you want. Ten days
is the minimum period of residence in India required
to give you a real inside experience of the religious,
political and social life of the numerous races which
make up its native population. That great expert
Dr. RUTHERFORD took no less than *six weeks* to perfect
his first-hand knowledge of our Indian Government's
"misrule."

"PITITE."—We understand that after the passing of
Mr. WILL THORNE's Eight Hours For Everybody Bill
the universal working day will be from 10 to 6. En-
quiries at the best Working-Men's Clubs show a general
expression of feeling that this arrangement will conflict
less than any other with the convenience of the labour-
ing classes.

"CANTAB."—We do not share your discouragement
on reading in *The Pall Mall Gazette* that several of the
Cambridge crew "seem unable to hit the water during
the swing forward." We have met winning crews
before now who steadily declined to collide with the
river in this manner. "See our oars with feathered
spray" was written by a poet, and he knew no better.

"ANTI-SUFFRAGETTE."—You are quite wrong in sup-
posing that "Pantehnicon" is derived from two
Greek words, *pan*, black, and *technicon*, Maria. By
derivation it really means something "altogether
artful."

"INDIGNANT MALE."—We cannot go with you so far
as to say that the responsible Press of this country is
in the pay of the Suffragettes. But we admit that the
service rendered to their cause by the persistent publi-
cation of the names of every obscure female who gets
herself arrested by a reluctant policeman gives colour
to your grave suspicion.

"PRIMAVERA."—No. We think that what you
noticed must have been a crocus. It is too early for
the cuckoo.

O. S.



Vicar. "WELL, MR. STOGGINS, HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?"

Cobbler. "VERY BAD, SIR."

Vicar. "AND WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Cobbler. "AH, SIR, IT'S MY LEGS. THEY BE WONDERFUL BAD!"

Vicar. "DEAR ME! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIKE THIS?"

Cobbler. "WHY, SIR, THESE LEGS, IF YOU BELIEVE ME, I'VE HAD 'EM ON AND OFF FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

[*"Mr. Lupton (L., Lincolnshire, Sleaford). --Will the right hon. gentleman cable instructions that the soldiers shall not destroy barns, gardens, or orchards, or turn women out into the cold?"—House of Commons, Feb. 11.*]

PUNJAB EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. GENERAL ORDERS.

Feb., 1908.

OWING to the well-known fact that Englishmen, after a month's residence in a British Colony or Possession, become ferocious savages, it is important that the attention of all ranks should be specially called to the following orders:—

1. Contrary to the usual practice, women and children captured on this expedition will not be flayed alive.

2. The regulations till now in force, enjoining the sacking, burning, and

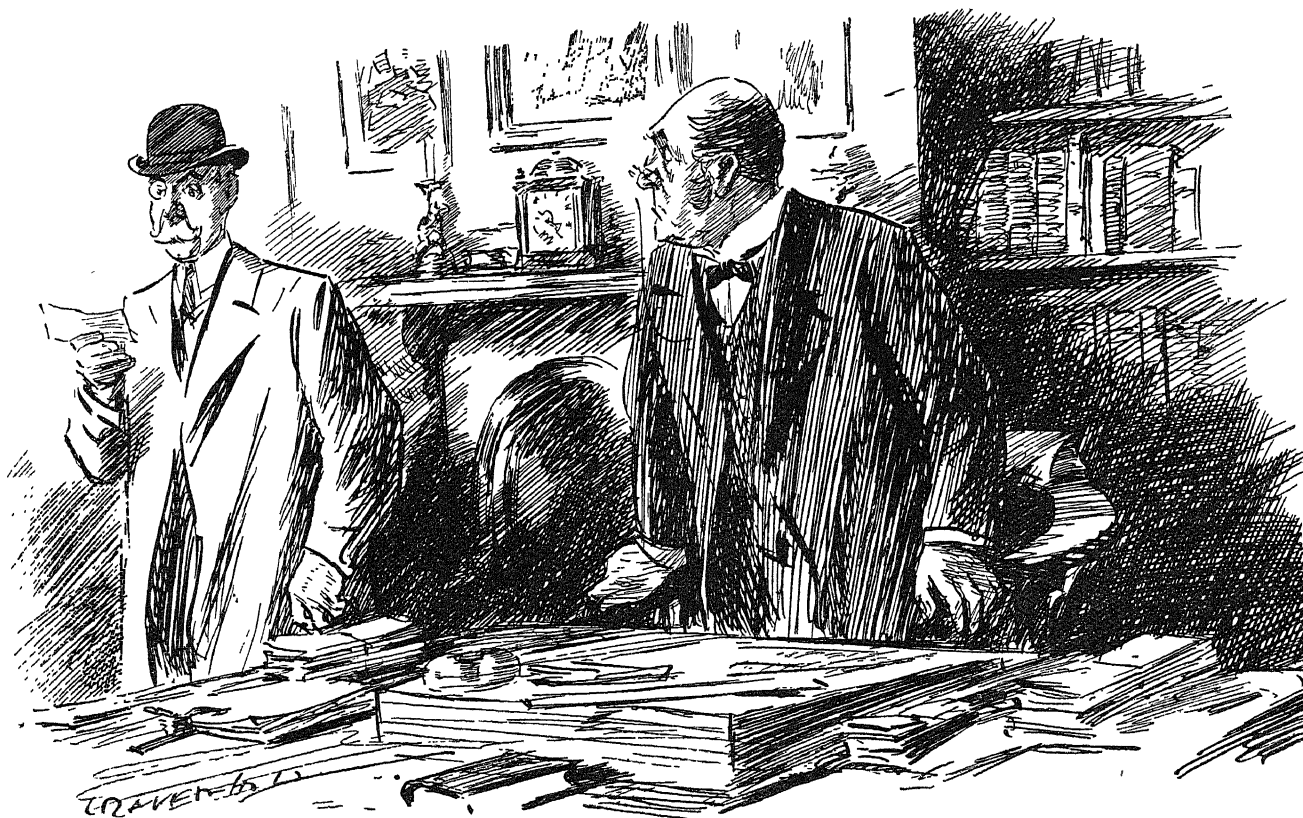
laying waste of the entire country, will be suspended from this date. Any man found setting fire to a stone *sangar* will have his matches confiscated, and will send a written apology to the landlord.

3. In the event of an officer or soldier fracturing the greenhouses, hothouses, and conservatories on the line of march, and plucking the rare tropical fruits therein contained, he and his regiment will be at once sent to the base; and a new greenhouse, hothouse, or conservatory (as the case may be) will be forwarded per runner, and charged on the barrack damages of the unit in question.

4. It having been brought to the notice of the G.O.C. that firearms have been found in the possession of some individuals of the Expeditionary Force, it is hereby notified

that this unauthorised practice must be discontinued. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon all concerned that any hint of violence is foreign to the purpose of the expedition, and must be rigorously avoided.

5. It is now well understood that the Zakka Khels are in reality perfectly peaceful persons, who only give way to murder and robbery as the result of an emotional temperament. Being gentle and timid by nature, they must not be alarmed by the sudden appearance of a combined body of troops. The advance will therefore be carried out in ones and twos at 100 yards interval. The files will stroll forward carelessly (but keeping strictly to their alignment and dressing), and chat lightly on any flora and fauna they may observe.



Solicitor. "HERE IS THE CHEQUE FOR THE RESIDUE OF YOUR UNCLE'S PERSONAL ESTATE, LESS LEGAL EXPENSES. I AM SORRY THAT THESE HAVE BEEN SO HEAVY."

Client. "THANKS, SO MUCH. ER—BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE IT WAS MY UNCLE WHO DIED, AND NOT YOURS?"

PEARCE AND PIENITY.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—While Mr. ROBERT PEARCE'S Bill for Providing More Daylight is before the public, I want to enlist your sympathies for a similar little project of my own.

This scheme is to provide everyone with more money by renaming the various coins now in circulation. It is extremely simple, perfectly practical, and the general verdict can only be one of amazement that no one has thought of it before. There will be no disorganisation of the currency, no calling in of the coins, and no new and elaborate machinery required.

I simply propose to *call* the shilling a sovereign and to regard it as one. The consequence is that it becomes a sovereign. The sixpence I call half-a-sovereign; the threepenny-piece a crown. In the bronze series the penny becomes a shilling, the halfpenny sixpence, and the farthing threepence. I admit that this adjustment presents a slight discrepancy, as the man who has thoughtfully provided himself with a large reserve of threepenny pieces (presumably for charitable purposes) will find himself at a financial advantage

compared with his neighbour whose small change is composed exclusively of bronze. Do you think that it would be practicable, while regarding the single penny as a shilling, to accept the tender of three together as equivalent to five shillings, or does this, in your opinion, detract from the rigid simplicity of the scheme?

The gold certainly seems to present some features that call for a little manipulation. My first impulse was to accept the sovereign as a five-pound note, but as we already have the shilling (old style) as a sovereign the proportion would tend to bring gold into disrepute and to demoralise the money market. I should propose, therefore, to regard the sovereign as a twenty-pound note, the five as a one-hundred pound note, and so on.

The chief difficulty lies in making a start, but I find people wonderfully intelligent. I explained the scheme yesterday to PUMMET, my occasional gardener. After listening attentively he said, in his slow way, "Well, sir, why not make the start yourself? Then I daresay others would follow."

"Certainly, PUMMET," I replied, thinking that the occasion might serve for a little pleasantry; "I will. Here is your money for to-day; never

mind the trifling change," and I gave him a threepenny bit.

"Thank you, sir," he replied thoughtfully. "And while I remember I may as well give you the change out of that sovereign that I had of you for pea-sticks—fifteen-and-six." With that he handed me a sixpence, my own coin, and a half-penny.

The one indispensable condition, I find, is that everyone must agree to begin the new style at a given moment, say at midnight on December 31 next.

Yours, A COMING MIDAS.

Too Old at 9.

"Who stand in our way but a handful of men who belong to the past century? The law of nature will deal with those old gentlemen in due course."—Mrs. Pethick Lawrence at Caxton Hall.

The Economical Scot.

"A match took place yesterday in connection with the Middle District of Atholl Rifle Club, Ballinluig, for the purpose of testing the new rifle and bullet recently purchased by the club."—*Evening Telegraph.*

"After you with the bullet" is the eager cry of the members.



SAVED FOR THE STATE.

HUMANITY. "GIVE THE CHILD TO ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 10. — PRINCE ARTHUR back again, showing evident signs of recent illness. Would do better to take a fortnight's holiday in sunnier clime. But duty calls to Westminster, and hither he comes. Hearty cheer, in which both sides join, welcomes him. C.-B., who also looks as if he, too, were better in bed, rising to reply to question, gives graceful expression to the meaning of the cheer. As the incident closes, news comes from across the way that Leader of House of Lords has been bowled over by common enemy. Thus, in the midst of life, are we in grip of influenza.

Member long familiarly known as SAM EVANS also comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of Solicitor-Generalship and a Knighthood. (Mustn't call him SAM any more, but to begin with Sir SAMUEL seems rather a mouthful.) Towards close of sitting he made first appearance on Treasury Bench in new Ministerial capacity. General cheer testified to appreciation of merit and wide approval of its guerdon. It has been won by sheer capacity, unassisted by adventitious circumstances. Loyal to his Party, S. T. has never been abjectly subservient to the Whip. Has, indeed, on more than one occasion been embarrassingly independent, which makes the appointment more honourable on both sides.

New Solicitor-General is formidable recruit to already overwhelming debating force on Treasury Bench. Among private Members SARK always placed him in first rank. He is absolutely free from that peculiar, indefinable atmosphere with which what Dizzy used to call "gentlemen of the long robe" surround themselves when addressing House of Commons. HERSCHELL was conspicuous exception. So was EDWARD CLARKE. In present day ASQUITH succeeds. Would be much easier to mention names of men who carry all before them at the Bar, but here succeed chiefly in moving Members towards the door. As they address "M' Lud" in the SPEAKER'S Chair you can almost hear the rustle of silken gowns worn elsewhere.

From the first, SAM EVANS caught on the indescribable, incommunicable House-of-Commons manner. Alert, resourceful, fluent, he has the gift of humour whose price is above rubies. One night during last Parliament, dropping in whilst



"I doffed the cocked hat of the Minister and resumed the full-bottomed wig of the lawyer."
(Mr. H-l-d-ne)

Minister in charge of a Bill was concluding a speech, he jumped up to reply. Subject one with which he was intimately acquainted. Only difficulty was he had not heard the discourse to which he volunteered answer. That would have discomfited some men. S. T. pounded along, cautiously at first, but, assisted by whispered hints from friends who had heard the speech, he accomplished a brilliant reply that left the wondering Minister overwhelmed.

Business done.—Army Supplementary Vote agreed to in time to get off for eight o'clock dinner.

Tuesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, JOHN ROCHE is your man. Nature has gifted Member for East Galway with advantages unknown to the *Fat Boy*. Sombre in appearance, mysteriously low in voice, prone to pauses in which the shivering listener imagines he sees fresh horrors, he held the House in thrall whilst he disclosed newly discovered plot for the defamation of Ireland.

Of course an Irishman was the alleged conspirator. It is the crowning sadness of Ireland that its enemies are those of its own household, its traitors nourished within its own camp.

JOHN was so appalled by fresh infamy he had unearthed that he found it difficult fully to open his mouth in articulation of the narrative. This, combined with fine Galway accent, made story difficult to follow in all its details. No doubt, however, that Lord ASHTOWN was suspected of being at bottom of bad business. Nationalist idea of that nobleman fantastically melodramatic. When they draw him it is done in the "two-pence coloured" style of Early Victorian dramatic portraiture. He is the landlord who, according to popular belief, recently blew himself up. Obviously a work of supererogation. Plenty of patriots ready to blow up an Irish landlord, figuratively or bodily, without troubling him to take a hand in act of discipline.

JOHN ROCHE has discovered fresh

eccentricity on part of this hapless nobleman. It is alleged that Lord ASHTOWN, in the solitude of his chamber, the blackness of his heart, devised a little scheme excelling in childish melodrama the earlier plot attributed to him. He wrote anonymous letters to five of JOHN's blameless constituents, inciting them at a certain hour to blow up the village church, including the Priest and congregation. This done, he with superhuman cunning communicated with the police, informing them that at such an hour on such a day the murderous attempt would be made, warning them to be on the spot to arrest the intending malefactors.

In support of his case JOHN read the letter. From conditions hinted at, he was not audible throughout, a circumstance which, designedly or not, contributed to eeriness of episode. In Mrs. RADCLIFFE's novels candle usually went out in turret room of moated castle at critical moment. So our JOHN, when he came to particularly blood-curdling passage in the narrative, dropped his voice to hoarse whisper. Members craning their necks caught here and there a sentence in which TOM, the person addressed, was warned not to make mistake and place the bomb at the wrong door; was further entreated, if he was afraid of the job, to hand it on to another patriot—the job being the blowing up of his beloved Priest and the slaughter of his neighbours. All discussed in fluent, precise, unemotional phrase, as if the matter at issue were sale of a pound of butter or a pint of butter-milk. The letters, it is true, were anonymous. But JOHN knew they were written by Lord ASHTOWN. Why? Because he was in Dublin the day they were posted, and the letters bore the Dublin postmark. Q.E.D.

This is trivial. All the same there remains the admitted fact that Lord ASHTOWN informed the police that on the night of the 31st August, the date fixed in the anonymous letter, outrage would be attempted on the church in question. On the face of it a remarkable case of second sight.

Business done.—Vote of £2,500 on account of law charges in Ireland agreed to. As SARK says, If there is no law in Ireland there are law charges. CARSON, momentarily dropping Party feeling in professional pride, admitted gratification in reflecting that the money went into the pockets of the lawyers.

Friday.—Bill reforming and amending law relating to Protection



An offence under the new Protection of Children Act. Winston takes his last cigarette before the Bill is passed.

of Children printed and circulated. Confirms impression made by HERBERT SAMUEL's masterly ten-minutes speech on introducing it. The House, weary of the Irish question, sick of wrangles round Education, tired of the Territorial Army, dubious about



Samuel smiles (not the author of "Self-Help," but the introducer of the Bill for the Protection of Children).

Mr. H-b-rt S-m-l.

Old Age Pensions, learns with keen pleasure that the Government have found time to listen to the Cry of the Children. Having undertaken the task of reformation, they deal with it comprehensively. Among measures of the Session, the Children's Charter is a veritable DANIEL LAMBERT. Embodying sixty-four clauses, it covers seventy printed pages, consolidates twenty-two statutes, and introduces provisions of its own.

House tickled by one designed to put down cigarette smoking. Picture of burly policeman manœuvring for capture of small boy with cigarette in mouth "crosses the eye," as upon a historic occasion an anonymous housemaid affected the vision of late Lord SALISBURY. That merely a detail in carefully thought out scheme for welfare of the little ones. On introduction Bill greeted with chorus of approval that seemed to presage speedy triumphant passage. Will be interesting to follow its course, everyone doing what he can to avoid its being shouldered out by more pretentious but less useful measures.

Business done.—Second Reading of Ecclesiastical Disorders Bill moved.

THE LYING JADE AND "THE THUNDERER."

A WEALTHY German syndicate has, it is said, made overtures to *The Times* with a view to purchase, but so far without success. Their object is to develop in the paper a policy of strict retrenchment and economy with regard to the British Navy.

The rumour that the staff of the late *Tribune* have bought *The Times* is false. They have done no such thing.

Mr. J. A. SPENDER, in spite of numerous suggestions of his friends, will not at present edit *The Times*.

There seems to be no truth in the report that HACKENSCHMIDT visited *The Times* office yesterday and came away with the whole plant on his back.

Among the latest news concerning *The Times* is the persistent rumour that a syndicate of music-hall performers will purchase it for a song or two, and run it as the organ of the Federation against Mr. STOLL. Mr. STOLL is reported to have said that he does not mind, and that he will back the Coliseum stage to maintain a more equable and rapid circulation.

Mr. FROHMAN was met in the Strand yesterday walking rapidly in



Huntsman. "NOW THEN, COME ALONG, DO! DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPIN' ME CATCH A FOX? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU COULD CATCH A SNAIL UNLESS YOU MET 'IM IN A NARROW LANE!"

an eastern direction. It is conjectured he was on his way to buy *The Times*.

The rumour that a syndicate of Tierra del Fuegan gentlemen has been formed to purchase *The Times* is current, but up to the time of going to press we have not been able to obtain either corroboration or denial.

It is announced that Mr. G. H. DRUCE has no longer any intention of bidding for *The Times*.

The statement that *The Times* will continue to be published every day at threepence and contain good

foreign news and an assortment of home correspondence is considered absurd.

From *The Times* of 2008.

FEBRUARY 19.

Rumours as to the purchase of this venerable sheet by this and that syndicate are still rife. Meanwhile business is conducted as usual.

"Rainfall statistics show that the rainfall of April is considerably heavier in December than in the preceding month of November."

Civil and Military Gazette.

Of course statistics can prove anything.

Singular Experiences.

I.—MRS. JENNINGS'.

"Mrs. Jennings, in her endeavour to pursue the animal, had a singular experience. She sat down on some stones while the storm was at its height and removed her shoes and stockings." — *East London Daily Dispatch.*

"Young man wants a situation as ruler."

New Orleans World.

If he cares to come temporarily as a pot of gum there is a vacancy here for him.

DIANA OF THE CROSS FACE.

THE prospect of a scene in a shop-dormitory, with the "young ladies" undressing for bed, threatens to draw half the manhood of London to the Kingsway Theatre to see *Diana of Dobson's*. But when I say that the only visible nightdress—stuffy pink flannelette—is drawn on over the whole of the owner's clothes, with the exception of her skirt and bodice—it will be seen that the standard of propriety is a lofty one. For the rest, the scene is human enough; and it is only *Diana* herself that here, as in the Third Act, disturbs the atmosphere of probability with her shrill platitudes. The play indeed is a curious medley of rant and reserve. Nothing could be more admirable than the restraint of the Fourth Act—on the Embankment—with everybody playing in quiet undertones. And nothing could be much more blatant than the outburst of *Diana* in the Third Act, when she finds that the son of a peer is a little disappointed to learn that she is a penniless shopgirl, and not a woman of his own caste with a moderately comfortable revenue—as she had given everybody to understand. One of these days we must have a play written round an ill-paid shopwalker who poses, out at St. Moritz, as a gentleman of leisure. He shall engage the affections of a Duke's daughter, and then, when she flinches on learning the facts, he shall abuse her at the top of his voice for a contemptible snob for whom a world of honest workers has no sort of use. And the clever author of *Diana of Dobson's* shall be asked to occupy the stage-box, and see herself as we other men see her in her present play.

All the same, the occupants of the Pit had a glorious evening. Accommodated in the last row of the stalls—a place of splendid vantage—my spinal cord trembled to every spasm of their emotions. Loud and irrepressible giggles greeted the dormitory scene. The sentiment of the play—never too subtle—went straight home to their bosoms; its humour—seldom too recondite—to their intelligence. Personally I was not very happy about that charming actress Miss LENA ASHWELL. It may be that the dismal character of her accustomed rôles has affected her manner; but she wore almost throughout an air of rather repellent boredom; when she spoke in low tones, it was a sort of monotonous recitative; her higher

notes were metallic and harsh. In the First Act she promised to drink with great gaiety the swift cup of joy as far as her legacy of £300 would allow her; but nobody who saw her in the earlier of the two scenes at Pontresina, when she was supposed to be gyrating in a very vortex of delight, would have guessed, so colourless and sombre was her bearing, that she was having the time of her life. True, the company at the hotel were a dullish lot; but she might have moved on if they weren't to her liking.

Mr. HALLARD, as *Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton*, late of the Welsh Guards (why shouldn't gallant little Wales have its regiment of Guards?) played very conscientiously. But he should make a closer study—from life of the manners of young ex-Guards-



THE DORMITORY AT DOBSON'S.

men, and then perhaps he wouldn't stroke the back of his head quite so much, or twist his body into such stagey curves, or use his mouth as if he were illustrating a primer of elocution. He was best in seedy clothes on the Embankment, when the L.C.C. seat limited his attitudes, and his pipe was of the essence of the action, instead of being just a stop-gap like the eternal cigarette of the Pontresina episodes. Miss FRANCES IVOR, as *Mrs. Cantelupe*, must have modified her manner a good deal by the second night (when I saw her) if one of the first-night critics was right in charging her with extravagance. Miss GERTRUDE SCOTT, on the other hand, played the part of *Mrs. Whyte Fraser* with an absurd exaggeration of emphasis. Mr. DENNIS EADIE was excellent as *Sir Jabez Grinlay, Bart.*, the Sweater King; but most delightful of all were

the performances of Miss BERYL MERCER as an *Old Woman*, and of Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL as *Police-constable Fellowes*. Their quiet unassertive humour could hardly have been bettered. If I thought I could fall in with such excellent company I should be greatly tempted to try a night out on the Embankment when the weather gets a little milder.

O. S.

BY QUANTITY.

THE illuminating statistics compiled by the publishers of a certain Encyclopædia who claim to provide the greatest mass of reading material per penny, are exciting keen emulation in really live advertising circles. We understand that the following examples are to appear in the course of the week:—

A CHALLENGE TO THE SAVOY.

Mr. D. BERNSTEIN (3 minutes' walk from the Standard Theatre), challenges the Savoy Restaurant to disprove the accuracy of the following comparative table, and confidently asks his numerous patrons not to be led away by the specious claims of a rival house.

Cost of meal
per person.

CLEOPATRA'S "Pearl-Drop" Repast ...	£60,000
HELOGABALUS entertains a few friends ...	£500
Aldermanic banquet ...	£2 17 6
Savoy Restaurant: "Theatre Supper" ...	5s.
D. BERNSTEIN'S celebrated "Shoreditch Skate Supper" à prix fixe ...	7d.

THE VERDICT OF THE TAPE MEASURE.

In calling the attention of the art-loving public to his latest work, Mr. PETER PAUL BROWN (Associate of the Balham Institute of Painters by Hand) confidently invites a close scrutiny of the following comparative table:—

MEISSONIER'S "Soldiers at Cards,"	£80 per square inch.
Modern British Art: Auction Average, £1 11s. 6d. per square foot.	
PETER PAUL BROWN'S "Streatham Common by Moonlight, with a Panoramic Continuation showing Sunrise over the Crystal Palace" (21 ft. by 14 ft.),	5s. 11d. per square yard.

"Milton was a great Poem, he was quite blind but could see enough to write Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."—From the schoolroom.



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PUT MUCH MORE NICELY.

Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest, who has been refusing dish after dish). "I'M SO DISTRESSED YOU'VE HAD NO DINNER AT ALL?"
Guest. "THANK YOU—BUT I HAVE TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY FOOD"

THE WAY IN.

THIS is the story of RIVERS BANKES,
 Whose writings for long were declined with thanks.

He wrote an epic of Huns and Franks
 Which *The Pink-un* promptly declined with thanks.

He wrote a ballad of childish pranks
 Which *The Athenæum* declined with thanks.

His skit "On a fine Tale-bearing Manx"
 Was declined by *The Daily Mail* with thanks.

He took to pathos and tears in tanks,
 But *The Tatler* declined his work with thanks.

A dialogue full of suggestive blanks
The Guardian sadly declined with thanks.

A story of pirates walking planks
The Woman at Home declined with thanks.

A talk that he had with a ghost that clanks
The Spectator even declined with thanks.

A yarn that was spun in unending hanks
The Review of Reviews declined with thanks.

A thoughtful paper, "With Rod and Spanks,"
 Scholastic organs declined with thanks.

Some field-path rambles in Yorks. and Lancs.
The Automotor declined with thanks.

A Life of the King who was called Longshanks
The Live Stock Journal declined with thanks.

Some talks with cabbies upon the ranks
 Were declined by *The Connoisseur* with thanks.

Indeed it appeared that the whole phalanx
 Of the Press would decline his aid with thanks.

But he now writes essays on new food cranks,
 Which no one ever declines with thanks.

Some of these South African place-names are very misleading. *The Daily Telegraph* reports: "I (Von Veltheim) went to Chase Stanley." In the same spirit we may add that the gentleman in question also proposed a little picnic to Kop Kruger, and organised a disastrous expedition to Bluff Joel."

"In the evening service the Rev. L. G.—again occupied the pulpit and delivered a touching and powerful sermon to a very full congregation."—*Devon Evening Express*.

This raises anew the question, Should there be a time-limit to sermon-licenses?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DE MORGAN's idea in *Somehow Good* (HEINEMANN) is not new, but his treatment of it has distinction and charm. Mr. Fenwick, or Palliser, or Harrisson (he was a nice man all the same), having lost his memory, promptly finds his wife, from whom he had been separated—with complications—for twenty years. He marries her again, and Mrs. Fenwick hopes that those unhappy complications will never be recalled. Any sign of returning memory alarms her, but she cannot help asking questions and playing the game called "nettle-grasping." Mr. DE MORGAN has the gift of making his characters and his readers become one large family party. Sally, for instance, in this book begins by being a slangy girl; moreover she suffers from being called *Kitten* and *Sallykins*, names which certainly did not prejudice me in her favour; but soon I found myself absorbed in her courtship, and wishing that she would not be so slow about it. Mr. DE MORGAN, however, has a habit of apologising for his own discursiveness which is very disarming. *Somehow Good* is a delightful book, full of humour and the keenest observation, and rising more than once—notably in the scene in which Colonel Lund is dying—to real pathos admirably restrained.

In the first half of *Lethbridge of the Moor* (WERNER LAURIE) there are two distinct stories, one of which tells how George Lethbridge looked upon his neighbour's pheasants when it was dark, and, after an interlude at Dartmoor, found that the way of ex-convicts is exceedingly hard; the other how Arthur Hillyar, tripping carelessly down the hill of life, was consigned to the same rural retreat for falsifying his accounts with insufficient skill. As long as I was taking George and Arthur in alternate doses I quite enjoyed myself. But when their lines of life at last converged, and I learnt that they were as like as two peacocks, my heart sank. Not so Mrs. Arthur's. She saw at once that her husband might contrive to escape from prison, and that George, his exact image, could be recaptured in his stead. Personally, I would have laid her long odds against the success of her scheme, though to her it seemed as simple as peeling bananas. But I was wrong, as a man always is when he pits his experience against a woman's intuition. As a golfer I would put Mr. MAURICE DRAKE's handicap at about fourteen. He is one of your *splendide mendax* players—brilliant when he has a good lie. Going out with the wind behind him, he puts up very nearly a scratch game. But coming in he gets into difficulties, and instead of playing

for safety, presses and comes to grief, like many a good man before (and behind) him. Still, I am glad he did not tear up his card. After all, it's not such a bad round.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has printed on the paper wrapper of Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's book, *The Blue Lagoon*, the words "New Powerful Novel." The description is justified because the story is all that, and more; but the word "powerful" is rather misleading. The writing is powerful, but it has the power of the rapier rather than that of the bludgeon, which, I think, is the kind of force that epithet has come latterly to suggest when applied to fiction. The tale is very slight—there are only three characters in the greater part of it, and one of these dies half-way through—yet so deftly is it dressed that you do not realise the slenderness unless you pause to consider. A ship at sea takes fire; two children, a boy and a girl, leave it in a dinghy with an old sailor; they land on a coral island in the South Pacific, and there live; and the children grow up together, learning the secrets of life as nature reveals them. That is really all there is of it, yet I can say that it is a long time since I read a book more fascinating, more delicately conceived, more healthily nurtured on the fruits of an observation which knows when not to observe.

After an aloof career of several years at a very high figure, under the not too alluring title *Arabia Deserta*, Mr. CHARLES DOUGHTY's great and wonderful story of his travels reappears in a cheaper and more negotiable form as *Wanderings in Arabia* (Duckworth). There had always been a body, fit but few, of literary explorers who knew that Mr.

DOUGHTY's book was in many respects the best book of travel ever written; that little band will now become greatly reinforced. A word or two from Mr. GARNETT's admirable preface may be quoted: "The writer must confess that he knows no other book of travel which makes him so proud that the author is an Englishman. Gentleness, courage, humanity, endurance, and the insight of genius—these were the qualities that carried DOUGHTY safely through his strange achievement of adventuring alone, a professed Christian, amid the fanatical Arabians." Any one wishing to give a boy a rather better present than usual—and one that would lift his imagination as it should be lifted, and fire his blood as it should be fired—ought to make a note of DOUGHTY's *Wanderings in Arabia*.

From a notice board in a Suffolk garden:—

"Notis. Oame groan une 6d. a pott."

One of the worst spelling bees we have seen.



WANTED—

AN UMBRELLA THAT SCREAMS WHEN IT IS LEFT BEHIND.

LIFE IN SICILY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following impressions gathered at a play performed by the Sicilian actors at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

Sicily is a mountainous land (he writes) so I went into the gallery. It seemed to me that I should be more in the atmosphere of the play. We were a happy party up there—waiters, ice-cream dealers, and asphalt-mixers—but the atmosphere was disappointing. It may have been Sicilian, yet it was most unsatisfactory.

If Sicilians really are what the actors represent them to be, a pretty problem offers itself. Do the Sicilian actors carry on like that because the Sicilians do it, or do the Sicilians do it because they have seen their actors do it? Somebody must be responsible.

Anyway, Sicily must be a terrible place to live in; indeed, few people really live there. Sicilians as a rule spend their time either in barely escaping death or in dying slowly and in great pain. Where in England the man in the street asks his friend to come and have a drink, in Sicily he whips out a knife from behind, and tries to kill him.

It is to this constant danger that the free gesticulation of the people is due. So long as one keeps one's hands and arms flying around with great rapidity, the other man has little chance of planting a fair blow. Of course this is fatiguing, hence the national custom of the siesta (or the Sicilian equivalent), during which time of rest no honourable person would kill his friend.

In Sicily marriage is the admission to one's life, on equal terms, of one who is to all intents and purposes a panther. It is also a race between a man and a woman as to who shall be first in despatching the other. There is no advantage, however, in remaining unmarried. The unmarried person becomes at once a *tertium quid*, and by the etiquette of the land is removed first.

It is safe to assume that the coroners in Sicily possess a very strong trade union, otherwise they would be worked to death, and to death in a shape which is looked down upon in a land where other styles of decease are so plentiful.

Living must be very expensive in Sicily. As soon as a Sicilian gets into a rage he cannot be appeased until he has smashed glass, crockery, and furniture, preferably all three. This happy country should be a fine



Passenger (to Guard of crowded Plymouth train, who, after much trouble, has found him a comfortable seat). "THANK YOU, GUARD. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE OTHER END." Guard. "BEG PARDON, SIR. WOULD YOU MIND 'SEEING' ME NOW, AS I'M RELIEVED AT BRISTOL!"

market for the cheaper establishments in Tottenham Court Road.

Yet with all their faults I love the Sicilians still. They have a sense of humour—the gallery laughed four or five times during the play—and their politeness is unexampled. Thus, they consider it the height of bad form to beat their wives without breaking out into sobs of contrition immediately afterwards.

The Song of the Lyddite Shell:
"Put me among the Khels."

The Limit Again.

From an advertisement:—
"Amazing Career of the Arch-Bigamist fully told in . . . the Great Home Sunday Journal."
Just the thing for father to read to mother and the little ones by the nursery fire. "One more wife, father, and then the children must really go to bed."

Botanical Notes.

"Vacancy for planting pupil on rubber estate in Malay Peninsula"

Will he live in or be bedded out somewhere?

NAVAL AND OTHER ESTIMATES.

Dove, with the signs of moult on each poor feather,
And the limp olive drooping from your beak,
Bear up, good fowl, and pull yourself together,
And cease that attitude of solemn pique;
You have been hustled at the Hague, my pet,
But there's a lot of fun before you yet.

Europe may hear your views without emotion,
And keep on building bruisers night and day,
But here are those who think the realm of Ocean
Not worth the ponderous premium we pay;
Let other sea-dogs bark upon the blue,
For pups like us a little growl should do.

See where around your ruffled plumes they rally,
Wreathed in the very best Elysian smiles,
Taking, as well becomes this white-winged ballet,
Their time from BRUNNER and their tune from BYLES;
(PERKS, having lent the Cause his sounding name,
Thought better of it and withdrew the same).

But there's another task for you to handle,
Distinct from schemes connected with the brine—
Viz., to arrest a shocking, shocking scandal
That under darkness works its fell design,
Gnawing away at England's very vitals—
I am referring to the trade in titles.

I understand that anyone who proffers
The regulation prices on the mart,
Planking his bullion in the Caucus coffers,
At once becomes a Baron or a Bart.
That's how we get our ready money for
The "bloated armaments" of Party War.

"War," you observe, a war of Whig and Tory—
"A sort of war," not where a man's red blood
Is freely spilled for King and home and glory,
But fought with rotten eggs and lies and mud;
And yet the kind of thing, I beg to ween,
In which a bird like you should intervene.

Ay, here's a mission Peace should take upon her—
To check the Party lust we now indulge;
So might we ring with bounds the Roll of Honour
With which *Debrett* and *Burke* already bulge,
And spare the self-made victims doomed (one hears)
To swell the coming holocaust of Peers.

O. S.

From a bird fancier's circular:—

"The best way to let them out of the cage is to stand it on a newspaper, and put one of the tit-bits outside; it will then amuse itself in and out without flying too much about the room."

This might have been put better. Even now we are not certain whether it is the cage or the tit-bit which is so easily amused.

If you see it in Print, it is so.

"Mme. Albani, it is announced, is going to take a limited number of pupils, but has been sunk. The crew were saved."—*The North Western Daily Mail*.

Otium cum Dig.

"Price wanted for digging garden; cottage can sleep in while digging same."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

"WANTED—Dress for middle-aged person; plain but good."

Woman's Realm.

After all, what are looks compared with beauty of soul?

A "COMPETITION" CONCERT.

It was in the autumn of 1892; I was staying in a little Oxfordshire village, and, walking into Henley one day, I happened to see handbills in the shop-windows announcing:—

"HERR SCHMAKOFFSKI'S GRAND COMPETITION CONCERT!
At the Town Hall, Henley-on-Thames,
On Wednesday, September 28, at 8 p.m.

Vocal (*Comic and Sentimental Songs*) and Instrumental Music, for which Musical Instruments and other Useful Prizes will be given, the Winner of each competition to be decided by the Audience.

Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI (*who has played before*) will also give his Entertainment, a Highly Elevating and Instructive Lecture, with songs in French, German, Swiss, and English. Views of London, Oxford, Bath, Ireland and America, the Holy Land (*Old and New Testament*), Rome, France, Germany, Switzerland, and the Arctic Regions. With Comic Views and Portraits of Illustrious Persons."

I rather needed elevating just then, and there was something about the wording of this announcement that seemed promising. The name of Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI (slightly altered here) was not altogether unknown to me: that is, I had heard of him as the proprietor of a musical instrument shop in Oxford, and of a string band in great request at undergraduate "wines" in the late seventies. I decided that this lecture was an opportunity that it might be unwise to miss, and so, on the appointed evening, I made one of a fairly large audience in a long upper room rawly lit by a big gas star, and decorated by two full-length portraits of CHARLES THE SECOND and his Queen.

On the platform at the further end, a table on which stood a battered old tin magic-lantern; near it lay a guitar; at the back, a frame with a dingy and disreputably wrinkled sheet. In the front seats a few notables; behind them, the local shopkeepers, neighbouring farmers, and their families. There was nobody on the platform, and we spent some minutes in speculating where the piano would be placed—a sheer waste of time, because, as we were soon to discover, there was not going to be a piano. At last Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI appeared, midst feeble applause, with his arms full of slides. An amiable elderly gentleman, with white hair and beard, and a strong foreign accent—nationality, I imagine, Polish.

"Laties and schendlemen," he began, "dere are only two schendlemen to gombete, and dey cannot be hier dill ade-thirdy. Zo, vit your kind bermissions I vill gif my enderdainment virst, instet of at a gonglusion, and I bromise to schdrain all my efforts to enderdain you."

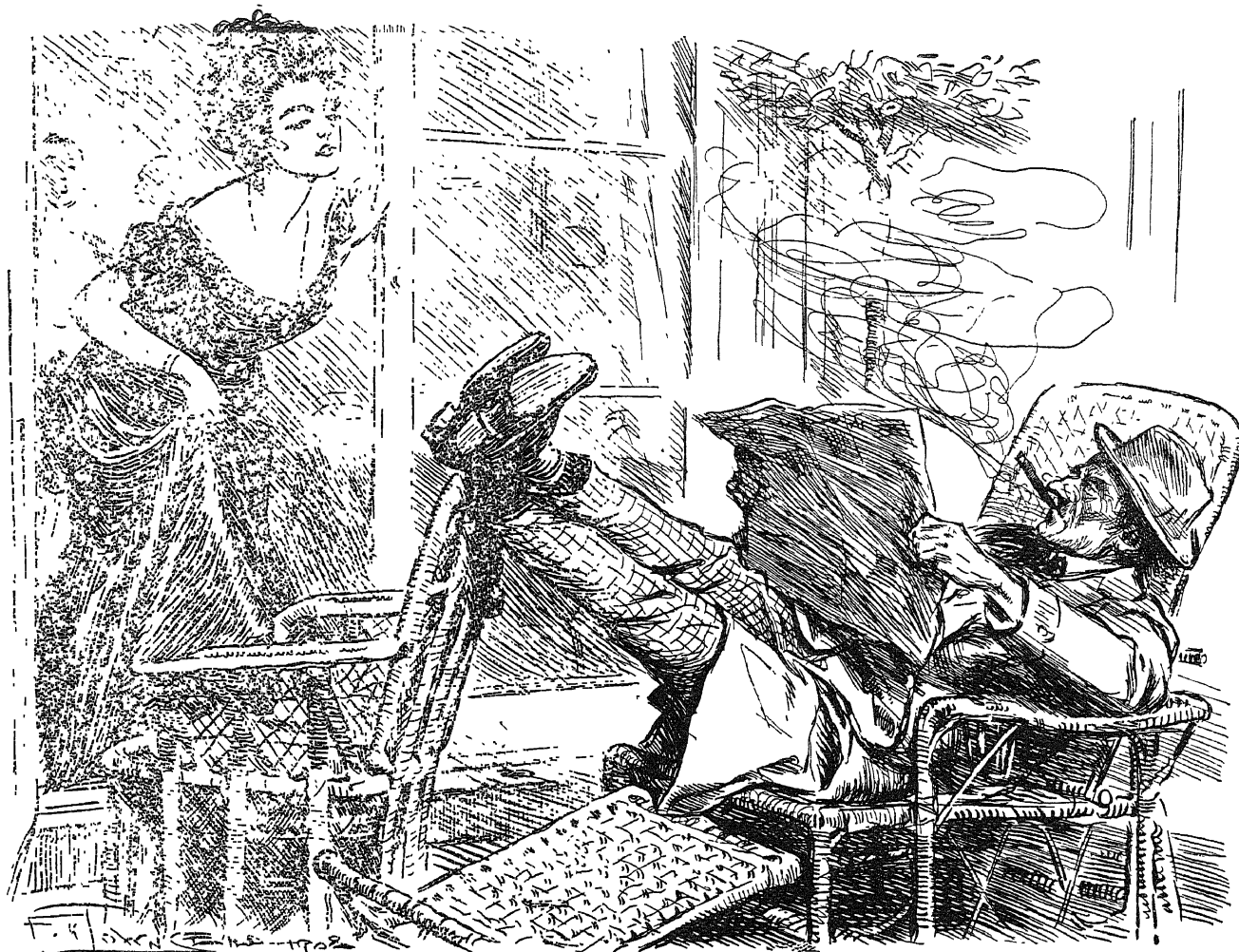
There was an engaging artlessness about this that would have propitiated the surliest. We applauded vigorously; the gas star waned to pale blue, a dim circle dawned on the screen, and we prepared to be entertained. "Virst," we heard Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI's voice announce in the darkness, "I shall show you som sceneries of Englandt and oder blaces—de Pay of Nables, vit Vesuvius in de pack." There was a little trouble about the focus, and Vesuvius could not be induced to emerge. But this was amply atoned for by a procession of partly obliterated feluccas, which sailed jerkily through the sky, upside down, and were uproariously welcomed, for we had already discovered that the lecture would not prove unentertaining. Encouraged by this Herr S. next exhibited "A few sceneries from Bath—de Kicheedril; Merton College, Oxford, vere Lort



WHAT IS WHISKY?

LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD (*Chairman of the Royal Commission on Whisky*):—

“BE THOU A SPIRIT OF HEALTH OR GOBLIN DAMN'D . . .
THOU COM'ST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE
THAT I WILL SPEAK TO THEE.”—*Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 4.



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Fair American (hearing the dinner-gong). "GUESS, POPP, YOU'D BETTER JUMP INTO A BOILED SHIRT. THERE GOES THE HASH HAMMER!"

Rantolf Churdgehill vas edugated." (Loud cheers.) "St. Mary's Kicheedril Churdge, vere I vonce had de bleasure of hiering a most peaudiful zairmon by de lade Pishop of Vingesder. It vas on de sobjeg of Sharity. He say dat Sharity pegin at home, and vas nod only gonvined to rich and schendlebeoples, and millionaires dat lif only for demsellefs, and nefer do goot to nopotty; but dat de boor gan bractise it yust so vell as de rich. He say it ofden gom in at de *pack* door, rader as de vront . . . A scenery of Gristchurdge Gollege, vere I haf ofden peen and hat de bleasure of meeding many nopilidies dere. Dey," he added, with charming naïveté, "are de greadest plessing I haf left to me."

A "scenery of Baris" followed, with a digression on the Parisian *café*. "I vill dell you an anegdote of an Englishman who vent so ofden to different blaces dat at last he wanted a chaintch. So he vent to Baris. He gom to a *gaffé*, and dere he see a peaudiful Schviss curl vit a guidar. Vot habbened I shall dell you in a song."

It was a blameless ditty, and began: "An Englishman galled DOBBS, He vas von of de nobs"—but, except that Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI, in the character of the Swiss girl, played the guitar and yodelled at the end of every stanza, it was perhaps a little deficient in point. However, it was warmly applauded. "Hier," continued the lecturer, "is de Leaning Dower of Bisa. Eferyvon

who goes to it always puy a vodo of de dower. I haf peen in many schendlemen's houses, and eferyvere I see a vodo of dis dower!" With such testimony to its respectability we could hardly do less than express our approval of the Leaning Tower. "Nexdt, a sdadue of Sain Betre in Rome. Hier my liddle curl vill zing you 'Zanta Lucia.'" Which Fräulein SCHMAKOFFSKI suddenly came out and did. After that, I think the slides must have got a little mixed. I know a view of the Staubach was introduced as "a scenery from Ems, a Sherman vatering-blace," while a Venetian canal appeared unabashed as "a schtreed in Nables." But we were perfectly happy—some of us almost hysterically so—till we got to the Scriptural scenes, which seemed to cast a gloom. Even Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI noticed that they were not going as well as might be wished, for, after announcing "ABRAHAM and SARAH, mit deir pabe, de liddle ISAAG," he added consolingly, "Bresently I shall show you somtings more laughable—Meester and Meesis Pluebeard!" Somehow the comic slipping slides, with a man and a puppy exchanging heads, and other equally humorous effects, failed to provoke the mirth their exhibitor evidently anticipated, and his own faith in them appeared to be shaken at length. But, at the close, when he thanked us for "so craciously and batiently listening to a boor olt man, and I vish my

enderdainment vas a pedder von," there was a pathos in the appeal which I think touched all of us, and I like to remember that in the response we made there was nothing at all ironical.

Then came the "Competition Concert." Two young gentlemen (who I fancy were in the employment of the leading linendrapers) mounted the platform. The first was tall, pale, and exceeding shy. It was some time before he could convey to Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI (who was to accompany him on the guitar) any clear notion of the key he proposed to sing in—he did not seem very certain about it himself. At length he gave us a sentimental song: "My Darling's with me in my Dreams!" a piece of information which (possibly because we did not know the lady) left us cold. His rival was short, of mild aspect, with side whiskers, so, as was only to be expected, he obliged as "The Storm Fiend." His rendering was hilariously received, particularly when he chuckled and laughed "Aha!" It would have been unnecessary, as we felt, to hoist the weather-cone for so futile a fiend. "Now," inquired Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI, as soon as we became more composed, "*vich is de Vinner?*" Some unknown benefactor in the front row suggested faintly that we should like, before deciding, to hear from the Fiend once more. So the Fiend sang us "The Friar of Orders Grey," and "ho-oh-oh-oh-d" to such unfathomable depths that the rest of the refrain was drowned in roars of laughter, in which the Holy Friar unaffectedly joined. He was unanimously awarded the prize, presented by Herr S. with a neat speech: "Holy vriar, egscuse me galling you so, but I remember it pedder. Hier is de brize, a sbblendid biccolo vit sigsdeen keys!"

After which we broke up, and I did not consider a six-mile trudge back in the dark at all too heavy a price for such an evening. Indeed, I would willingly perform the same pilgrimage again if I could hope to be so ingenuously entertained. But I fear the light of poor old Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI's lantern has long since flickered out.

F. A.

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[The Earl of BRASENOSE, having been lost at the age of eight months by his absent-minded mother, the Duchess of BATTLEDOWN, is secured by Mr. WILLIAM OATES, the ducal coachman, and is by him handed over to the care of the coachman's mother, Mrs. OATES, the proprietress of an animal shop in the Seven Dials. There he is reared in ignorance of his origin up to the age of twelve years. The Duchess, feeling that, by some means which she hardly realises, an aching void has been caused in her life, attempts to fill it by taking charge of various animals whom she keeps as pets in the family mansion in Belgrave Square. She finally decides that she must have a boy as special attendant for her menagerie, and, at the suggestion of WILLIAM OATES (now repentant), engages her own twelve-year-old son to fill the post under the name of THOMAS OATES, supposing him to be her coachman's distant relative.]

HAVING now brought the Earl and his mother together, I have all but arrived at the end of my tether.

It remains to be shown

How he came by his own;

How, in spite of all checks and all chance of denials, He not only emerged from the grip of the Dials, But was owned in the end, by a fortunate fluke, As the Earl that he was and the son of a Duke.

When the Duchess beheld him she shivered and said, "What a nice little boy," and she patted his head.

Then she shivered again,

Like a creature in pain,

And, poohpoohing suggestions of bronchial catarrh, Which the new boy put forward, remarked, "If you are

What I feel that you must be you're certainly dented By the knob of a grate, which you fell on and bent it. It was twelve years ago, but there's somehow a something,

A vague thing, a notion, a queer thing, a dumb thing, A thought which is hinting that somewhere or other I have met you before—that, in fact, I'm your mother." Then, in spite of his struggles, her eyes growing tender, She applied the boy's head to the knob of the fender: Oh, her heart went pit-pat, and her cheeks became paler,

But she held the lad fast, and the knob didn't fail her. Her bad luck at last was completely outwitted, For the boy had a dent in his head—and it fitted!

Some day I may tell you—I hope to—the story How the Earl went at Eton from glory to glory; How, whatever he did, he was always on top: How he rowed in the Eight, was elected to "Pop," Was the pride of his tutor, the joy of his House, And was sent up for good, and was famed for his *voûs*.

But the lingo he learnt in the Dials, when young, Came trippingly still from the tip of his tongue. It infected the boys; in the course of some weeks It had seized on the dames and had conquered the "beaks."

The Head was its victim:

It went for and picked him,

And thence, spreading fast from the up to the down, It absorbed every suburb and swallowed the town; Till at last all frequenters of decent society, In its ranks and its fashions in all their variety, When they held conversation were sure to employ Instead of "ow," "i," the expressions "eow," "oi"— All this I may tell you (it's not very pleasant) On a future occasion. I've done for the present.

THE END.

We cull from *The Daily Telegraph* of February 20:—

"A Willesden girl who applied for the position of scullery-maid in a well-known county asylum received a form containing some forty questions, including the following:

'Do you sing?

'Of what compass is your voice?

'Do you play any musical instruments? If so, state what instrument.

'Would you be willing to entertain the patients?'

There was no question relative to the girl's capabilities as a scullery-maid."

We have cabled the above catechism to Mme. TETRAZINI. If her voice has a kitchen range, if her musical references are satisfactory and she has a good character from her last "place," no doubt her prospective employers will overlook any dish-washing deficiencies.

Another Mystery.

"Witness added that among Morell's partners in crime were many who were either in gaol awaiting trial, or at liberty."—*Daily Telegraph*.

But where on earth were the rest of them?

Many critics have complained lately of the way in which theatre managers continually accept plays from the French, instead of encouraging British authors. The latest example of this unpreferential treatment is recorded as follows in *The Daily Mail*:—

"NEW ROYALTY. ROMEO & JULIET.

Adapted from the French of Henry Bern."

We could mention at least one English playwright who could have treated the subject equally well.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A BY-ELECTION.

Millchester.

DEAREST DAPHNE, — The latest from your BLANCHE is that a by-election is simply screaming fun, and that we've all been having the time of our lives here. When North-East Millchester fell vacant we all persuaded NORTY that he ought not to hide his talents any longer in a bushel of something, especially as the MIDDLESHIREs have a place close by, and the VAVASSOR interest is strong there. Like a good boy, he said if we all wished it he didn't mind having a touch at Parliament, so down we all came to see the thing through. It's been a three-cornered contest. In addition to the man on the Wrong Side, a Socialist stood, and OUTA TELBOWs, the Hungarian Socialist Count, has been here making some of his ridiculous flaming speeches. I see now how fallacious Socialism is. I can't imagine how I could ever think OUTA TELBOWs good-looking. The creature has grown a beard, and is positively frightful! He ought to be exported as an Undesirable.

I'm not in the least ashamed of my change of opinions. NORTY says I needn't be. He says opinions are like other things—you want to try a lot before you find a set to suit you.

The Wrong Side (I don't notice the Socialist gang, we don't expect anything decent from them) have behaved in a most odious way. Their posters, my dear, and the leaflets they've put about!

KIDDY and his Yankee wife came to help, and LALA MIDDLESHERE; and AUNT GOLDIE arrived in a very juvenile get-up to captivate voters; but she caught sight of one of the Wrong Side's great posters—a fearful caricature of herself and NORTY, and the words, "A man may not marry his grandmother, however much money she has!" and the poor old dear fled back to Devonshire. NORTY says only rotters would hit below the belt like that. But of course we didn't take it lying down. NORTY's agent got out some screaming posters about them, *en revanche*, and leaflets with lots of little things he'd found out.

Millchester, as you know, is full of great factories and of workpeople. I don't exactly know what it is they make, but the poor things get up awfully early to make it, and work very hard. I went about in my big white Darracq that I call *Carte Blanche*, dressed in white cloth, with white furs, and made friends with

STUDIES IN TACT.



A YOUNG LADY (MISS A.) MEETS AT A BALL A CERTAIN LORD B., BY WHOM SHE IS LED TO A CONSERVATORY WHERE THERE ARE TWO SEATS, ONE MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THE OTHER. LORD B., REMARKING "S'POSE WE SIT DOWN, WHAT?" TAKES THE MORE COMFORTABLE SEAT. 'WHAT SHOULD MISS A. DO?

N.B. LORD B.'S SOCIAL POSITION IS ABOUT 25 PER CENT HIGHER THAN MISS A.'S.



MISS A. SHOULD PICK UP THE SMALLER SEAT, AND SAYING, "WOULD YOU NOT LIKE A FOOT-STOOL?" PLACE IT FOR LORD B. IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT HE WILL TAKE THE HINT. IF, HOWEVER, HE MERELY SAYS, "THANKS!" MISS A. MUST SIT ON THE FLOOR, AND SHE MUST REPLY TO LORD B.'S OBSERVATIONS (SHOULD THERE BE ANY) WITH *HAUTEUR* (FRENCH).

them, and told them what wonderful things NORTY would do for them. Poor boy! he's pledged himself to *such* a programme! But, as he says, programmes are only *made* to be altered. And the Wrong Side have certainly gone one better in *their* programme. They've promised pensions to all who don't care about work; votes for women, and the best and least draughty seats in the House to be reserved for the female Members; the Speaker to be a woman, and to be allowed to *speak*.

I went about among the people and got them all on my side. The dear, grimy things simply worshipped me. We gave a Cake-and-Jam Tea to a lot of the kiddies, and those wretches on the Wrong Side at once put out leaflets with "How a *Buy-Election* is Managed. Voters of North-east Millchester beware of Mr. NORTON VAVASSOR (first cousin of that bloated aristocrat the Duke of MIDDLESHIRE, the biggest ground-landlord in Millchester), and beware of his Fair Friends! Speak out your honest opinions, Electors of North-east Millchester, and don't allow your mouths to be stopped with Jam—with Raspberry Jam, with Strawberry Jam, with *Bribery* Jam!"

What d'you think of *that*, my dearest?

Never mind. We've frustrated their politics, confounded their knavish tricks, and got our man in. After the poll was declared we gave a great kick-up to all and sundry. JOSIAH suddenly appeared on the scene, and seemed a bit sumphish. He congratulated NORTY formally, and then asked him if he had "thought seriously of any of the problems of the day—of the Unemployed, for instance?"

"Oh yes," said NORTY. "*Naturally* I've thought about *them*, for I'm one of *them*."

We've great hopes of our new Member. He'll begin in just a small way, asking *questions* about things, you know—the size of policemen's boots, say, or something of that kind. Then he'll go on to introduce little private Bills, and will speak whenever he can get or make an opportunity. And if he's *very* cheeky and unmanageable, and advertises himself enough, he may get into the Cabinet when his own side is in, or even before that if he cares to do a quick-change turn.

His views on the everlasting Irish Question he takes from me. Yes, my dear, my latest *Cause* is the Irish. I've put in a fortnight in Ireland lately, and what time I could spare during a week's parties in

Dublin and a week's hunting in Galway, I gave up to mastering the Irish Question. And *now* I speak with *authority* of the Irish. They're *clever*, DAPHNE, but they're *queer*, and what they want is not *ruling* but *managing*. You can do *anything* with them if you go to work the right way. I'd some lovely talks with the Galway peasants. I told them how *silly* they were to want Home Rule, and to hate their landlords, and to drive cattle away from places. A funny old chap, sucking a little black pipe, said, "Sure, darlint, 'tis yourself knows all about us. If there was more like *ye*, Ireland's troubles would soon be over." (There can be no doubt that with *all* their queerness they *do* understand and appreciate one!) I promised I'd send him some tobacco to smoke in his little *gossoon*—(it's always a good plan to use their own words, if you know any)—and he said, "May the Heavens be your bed, darlint; but 'tis a dhudeen I'm smoking—a gossoon is a little bhoy."

I'm working simply most awfully hard for Ireland just now. I've bought a ghastly heap of poplin (a loathsome material, my own, and I shall never have it made up), and a frantic lot of Limerick lace (which is rather nice, though its name is enough to give one the shudders *now*), and let me see—oh, yes, about a ton of horrors in bog-oak. (*Entre nous*, I consider there's no greater proof of the unbalanced state of the Irish mind than those fearful things they make out of bog-oak!)

So you see how strenuously I'm working for my new Cause!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Nature Notes.

"Oysters avoid Influenza when eaten regularly."—*Daily Graphic*.

The remedy seems a drastic one; but no doubt our humble valvular friends know what is best for themselves. We certainly shall not turn a deaf ear to their touching appeal.

A Marvellous Recovery.

HALF-TIME.

Sheffield Wednesday 3
Aston Villa 0

FINAL.

Aston Villa 5
Sheffield Wednesday 0

Liverpool Evening Paper.

Sheffield must have revoked.

"This was a piece of rank bad duck for the visitors."—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

Personally we always fight shy of football lunches.

WHO WORKS THE HARDEST?

HERCULEAN LABOURERS ON THEIR TASKS.

WITH a view to ascertaining the amount of work done by various public men and women of distinction, in order that some idea may be gained as to how many hours should be given to toil, a representative of the Halfpenny Central Press Association has been making inquiries in those places where such inquiries are always made. Information has naturally been "elicited," an assortment of which is now laid before the expectant reader, who is, however, not asked to carry it in his mind for more than an hour or so, for these articles don't really matter, and tomorrow there will be something fresh for him.

Mr. ASQUITH, discovered behind a zareba of despatch boxes, correspondence, and private secretaries, with a deputation waiting for him in every room and two in the hall, and a suspicious-looking female on the doorstep, found time to answer rapidly a few carefully chosen questions.

"Are you in agreement with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., when he says, as he has recently done at Coventry, or perhaps Leicester, that men and women are dying to-day because they do not have enough leisure to enable them to replace the mental and physical wear and tear of life?"

"Yes, I mean no."

"Do you view with favour, or at any rate without venom, the project of Mr. WILLETT, as brought forward in a private Bill the other day by a Member whose name for the moment I have forgotten, to add to the hours of daylight by stealing from the clock every quarter day, or something like that; but you know pretty well what I am driving at?"

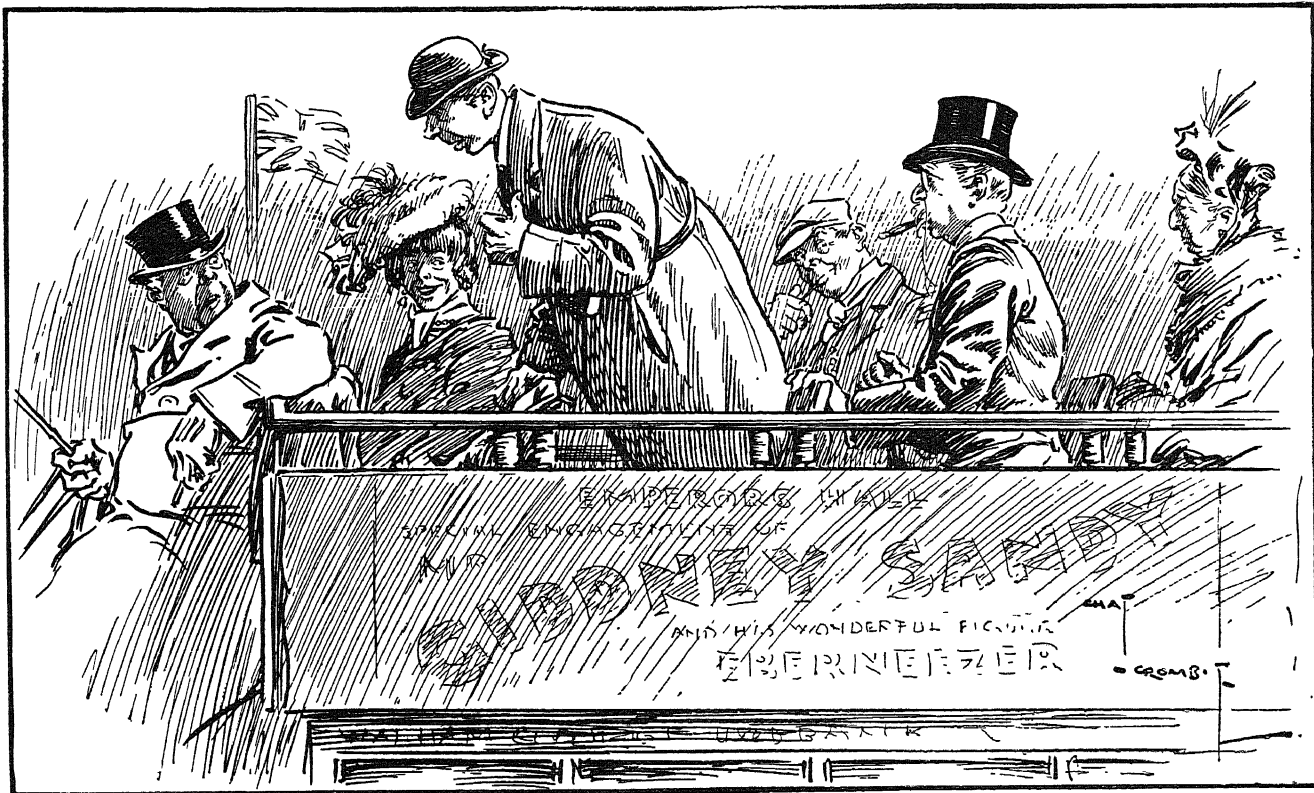
"No, I mean yes."

"How many hours a day do you yourself work?"

"Twenty-five."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW was characteristically witty. It was absurd, he said, to talk of work and play as distinct things at all. To him all work was play and all play was work; but that was, of course, because he was so incorrigibly and gloriously unique. He had never been tired in his life, and never meant to be. The current ideas as to the necessity of rest were ridiculous. A man who needed rest was not worth considering, while, on the other hand, a man who did not lie in bed all day if he wanted to was a slave. And so on.

Mr. JOHN LANE said he never slept for more than three hours. He



Conductor (to driver, who has been pulling up constantly within the last few hundred yards). "BAD TIMES FER COBBLERS, BILL. PEOPLE AIN'T WEARIN' THEIR BOOTS OUT MUCH. 'ERE'S A BLOKE WANTS YER TO PULL UP AGEN AT THE NEXT 'OUSE WI' THE BLUE BLINDS."

Driver (sarcastically). "Ho! YUS! ASK 'IM WHICH PART O' THE 'OUSE 'E'D LIKE TO BE DRUV TO—INTER THE PARLER WI' THE FAMILY, OR HUP TO 'IS ROOM IN THE HATTIC. WE'RE ON'Y 'ERE TO ERLIGE!"

needed all the rest of the time for the search for new geniuses, of which, by the way, he had several, from whose works he would like to read a few passages. The first was—

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS said that the greatest fallacy of modern times was the doctrine of rest. No one needed rest. There was only one way to keep oneself fresh, and that was to have a curious mind. Be interested in things. He personally had not slept for years, and such was his interest in things that he never felt tired. He wrote sixteen hours a day, and explored life and London for the rest. His aim was to make two blades of mustard and cress grow where only one had grown before, and he meant to go on doing it, even if he had to call in the aid of Thatcho. He would never have discovered the priceless secret of Thatcho if he had obeyed the ordinary rules as to rest, for it came to him at four in the morning, when everyone else in the world was asleep and idle.

After knocking for some hours at Mr. HALDANE'S door without obtaining any reply our representative left. He has since discovered that the footman thought he was the Suffragettes, and behaved according.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER said that only actors really knew what work meant. He had often watched navvies in the street, and had longed to be one, except for their baggy trouser-knees. The actor's life was one unceasing round of drudgery. If he was not rehearsing he was at the tailor's; if he was not at the tailor's he was at the photographer's; and if he was not at the photographer's he was at the County Council. And then came the performance, and during the entr'actes, when he was supposed to be resting, the trying ordeal, often very disheartening, of counting the dead-heads through the little hole in the curtain. Add to this the visits from would-be dramatists and would-be leading ladies, and where were you? Better sweep a crossing.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON said that in his opinion the hours of work in an ideal state would be limited to two a day; but in the imperfect civilisation which we endure it is impossible for a brain-worker to keep body and soul together on so little. He himself had to write for at least two hours and a-half every day if he were to enjoy the balance in reposeful dialectics with his friends and foes.

Inquiries at the House of Commons elicited the fact that Mr. BELLOC is the most hardworked of all our younger Parliamentarians. The week-end brings him no respite from his labours, as he invariably spends it in the grimy heart of Salford amongst his constituents, where he conducts classes in military history, conversational French, mediæval theology, and thorough Bass. As Mr. BELLOC has expressed it in a touching couplet:

"French is my heart, but loyal and sincere
Is, and shall be, my love of British beer."

In the wrestling world the pressure is equally great. HACKENSCHMIDT works twelve hours a day at mastering the languages of his various rivals—Galician, Turkish, Slovak, and Albanian.

At Windsor it was ascertained from Mr. GRAY, the leader of the "Manchester Marchers," that no class worked harder than the unemployed. At least eight hours of his day were occupied in interviewing, or the composition of manifestoes. Eight hours more were devoted to his duties as open-air lecturer to Eton College. He had given up eating simply because he had no time for meals.



A. S. C. Corporal (at Soldiers' dance). "WILL YOU HAVE A DRINK, SIR?"

Major. "THANKS VERY MUCH, CORPORAL, BUT I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH."

Corporal. "DON'T SAY THAT, SIR. ONE MORE DRINK WON'T MAKE YOU ANY WORSE THAN YOU ARE ALREADY!"

A WEAK POINT.

THEODORE is a dear, I admit—

And it's one of the sweetest of names—

He's ready with sympathy, wisdom and wit,

And he's perfectly splendid at games.

And I can't fail to see he has taken to me,

For his feelings he openly shows;

But he's got one defect which he cannot correct:—

I don't like the shape of his nose.

His hair is an auburn hue,

And, when it grows long enough, curls;

His eyes are so dreamy and wistful and true—

At least when he's talking to girls.

When he dives in the scrum he makes everything hum

- And mincemeat of most of his foes;

He knows how to dress, and his work's a success,

But—I don't like the shape of his nose.

Yet I haven't the heart to refuse

If he ever suggests we should meet

Up that strip of red baize between whispering pews—

The prospect, in fact, is quite sweet.

But it may be, oh dear, when I'm shaking with fear

From my veil to my white satin toes

And the church is quite still, I shall answer "I WILL;

But I don't like the shape of his nose!"

LITERARY NOTE.—Considerable feeling has been aroused in poetical circles by the very pointed way in which Miss LENA ASHWELL's new play, *Diana of Dobson's*, has been entitled. In order to redress the balance, *Gertie of Gosse's*, *Lily of Lang's*, *Bessie of Binyon's*, *Nina of Noyes's*, and *Tottie of Trench's* are shortly to be produced at rival theatres. There was talk also of *Winnie of Watts-Dunton's*; but it has been decided that a simpler title would be better, and it may, therefore, be expected as *Sally of Swinburne's* or *Polly of the Pines*.

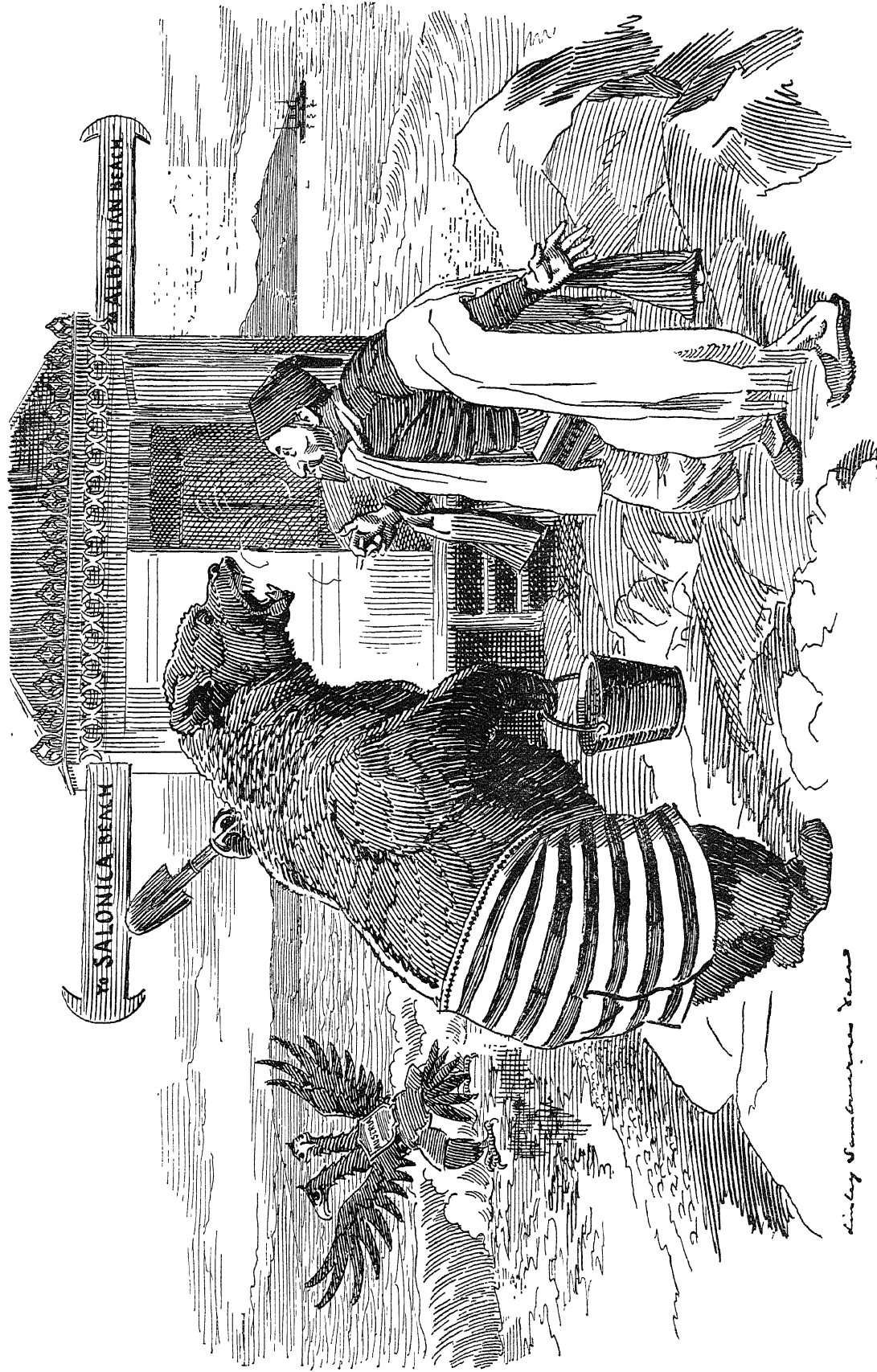
From a Midland Railway booklet:

"Pictorial Post Cards, scenery accessible from the line, express trains, rolling stock, steamers, maps, &c, may be obtained at the Company's Offices and Railway Bookstalls at a charge of 2d. per packet of six."

A monster trial packet, containing four postcards, two express trains, three steamers, one map, and a clump of firs accessible from the line will be sent on receipt of 4½d. in stamps.

Journalistic Candour.

"The remedy for readers of the *Morning Leader* is Dr. —'s Pills."

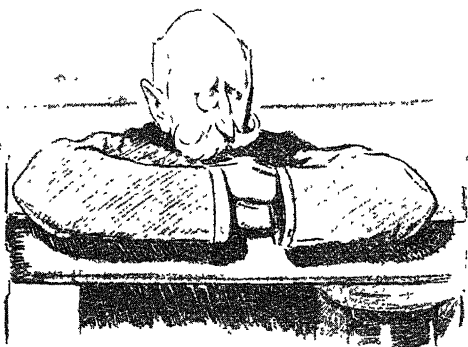


THE RUSH FOR THE SEASIDE.

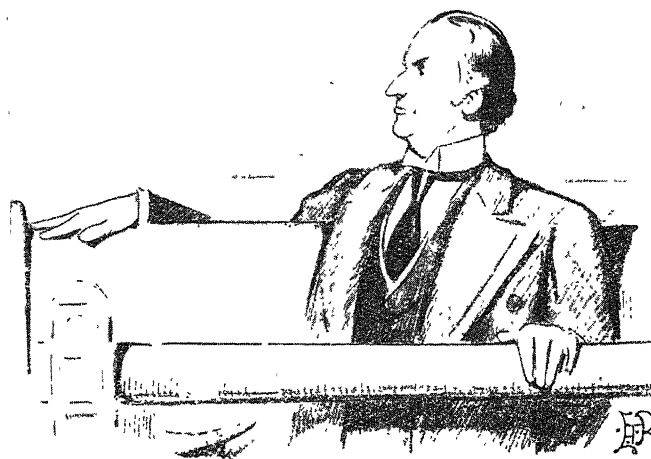
RUSSIAN BEAR (to SULTAN OF TURKEY). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I OBJECT TO YOUR LETTING THAT DOUBLE-FACED BIRD GO DOWN FOR A DIP; BUT, IF HE GOES, I GO TOO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



RUSSIA VIGILANT.
(Count B-nck-and-rff.)



INDIA RETROSPECTIVE.
(Lord C-rz-n of K-dl-st-n.)

ON EITHER SIDE OF AN OAK FRONTIER.

Listening to the Debate on the Anglo-Russian Agreement.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—Russian Ambassador hurried down this afternoon bright and early. Occasion momentous. British Government have accomplished purpose vainly pursued by predecessors during the last forty years. Have signed and sealed Convention with Russia which PRINCE ARTHUR, called upon to curse it, to-night admitted “carries with it substantial advantages, which may, and I hope will, carry in addition some augmentation of that friendly feeling which is the great security for peace and goodwill.”

That’s all right. Echoes the even more emphatic approval expressed by LANSDOWNE the other night, rising to high traditions of British statesmanship which guard foreign policy from the venom of Party spite. A new turn given to affairs in the Commons. That eminent statesman, Earl PERCY, regarding situation gravely shook his head.

“This will never do,” he murmured.

Accordingly drafted and placed on paper Resolution involving censure of a settlement which, “while involving material sacrifice of British interests, leaves room for international misunderstanding.”

With this portent in the huddled air Russian Ambassador did well to hurry over his luncheon and hasten to secure place in Diplomatic Gallery. His Excellency expected to find

House crowded in every part, seething with excitement. He looked down upon it half empty, wholly listless, regarding with quizzical look the middle-aged young gentleman at the Table engaged in demonstrating that all was lost; that Persia, a rich ripe pear, was ready to fall into the open mouth of the TSAR, at whose feet India lay prostrate.

Old Members regarding Earl PERCY, recalled another of his name familiar in the House twenty-five years ago. On the whole, the Earl PERCY of to-day has more grit than his esteemed parent who sat below the Gangway in the Parliament of 1880-5, and looked after the Universe. Called to the House of Lords, the Earl PERCY known to Commons of past generation to-day invests delivery of his nothingnesses with ducal pomposity that for a while—say seven or eight minutes—is amusing. But as AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds, so we had back again to-night the very marrow of the Earl PERCY of the Eighties, glib, confident, capable of wrestling with the Himalayas or taking the Persian Gulf in a flying leap.

The speech and the motion all very well for an irresponsible Member, albeit he spoke from Opposition Bench with the authority of an ex-Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Different for PRINCE ARTHUR, Leader of the Opposition, past Premier, with Hereford, Worcester and Mid-Devon,

three tailors of the electoral Tooley Street, peremptorily calling him back. Attitude assumed by LANSDOWNE towards Convention in other House was obviously result of concert in Opposition councils. Had PRINCE ARTHUR been disposed to take another view, which he evidently was not, expression of it was impossible.

Still there was the Resolution formally moved. He must have been consulted as to its terms; he associated himself with it to the extent of asking for a day for debate. It was a tight place, but not the first PRINCE ARTHUR has been in, and he got out of it with accustomed dexterity.

“I do not believe,” said JOHN MORLEY, “that anything would terrify the right hon. gentleman more than the carrying of Earl PERCY’s Resolution.”

Here was his opening, and he quickly jumped through it. The Resolution was, he pleaded, a mere question of procedure. If a harmless motion for papers would equally serve the purpose, he would forthwith substitute it.

“I have not,” he said, “the least desire to press the motion. I do not desire to divide the House.”

So the Resolution was withdrawn, and the Russian Ambassador went home more than ever puzzled with Parliamentary ways at Westminster.

Business done.—Earl PERCY, adapting a famous example, wrote on the

Order Paper "No truck with Russia," and ran away.

Tuesday.—Through the dull atmosphere that filled House to-night there suddenly flashed a bolt, striking Treasury Bench in the place where C.-B. might have been sitting. Scotch Small Holdings Bill principal business. This is one of the twin measures presently to be launched against the Lords. As leading up to political crisis, its progress might have been expected to be accompanied by scenes of excitement. On the contrary, had we been decent folk attending a funeral we couldn't have been more dolorous.

To this end, SINCLAIR, in charge of Bill, contributed speech an hour long by Westminster clock. This triumphantly, possibly finally, disposes of old gibe about Scotsmen having no humour. As he remarked, 'twas the third time he had introduced the Bill. C.-B., properly protesting against waste of time following on vain repetition of stale arguments, allotted a single sitting to second reading stage. With private Members taking their turn at a quarter-past eight, this meant four hours for the whole business. The Secretary of State for Scotland appropriated one, being a quarter of the heritage of 670 Members!

LAMBTON moved amendment, negatived by majority of 247. House next divided on question "that this Bill be now read a second time," and WHITELEY announced that 247 voted for the Bill, 103 against, majority 144. Here was catastrophe. On the face of it, it was clear that 100 supporters of the Government had deserted the colours. They had voted against the amendment, but when it came to supporting the Bill they revolted. It was not a defeat; but it was a defection that must prove fatal to Ministry.

Whilst the Opposition chortled and faithful Ministerialists marvelled, Whips made discovery of little error. They had miscounted by trifle of a round 100. It was 347 who voted for the second reading. Thus Ministerial majority was restored to normal figure, and all was well. But it was a bad quarter of an hour.

Business done.—Scottish Small Holdings Bill read a second time.

Friday.—THOMAS BURT looked in to-day, making one of his rare appearances on a crowded scene where, as a rule, there is no seat for him. As an ex-Minister, a Privy Councillor, he might, as is the wont of others in similar circumstances, claim a corner seat, whether above or below the Gangway. But there is nothing of

the corner-seat disposition in BURT. In all circumstances he instinctively makes for the lowest place at the table, and if any bids him come up higher, he blushes and takes earliest opportunity of making for the door.

In the bypaths of House of Commons life, nothing to be found more pleasing, more honourable to both sides, than its attitude towards BURT. As everyone knows—the story is just retold by AARON WATSON in the life of "A Great Labour Leader," a book whose literary qualities make it worthy of its theme—the ex-Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade began life as a pit boy. Starting in his tenth year, he worked mainly underground till, when he reached the age of twenty-seven, he started on a public career, which beyond the single achievement of any



"I BEG TO WITHDRAW, SIR."
(Earl P-rey.)

other man contributed to the emancipation of the miner from the slavery of sixty years ago.

There is no Member to whom the most critical assembly in the world listens with greater pleasure, keener interest. He speaks too seldom, but when word goes round that BURT is up the benches fill with magical rapidity. Members listen as intently to the deep Northumbrian burr of the speaker as if he were the Prime Minister.

There are officially known two Labour Parties in the House. One is the majority who sit on the Ministerial side, and in the main work cordially with C.-B. The other, lately delivered from the fantastic leadership of DON'T KEIR HARDIE, follow the custom of irreconcilable Irish Nationalists, and whilst Ministers come and Ministers go sit in Opposition for ever. SARK says there are

three Labour Parties, the one so-named, the Independents, and THOMAS BURT.

The last a rare, perhaps unique, exemplar. C.-B. did a graceful thing when he made the former pit boy a Privy Councillor. But THOMAS BURT was right honourable even when he drove his pony in the depths of Haswell Colliery, and has remained so through the varied stages of a long career.

Business done.—Talk about sweated industries.

CHARIVARIA.

"It is fundamentally wrong," says the *Neueste Nachrichten* of Berlin, "to think that either the British or German Navy is being built essentially with a view to fighting each other." Of course, the only real object of their existence is to overawe those troublesome Balkan States.

* * *
KING PETER of Servia intends to abdicate, it is said, in favour of the CROWN PRINCE. It is a matter of common knowledge that the two do not get on well together, but the proposed step strikes us as being a peculiarly spiteful act on the part of the father.

* * *
St. Martin's-le-Grand occasionally boasts of its wonderful achievements, but the most marvellous of these appears commonplace compared with an astonishing feat for which credit is apparently due to the Indian Postal Department. During the recent disturbances in Bombay, we read, the Royal Scots and a detachment of Artillery *with four guns* were posted in the native town.

* * *
The Registrar-General's return for the last quarter of 1907 shows the lowest birth-rate on record. And now that the police are going to lay hands on the cigarettes of our youth we fear that the slump will assume still more serious proportions, as little boys will hardly find it worth their while to be born at all.

* * *
Meanwhile the Government is evidently getting afraid that the cigarette clauses of the Children's Bill will alienate the tobacco trade, and the versatile Mr. HALDANE has been put up to conciliate the malcontents. "I have sat in my room at the War Office," said Mr. HALDANE last week, "and I have done what I believe my predecessors did not do—I have smoked many cigars while listening to the soldiers."

Suggested motto for women who are not Suffragettes:—"The Home not the House."

Speaking before the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health on the disinfection of books, Professor KENWOOD recommended that old and soiled books should be destroyed. The majority of schoolboys, however, are of the opinion that this proposal does not go far enough.

"You measure gambling by the stakes; but you can gamble for nuts," said Judge BACON to a lady litigant who denied that she was a gambler, as she only played for trifling amounts. We can assure His Honour that many ladies cannot play Bridge for nuts.

Commander GIBBONS of the United States Navy occupied a seat on the Bench in Mr. Justice DARLING's Court one day last week. The distinguished visitor is said to have congratulated the judge upon the capital entertainment which he provided.

An Irish contemporary informs us that the latest invention is wireless telegraphy *without wires*.

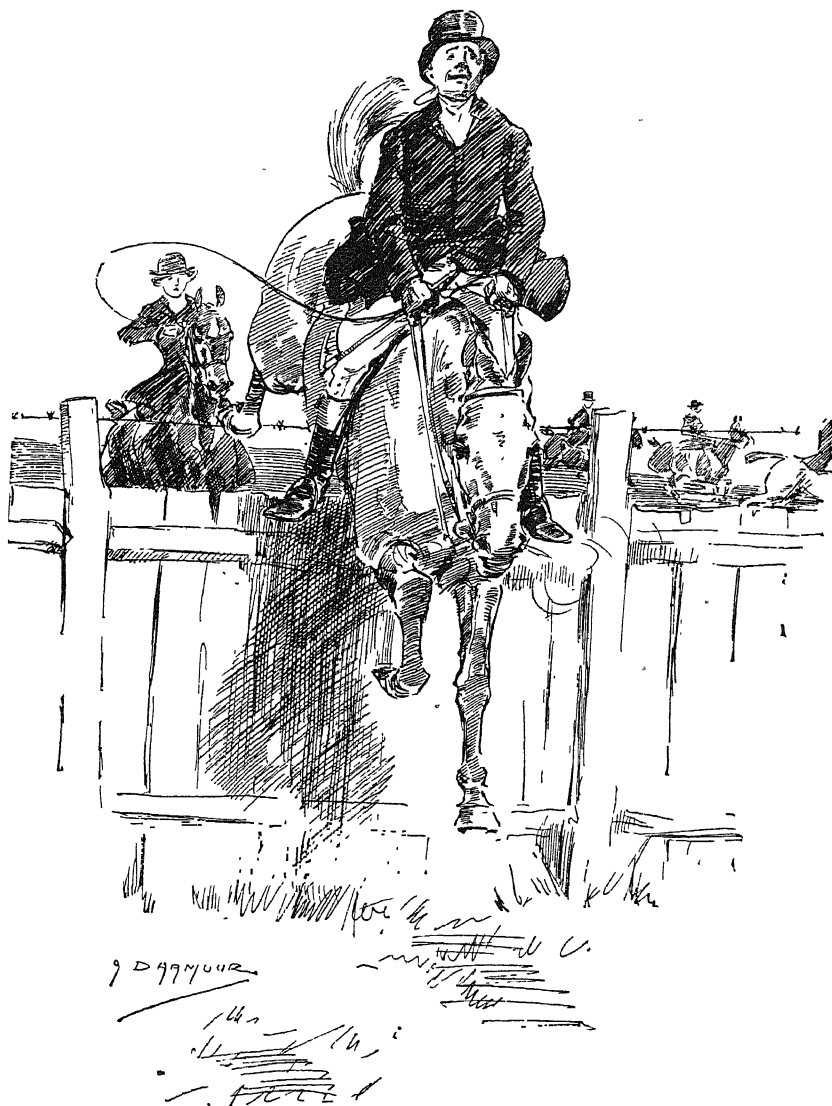
The New Age, we hear, has a constantly increasing circulation among ladies. They cannot resist the fascination of having a New Age every week.

With reference to the egg-laying contests which are now becoming the vogue in this country, an eater of eggs writes to complain that they are sometimes produced in such a hurry now that they are only half-made.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL NOVELTIES.

[Showing the growth of appreciation of purely British talent.]

A SPECIAL feature of the Kidderminster Festival will be the appearance of the Kutzo-Vlach male voice choir from Mitrovitz, who will contribute a number of a *cappella* compositions by MIRZA SCHAFFY, POMPONIOUS MELA, the late Admiral JAUREGUIBERRY, and M. PAPADIA-MANTOPOULO. The Kutzo-Vlachs will sing on horseback, according to their national custom, and will be conducted by Prince BULBO GORKY, the hereditary hospodar of Crim Tartary. The list of principal vocalists is not yet complete, but at present includes Mlle. MARIE POBEDONOSTZEFF,



THE ABOVE IS NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, BUT A SKETCH OF A VERY SHY SPORTSMAN, WHO, UNKNOWN TO HIMSELF, HAS BEEN PILOTING A LADY VISITOR. HE HAS JUST DISCOVERED THE FACT, AND REMEMBERED THAT IT IS LEAP YEAR.

Mme. LADOGA GOGOL, Signora EUSAPIA PALLAVICINI, and Fraulein EMMY KRUMP. The general conductor of the Festival will of course be Signor ENRICO BOSCO, whose long residence on the shores of Lake Baikal will enable him to cope with the difficulty of conversing with the chorus and orchestra, many of whom have been imported at great expense from the steppes of Central Asia.

No new composition will be presented at the Bootle Festival, but M. ACHILLE POUPINARD's "Topinambour" and BOLESLAS TCHITCHIKOFF's "Goulash" suite from his opera *Paprika Kibobsky* will be given for the first time in England. The familiar works to be interpreted will include SIBELIUS' "Finlandia," MOUSSORGSKY's symphonic poem

"Kolokol," SLAVIANSKY's symphonic "Samovariations," and NAPRAVNIK's oratorio "Skanderbeg." Among the singers engaged for this festival are Fraulein ILMA VOLKONSKY, Mme. GOREMYKIN, Mlle. NATHALIE BUMPOVITCH, and M. IGOR GOLLOVOSKY.

Mr. HENRY WOOD will conduct the Great Yarmouth Festival in September, and the soloists already engaged are Mme. LEONORA BOURBOULE, M. ALIX METCHNIKOFF, M. ANNIBALE CAPILLARIUS, and Fraulein FRITZI KITCHIVITCHIKOFF. The principal choral and instrumental works to be performed are M. OLE BROK's "Abacadabra" variations, RICHARD STRAUSS's "Struldbrug" symphony, and Signor CYRILLO SCOTTI's "Aeroplain songs" for bass solo, full chorus, and benzoline *obbligato*.

SPADE WORK.

THE news that the candidate for North Kensington has written a Tariff Reform play, which is to be acted in his constituency, will be welcomed by all patriotic Englishmen. At the same time it is a question whether he has done his work in the best manner possible. The intention of his play is to educate the public. Now, according to the short account given in the press, his work has taken an allegorical form; and it is here that I think he is wrong. Allegory is always a dangerous thing to dabble in, and with the not too intelligent voter particularly so. My idea would be something more direct. I should let the candidate himself appear upon the stage in his own person, and I should make him express trenchantly but naturally in the course of dialogue the higher truths of the great Cause. I give here an example, necessarily brief, of what I mean; it could, of course, be expanded at will. For myself, if I were a Tariff Reform candidate, I should be inclined to add to it a Grand Transformation Scene, showing how under a Conservative Government the harvests increase, the cows lay more butter, and even the weather improves. But that is a matter of taste

A GENTLEMAN AND A VICE-PRESIDENT.

A Tragi-Comedy in Two Acts.

ACT I.

The scene is the Library of the Candidate's town house. Union Jacks and similar portents of patriotism adorn two of the walls. The third is occupied by full-length portraits of Lord WINTERTON, Mr. L. J. MAXSE, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, and other well-known economists. On a small bracket in an inconspicuous corner of the room there is a *carte de visite* of Mr. BALFOUR; but, if desired, a copy of *The Globe* may be placed carelessly in front of this before the curtain rises.

The Candidate is discovered in an arm-chair reading *The Morning Post*.

Enter PERKINS.

Perkins (with the air of one who is both a footman and a Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League). A

person to see you, sir (or, "my lord," where possible).

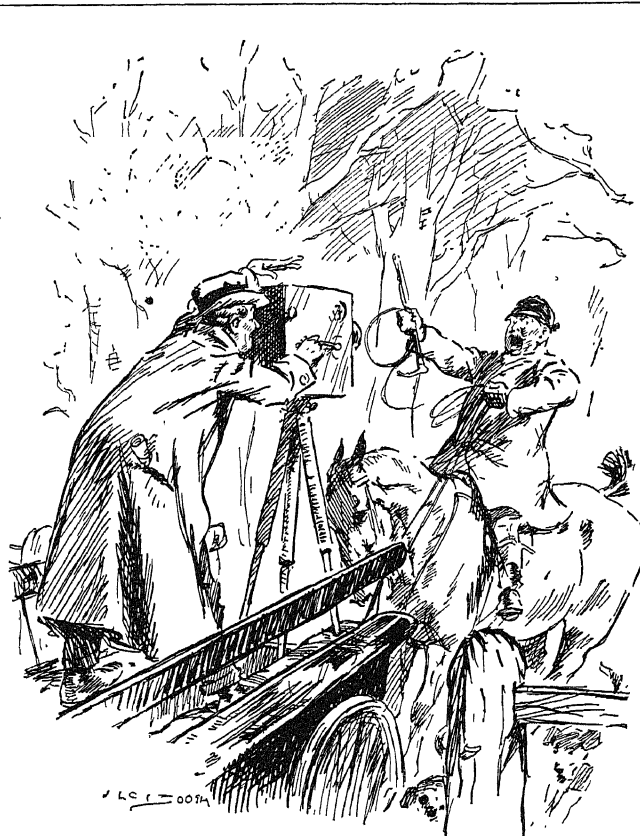
Cand. (reading card). "Herr LEVI VON POLUTSKOFF, Cobden Club." (In horror.) You didn't let him in?

Perkins. He is outside on the top step, my lord.

Cand. (considering). Are you a good kick, PERKINS?

Perkins (considering). Fairish, my lord.

Cand. (picking up "Morning Post" again). Then will you see that he ends on the bottom step? Thank you. [Exit PERKINS. A noise is heard without.]



Cinematograph Operator (filling the only gateway) "NOW A PLEASANT SMILE, PLEASE."

Enter JESSIE. She is either the daughter or the sister of the Candidate, according to the latter's age.

Jessie (singing gaily to herself). "I pledge my word the Empire wants Protection. I pledge my—"

Cand. (crossly). JESSIE, how often have I told you not to use that word?

Jessie. It's not my fault, dear. That's how our great battle-song begins.

Cand. Well, you'll have to sing it differently, that's all. It's "I pledge my word the Empire wants Fiscal Reform." It goes just as well. (Sings.) You see?

Jessie. All right, darling. I'd do anything to please you to-day.

Cand. (suspiciously). Why to-day? JESSIE explains that GEORGE has just asked her to marry him. She brings him in, and leaves them together. GEORGE gives some account of his birth, prospects and position.

Cand. Yes, that all seems satisfactory. But there is one other point. Are you a Tariff Reformer?

George (surprised). What's that?

Cand. Have you never studied the question?

George. No. Never seem to get the time, somehow.

Cand. Then of course you're one. (Warming to it.) It's like this. All the great industries of this country are dying. Now if we have Protection—er, that is Fiscal Reform—by which I mean a small tax on imports, we keep out the foreigner; so that all the goods which the Germans have been selling to us will be made by Englishmen in England. That means no more unemployed.

George (pleased). Quite so.

Cand. Furthermore, this small tax, when levied upon the immense quantity of German goods which are now pouring into the country, will yield an enormous revenue, all of which will be paid by the foreigner. This will enable us to do away with the Income Tax, and create Old Age Pensions.

George (doubtfully). Y—yes.

Cand. (sharply). You see that, of course?

George. Er — well—I know you'll think I'm an

awful ass, but just for the moment I don't quite. I mean I don't see how you get all the money by letting the bally things in, if you help the dying industries by keeping the bally things out.

Cand. (coldly). You don't? Then I can only say that you are a Little Englander. (Rings bell.) No relation of mine shall marry a Little Englander. (Enter PERKINS.) PERKINS, will you help this person down the steps? [Exit PERKINS and GEORGE. A noise is heard without.]

Cand. (solemnly). So perish all traitors to their country!

[He turns and salutes the Union Jack. Curtain.]



Old Gentleman. "VERY CHARMING OLD SEDILIA YOU HAVE HERE."

Caretaker. "YES, SIR, YOU AIN'T BY NO MEANS THE FUST AS 'AS ADMIR'D 'EM. THAT'S WHERE THE CLERGYMEN USED TO SIT, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR SENILITY."

ACT II.

Six months later. Scene as in First Act, except that Major RENTON's portrait is now added to the others on the wall. Business as before with Señor ISAACSTEIN DE PFLUG, of the Cobden Club. The Candidate is now reading *The National Review*, and looking extremely depressed.

Enter JESSIE, radiant.

Jessie. Hooray! What do you think? Bread is a shilling a loaf!

Cand. (leaping up). What? No! How splendid!

Jessie. Yes. Everything has gone up. Butter, eggs, bacon, tea.

Cand. (excitedly). JESSIE, this is too good to be true.

Jessie. Ah, but I've better news still!

Cand. Impossible!

Jessie. Yes. Trade is in an awful way. The exports are simply millions less this month.

Cand. (in an ecstasy of patriotism). Thank God! Oh! how I have looked forward to this moment!

Jessie. Yes, and there are hundreds and hundreds of thousands of unemployed just starving.

Cand. (hand on heart). England, my country, this is a great day for thee! I had hardly dared to hope. Anything more?

Jessie. N—no. Except that we've lost the Test Matches.

Cand. (pained). My dear, that is hardly the fault of the Government. You must be fair.

Jessie. Of course, dear. Only I thought you would be glad all the

same. Being an Imperialist one naturally prefers the Colonies to England.

Cand. Ah, yes. Certainly I am glad. Hallo!

Enter GEORGE in haste.

George. I say, this really is the last pat. I'm going to be a jolly old Tariff Reformer.

Cand. What's the matter?

George. This butter business. Put me down a Vice-President. I didn't mind about bread, because I never eat it, but hang it, one can't do without butter on one's toast.

Jessie. GEORGE! My love!

Cand. GEORGE, you are an Englishman after all! My hand. [They embrace as the orchestra plays "Rule Britannia."]

TABLEAU.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

BARBARINA, Lady GREY, made a collection of letters found in the family archives with intent some day to publish a selection. The purpose was unfulfilled. Happily the task has been undertaken by her niece, GERTRUDE LYSTER, and the world is richer by a charming book. The principal contributors to *A Family Chronicle* (JOHN MURRAY) are Lady DACRE, whose life graced the first half of the nineteenth century, and her daughter, Mrs. SULLIVAN. They not only wrote excellent letters themselves, but were the cause of delightful letter-writing in others. Among their correspondents were SHERIDAN, Miss MITFORD, JOANNA BAILLIE, FANNY KEMBLE, Sir E. BULWER-LYTTON, Lord DUFFERIN, Mrs. NORTON, SYDNEY SMITH, and his brother "BOBUS." In the DACRE family circle it was held that the elder and less renowned brother was superior to SYDNEY. Certainly his letters by their literary charm sustain the bold assertion. Best of all in a brilliant circle is Mrs. SULLIVAN. Much has been written about QUEEN VICTORIA'S Coronation; but I do not remember anything that excels the vivacious, graphic description of the scene written by Mrs. SULLIVAN to her boy at Eton. It is interesting to read, under date 1793, how it was a recognised habit of the ladies to steer clear of the gentlemen when they came out from their long sitting after early dinner on summer evenings. Lady DACRE, a girl in her teens, shrewdly surmised that there was "some extraordinary satisfaction in getting drunk." Resenting the attempt of selfish man to retain monopoly of the pleasure, she carried a big black jack full of strong ale to an out-of-the-way part of the garden, where, seated under a bush on a warm summer afternoon, she proceeded to drink it. She found it disagreeable work, but persevered till she fell asleep, in which state she was discovered by her sisters.

The level of craftsmanship displayed
In the Baroness ORCZY's *Beau Brocade*
(GREENING) misses the mark that each
Of her former tales have contrived to reach.

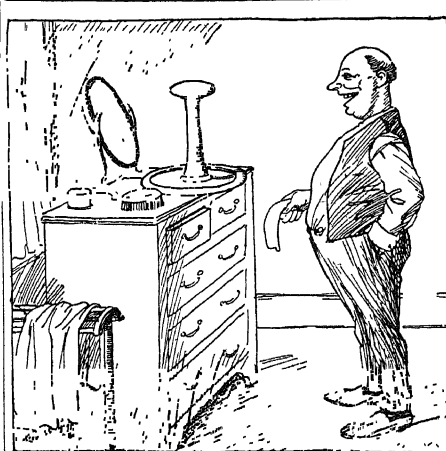
There isn't the dash that one looks to see,
One misses the spontaneity,
And the characters drawn and the things they do
Are neither remarkably strong nor new.

The Beau, of course, is a highwayman,
Polished, courteous, spick and span,
In fact, a knight-of-the-road *de luxe*—
As highwaymen mostly are in books.

You know, I imagine, the sort of thing:—
Sir Humphrey, the villain, is having his fling,
When sharp to the tick, with a knock-down blow
And a sprightly jest, up gallops the Beau.

It is thus *ad lib.*, in the old, old strain,
Till love's triumphant and vice is slain;
And when I'd finished the story—well,
I sighed for *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

There are pink roses on the cover of *The Individualist* (GRANT RICHARDS), but inside there is the canker-worm. *Stretton Wingfield* falls in love with a village school-mistress, who takes an emancipated view of the marriage ceremony, partly, I think, on æsthetic grounds and partly because she does not wish to spoil the hero's prospects. He deserts her, and, though she joins him again, proves a second time inconstant. I cannot see why they did not go to a registrar in the first instance, but I suppose that is not my business. There are some very interesting politics in Mr. GIBBS's book: the Liberals have been sponged off the slate, and there are only "Constitutionalists" and Socialists left, with a little band of Individual Democrats (of whom *Stretton Wingfield* is one) sandwiched in like the dormouse. But *Wingfield* goes back upon his party when he finds that he cannot lead it, and proves, I suppose, that an Individualist will be selfish all through. I cannot help thinking that a lady as clever as *Miss Frensham* would have seen through him earlier; as it is, both his political and personal defections come as surprises to her. She does not seem to have read the papers, which is of course quite inexcusable. However, there is a foil to *Wingfield* in the shape of an enormously strong and well-educated blacksmith, who had loved *Alicia* all his life, is a genuine Socialist, and is, I think, going to marry her soon.



WANTED—

A COLLAR STUD THAT CANNOT ROLL UNDER
THE CHEST OF DRAWERS

All that glitters is not gilt. An incredulous and proverb-ridden generation notwithstanding, even the golden locks of a third-rate actress may be the real eighteen-carat copper-bottomed article. *The Young Columbine* (METHUEN), for instance, had hair the colour of sunlit corn and lips ruddier than a guardsman's tunic. But did the world believe that her gold and her scarlet were her own? Not a bit of it. Peroxide and Bloom of Ninon, dear boy. That's what the world said. So poor *Columbine* ran away from the cruel, cruel

profession in which she was born and bred. But her golden hair and her tinsel past still clung to her. Even after she had dyed the hair dark-brown the past refused to be decently buried, and sadly interfered with her present, until at last she found sanctuary in an Isle of Man cottage and the arms of a modern double of the late Mrs. Betsy Trotwood. And I wish that the arms had been mine. For I have fallen in love with DOROTHEA DEAKIN's fascinating little actress. I am the worst of bad sailors, but neither the sickness of the sad salt sea nor the fear of meeting the *genius loci* in a brand-new tourist-suit would deter me from crossing to Douglas by the first possible boat, there to lay myself and the fortune which it would be Love's light labour to make at her plucky little feet.

Professional Candour.

From a notice of a dance:

"Tickets 4s. each: To include all refreshments during the evening. (These should be taken some days in advance)."

As Others See Us.

"M. Weetman Pearson, directeur nouveau du *Times*, est un millionnaire ingénieur-constructeur, membre de Parlement et soi-disant amateur en journaux populaires."—*L'Echo de Havre*.

THE GREAT MOTOR RACE.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES OF COMPETITORS.

SIGNOR ANTONIO SPARAGRASSO, who is in charge of the Tutti-Frutti car in the New York to Paris motor race, sends us the following appalling account of the sufferings endured by himself and his companions during the first stages of their journey across the American continent. Afflicting as were the privations of the occupants of the Züst car (see the account in *The Daily Mail* of Feb. 26th), those of the Tutti-Frutti party were infinitely more distressing, as will be seen from the following narrative:—

Toshville (Mo.), Friday.

We reach the city of Tipperusalem after Herculean toil and labour. But we cannot stay. The inhabitants rush towards us with grotesque gestures, offering us Tipperusalem artichokes and other local delicacies. But we rush along at great speed past walls of stone and even brick. We see behind windows men who smile and women who weep. We flash past Ithaca, Griggsville, Pekin, Nijni Novgorod, and Buster's Gulch, and once more find ourselves in the all-embracing arms of the boundless blizzard. The trees are again in convulsions, but the car goes on. The snow grows deeper and deeper. Our limbs are petrified, our noses are unconscious, our brains and our skulls are numb. The prairie hens hover over us with mocking cries. Gigantic pickerels menace our progress. Our supply of petroleum is exhausted, and if it were not for the opportune discovery of a dead whale on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, which enabled us to replenish our tanks with spermaceti, further progress would have been impossible. . . . In the night we are held up by Chipmunk Indians, but are rescued by a timely diversion created by a stampede of buffaloes. With the dawn the snowstorm grows in intensity and volume. Every ten minutes we have to get out and excavate a path for the car, but after several hours of exhausting labour the wheels refuse to go round. The car is smothered in snow, and finally overturns in a disused quarry forty feet deep. No one is killed, but the situation is desperate. Our strength is exhausted, and we wait for assistance. . . . It comes in the shape of a herd of Mexican mustangs, who haul our car out of its snowy mausoleum. . . . A crowd gathers round, and an old man with snow-white chevelure watches



Vicar. "WELL, MARY, I WAS VERY SURPRISED TO SEE JOHN WALK OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SERMON YESTERDAY!"

Mary. "AH, SIR, I DO 'OPE YOU'LL EXCUSE MY POOR 'USBAND. 'E'S A TERRIBLE ONE FOR WALKIN' IN 'IS SLEEP."

us eagerly. He is an Italian, an ice-cream seller from Cappella Bianca, who only vaguely remembers his mother tongue; but the sound of our voices brings back memories of his beloved fatherland. His heart is deeply stirred, and he weeps as we leave, observing in broken accents, "*Pur dicesti, una voce, di tanti palpiti.*"

The temperature rises in the night, and crossing a ford on the Muskwa-bash River, we run into a herd of musk-alligators. . . . Their shrieks are terrible, but some well-aimed back-firing puts them out of their pain. Two miles further on we run

over a sleeping bobolink, but our brains are too numb to realise the full purport of the mishap.

We travel on a road which has no meaning for us. We don't know where it starts; we don't care where it ends. On the sea of our wearied minds floats no desire of any kind. Not a movement is made, not a word is spoken. Eventually ARRIGO BORRO grasps the steering wheel. The car moves forward. We fall asleep, all but the indomitable ARRIGO. Suddenly, through a mist of dreams. . .

[The rest of the message is so awful that we have been obliged to suppress it.]

TO MR. REGINALD MCKENNA.

(With the felicitations of a Cambridge contemporary.)

[In contrast to the recent cry—"Too old at forty"—as applied to persons engaged in commercial enterprise, it is interesting to note that an evening paper, assuming the traditional attitude towards members of Parliament and the public services, describes Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA, who is in his forty-fifth year, as "a mere boy."]

YOUNG fellow, you who find your sphere

Amid the quaintly solemn strife

Where ancients in their seventieth year

Are deemed to touch the pink of life;

I marvel at your lofty station,

And how you learned sufficient lore

To run the country's education—

You, a mere chit of forty-four!

Some say you have a hardened mind,

Impervious to the means of grace;

You wield a sword, they say, designed

To scarify the Church's face;

To deal such knocks that none may mend her,

None readjust her riven nose;

I answer, "At an age so tender

He cannot be so bellicose!"

I take, indeed, the natural view

That what concerns the children's weal

Must make, to one so young as you,

Almost a personal appeal;

Who could be found more fit to pen a

Bill that should earn our infants' thanks

Than one who, like yourself, MCKENNA,

Is still aglow with Nurse's spanks?

And other thoughts would make me loth

To stamp your schemes as wholly vile;—

One Alma Mater reared us both,

We overlapped a little while;

One narrow path we used as neighbours,

Strolling with academic air

To our contemporaneous labours,

You to the Hall, and I to Clare.

'Ah! in the eighties, ere the Game

Of Life began, I love to think

"We twa hae paidled" on the same

Turbid insanitary sink;

It warms my marrow like Spring-weather,

'Tis a new lease of careless joy;

Because, if we were up together,

I, too, must be the merest boy!

Delicious thought—that Father Time

Has run a rearward course, for then

We thought that we had reached our prime

And took the sobriquet of "men";

So murmur not "*Eheu fugaces*,"

Nor grieve to miss a vanished mane,

If Life has left such gentle traces

And brought our boyhood back again. O. S.

"He is particularly good at rooksters, rather a difficult shot."

The Australian Star.

It may not be generally known that a rocketing wallaby is always called a "rookster" in Australia.

"Wanted, smart boy, for lathering after school hours."

Gloucestershire Echo.

The schoolmaster's life appears to be like the musician's. When he is not actually at work he has to practise.

OUR CURIO COLUMN.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVERYBODY collects something nowadays—whether it is picture-postcards, railway-tickets, or merely Hokusai prints. It is the fashion to do so. Accordingly, *Mr. Punch* has decided to follow the example of other weekly periodicals and devote a certain portion of his space to the prevailing craze. Here are some useful

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

It should always be borne in mind that, in collecting the china pomatum or anchovy-paste pot-lids which are being so much sought after by *connoisseurs*, by no means every lid is worth picking up. Such, for example, as are decorated with no other device but the words "Potted Prawn," or "Best Bear's Grease," are of little commercial or artistic value. On the other hand, one adorned with a transfer design in colour, representing the 1862 Exhibition, or Nelson, as a midshipman, attacking a Polar bear, may fetch more than an enamel by LEONARD LIMOUSIN or either of the PÉNICAUDS, for which the demand has considerably fallen off of late. A lid with pot complete, especially if it still contains bloater or shrimp paste, is seldom, if ever, a genuine antique. A circular frame of blue or crimson plush will form an admirable set-off for an example of this very beautiful ware.

Another Art production of the last century that has gone up enormously in value is the trophy of fruit realistically moulded in coloured wax under a glass shade of the period. One of these was recently knocked down at Christie's for the record figure of one thousand guineas! But, now that even the humblest dealers are finding out their value, it is becoming almost impossible to obtain one for a reasonable price. It is well to remember, too, that there is always the risk of being imposed upon by the spurious imitations that are being turned out by the gross. Several of these "fakes" have been acquired for large sums by American millionaires, though I regret to say that many undoubted originals have been allowed to leave the country. *Never* be persuaded to purchase a trophy of which every peach, plum, grape, etc., is *intact*. This is generally an indication that it is quite modern.

People of taste are taking more and more to decorate their sitting-rooms with the beautiful memorial cards, executed in white, black, and silver, which were formerly considered only fit to hang on the walls of cottage parlours. One very smart woman I know is the proud possessor of no fewer than a hundred of these charming works, many of them enriched with original poetry, which she has gradually amassed while motoring through country villages.

It seems singular that the claims of the old wool-work kettleholders of the Mid-Victorian age to be considered as serious Art should have been so long ignored, but they are now coming into their own at last. A friend of mine managed to secure quite a *chef d'œuvre* the other day—with a kettle picked out in strong black on a scarlet ground, and the quaint device of "Put the — on"—for no more than a five-pound note! Fortunately, the dealer happened to be an exceptionally ignorant and unsophisticated old woman. These kettleholders look lovely in an old Florentine gilt frame—or, better still, in one of ebony and tortoiseshell.

In old furniture nothing is more remarkable than the recent revolt against the hideous SHERATON, CHIPPENDALE and HEPPLEWHITE designs, which have long been



“L'HOMME-ORCHESTRE.”

(Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith.)



Lady (to caller). "YOU WON'T MIND MY GOING ON WITH MY WORK WHILE YOU'RE HERE, WILL YOU? THEN I SHAN'T FEEL I'M WASTING TIME."

an eyesore to persons of any artistic sensibility, and the return to purer and loftier ideals. If you should be lucky enough to possess or inherit, for instance, such a treasure as a carved Swiss chair with a chamois inlaid on the back in ivory, and a musical box under the seat that will play the overture to *William Tell* when sat upon, don't on any account be induced to part with it. In another year or two it may be almost priceless.

The cult for Early-Victorian mahogany *suites* shows no signs of decreasing, though it is not everyone who is capable of appreciating the severe simplicity of their style. Only a day or two ago I was horrified to find that an acquaintance who had just obtained a sofa, six chairs, and two arms, in fine condition, was actually proposing to replace the lovely original horsehair by Louis XV. tapestry! I was only just in time to prevent such vandalism.

Next week I shall have something to say about worsted and crewel-work napkin rings, or "serviette-holders," which is, perhaps, the more refined term. Meanwhile I may observe that I shall always be happy to give my opinion on the value of any objects of Art or articles of *vertu* that may be forwarded to me for inspection. These (if marketable) will immediately be disposed of, to cover expenses. And now, as several readers have anticipated this column by writing already to ask for advice, I will conclude with a few

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRUNNER MACD.—Your "British Fleet at anchor," if

in good condition, is of far greater value than you appear to realise. To cut it down as you suggest would render it practically worthless.

KEIR H.—The model of which you send a drawing, representing a "Car of Jaggermath, as used by British Commissioners and other Indian Civil Service officials when making a progress," is undoubtedly of native manufacture, but much too crudely coloured to possess the exaggerated value you attribute to it. Afraid you have been imposed upon.

T.B.C. (375, Oxford St.).—Your copy of "The Hustlersville (Ohio) Commercial Directory for 1895," uncut and in fair condition, should prove a very saleable lot. Why not make it the "Bargain for To-day" at 1s. 11d.? Or it might be given to the Poor.

G.B.S. (Savoy).—The articles you believe to be *bonnières* are really cavalry holsters of a pattern sealed for the Bulgarian or Servian Army any time within the last thirty years. The chocolate-cream found in one of them, however, is an unmistakable antique.

H.C. (Greeba Castle).—The deal writing-slope on which the cheap popular edition of *The Bondman* was composed is not of any special value. I should leave it to the nation. Or else give it to the Poor.

F. A.

"The short hole, a mashie pitch, is a favourite with nearly all golfers. In length it measures 5,500 yards."—*Manchester Guardian*.
Probably the last half mile or so of this would be for the putt?

THE SMITH FAMILY.

INTERESTING MASS MEETING.

SENSATIONAL INTERRUPTIONS.

UPON the announcement in the public press that the history of the SMITH family was to form an episode of the Bury St. Edmund's pageant a mass meeting of the clan (or ilk) was called for Sunday afternoon last in Smithfield, at which most of the SMITHS in *Who's Who* were present, together with a large contingent from the Post Office Directory. The chair was taken by Mr. G. O. SMITH, the famous international, supported on the platform by Mr. AUBREY SMITH from the Garrick Theatre, Mr. TOM SMITH the cracker king, Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C. (the new Tory humourist), and others.

Mr. G. O. SMITH, after congratulating the family on its numerosity—(laughter)—read a cablegram of encouragement from Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, the Canadian-Nestor, and then stated that the meeting had been called to ask for five worthy representatives of the family to be chosen from London for the Bury St. Edmund's revels. Would five JOHN SMITHS volunteer?

No sooner had Mr. SMITH uttered these words than fifty-three thousand eight hundred and twenty-four arms were raised. The counting having been accomplished, Mr. SMITH selected five and five understudies, and after thanking the remaining 53,814 JOHN SMITHS for their willingness and patriotism, sat down.

The rising of JEM SMITH, the expugilist, was the signal for cheers. What he wished to say was let there be more pageants. (Cheers.) They were good things. (Cheers.)

Mr. REGINALD SMITH, K.C., the publisher, followed, but he had hardly begun his very interesting remarks when a procession headed by a very brass band entered Smithfield from the west, and approached the platform. They were (said the leader, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE) a deputation of the BROWN family, who had come to protest against so much attention being paid to the SMITHS. Among those present were BROWN, NEWLAND and LEClerc, BUSTER BROWN, and the Brown Dog. The SMITHS by an enormous majority refusing to hear the deputation, it moved off to Battersea, amid the derisive singing of *John Brown's Body*.

The Hon. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P., then rose. This was, he said, one of the great moments of his life. (Ap-

plause.) Never in a long public career did he remember to have seen such an intelligent audience. (Cheers.) With their permission he would read them a passage of the highest significance from the works of ADAM—(laughter)—SMITH. (Cat-calls.) Whether or not the speaker would have had his way no one knows, for at this moment there entered Smithfield from the east a second procession heralded by a blare of trumpets. On reaching the platform the leader explained that he was Sir ALFRED JONES, and he had come with other influential members of the JONES Family to adjust the balance. They claimed to be of equal importance with the SMITHS, and they objected to be left out in the cold. Where was their pageant? In other words, what was going to happen to JONES? Among those who supported Sir ALFRED were Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the dramatist, Mr. KENNEDY JONES, the Carmelite Street mystery man, Messrs. DICKENS and JONES, and the President of the Welsh Harp Cymric Bathing Club. A contingent of SMITH's newspaper boys having been told off to clear the square the original meeting was resumed.

Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., kept the vast concourse in roars of laughter by his droll quips and riddles, among the latter being the question, "When is a SMITH not a SMITH?" the sarcasm in the speaker's voice as he supplied the scathing reply, "When he's a SMYTHE," being something not easily forgotten by even the youngest there.

He was followed by the mayor of Ladysmith, happily in England at this juncture; but what that speaker said no one knew, for his voice was drowned by the fanfares blown by the trumpeters of the ROBINSONS, who at that moment entered Smithfield, thousands strong, from the north. Their leader, Dean ROBINSON from Westminster Abbey, was supported by a detachment of stalwart young livers-in from PETER ROBINSON's, by the Swiss family of that name, and representatives of ROBINSON CRUSOE from all the provincial pantomimes. A posse of blacksmiths, however, who had been brought to the meeting to deal with interruptors, fired them into Little Britain before you could say "Jack Robinson," and the proceedings were resumed.

The meeting terminated automatically when Mr. HORACE SMITH, the magistrate, rose to address it. Without waiting to hear the sentence the company stampeded in all directions.

A SONNET OF LEAP YEAR.

SHE:

"*Whispers of Love.*" At last! This valse is mine.

Let's sit it out.

HE:

What! Don't you like the floor?

SHE:

There's something—someone that I like much more.

HE (*nervously*):

How well these rooms are lighted! Aren't they fine?

SHE:

I know a pair of starry orbs that shine Even more brightly. Blue eyes I adore!

HE:

I wonder if you said the same before To other partners. Won't you have some wine?

SHE:

I want to ask for something else instead.

HE:

Take my advice. Don't make a bad *faux pas* And touch that lemonade.

SHE:

How can you be So heartless? I am serious. Can't you see?

HE:

Well, what's your question?

SHE:

May I call you TED?

HE (*escaping*):

This is so sudden—I must ask Mamma!

LEGAL NOTE.

[“A regrettable incident occurred during the luncheon interval in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. A dispute arose between two well-known King's Counsel, and those who were near declare that several blows were exchanged.”]

THE elevation of Mr. SPARLING was not unexpected. Mr. Justice SPARLING, as we shall now have to call him, had long been marked out by his broken nose for preferment. He has literally fought his way to the front rank of his profession. His greatest triumph was gained in the famous Piffle Chancery action, which had been in and out of the courts for years. One morning he was met in the purlieus of the court by “the Pet of Paper Buildings,” who was leading for the other side, and they agreed to “settle the case out of court.” The “Pet” got the best of the first round; but in the second the “Darling”—as the new Justice is popularly called—knocked his opponent out, and within ten minutes a case that had occupied a whole decade had been decided for ever.

THE LATEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY;
OR, MORE MUSTARD LEAVES FROM
THE LIFE OF PAPA'S DAUGHTER.

I HAVE had a most eventful life, for as papa's daughter I naturally have met everyone at least once, and I have always made a point of summing them up very quickly and without any silly false sentiment. If you want that kind of thing it is quite useless to come to me for it; but if you want to see papa's friends during the past fifty years truthfully touched off, why, I am your authoress.

There is poor old SALA, for example, one of papa's oldest friends. I remember as if it were yesterday how SALA and his wife came to dinner one evening. Mr. SALA was talking to me in the inner drawing-room when BRET HARTE was announced. I noticed Mr. SALA start and look out eagerly into the other room; but, before he could move, papa came up with BRET HARTE, saying, "I want to introduce my old friend SALA to you, Mr. HARTE." SALA got up; but before anything else could be said, BRET HARTE looked straight at SALA, and remarked quite coolly, "Sorry to make unpleasant scenes, but I am not going to be introduced to that scoundrel." Imagine the sensation, if you can! Papa protested, and tried to make some sort of a *modus vivendi* between the two men, but it ended by poor SALA and his wife going into the little library, and waiting there until a cab could be fetched, and they left us without their dinner. Mr. BRET HARTE being the new friend and rather a lion, of course the old friend who had been insulted was the one to send away without dinner. But isn't it a nice story to tell the world, particularly as both Mr. SALA and Mr. BRET HARTE are dead?

I remember the present GERMAN EMPEROR only too well. As a child he came to papa's studio to be painted, and his conduct was simply awful. He was quiet at first, because he was picking the great cairngorm in the dirk handle and then casting it away; and I do not think that it was ever found—very likely it is in the German crown at this moment; then he began to fidget; his mother tried to hold him, and at last handed him over to his two uncles, LEOPOLD and ARTHUR, whose bare legs he bit, while they bore the pain like Stoics. I only hope they smacked him well when they got the little ruffian back to the Castle. I give this reminiscence because one

STUDIES IN TACT.



LORD A. IS STAYING AT A SMART COUNTRY HOUSE. ONE EVENING AFTER DINNER, WHEN THE GUESTS ARE THROWING SOFA CUSHIONS AT EACH OTHER, LORD A. HAS THE MISFORTUNE, INSTEAD OF CATCHING HIS HOSTESS ON THE HEAD AS HE INTENDED, TO HIT A GUEST WHO IS RATHER AN OUTSIDER. THE GUEST IS OBVIOUSLY DELIGHTED AT THE ATTENTION, BUT LORD A. DOES NOT WISH TO HURT THE GUEST'S FEELINGS BY SAYING THE BLOW WAS UNINTENTIONAL, AND AT THE SAME TIME, BEING VERY RICH, HAS NO NEED FOR HIS ACQUAINTANCE. WHAT SHOULD LORD A. DO?



THIS IS CLEARLY A CASE FOR IMMEDIATE AND DECIDED ACTION. THAT SORT OF PERSON SO EASILY GETS FAMILIAR. LORD A. SHOULD PROCEED TO THROW OTHER ARTICLES OF FURNITURE AT THE UNDESIRABLE GUEST, SELECTING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER PIECES UNTIL THE LOOK OF PLEASURE HAS ENTIRELY DEPARTED.

should, I hold, set down everything; and of course it is not everyone who is in a position to describe with accuracy the extraordinarily bad behaviour of the GERMAN EMPEROR as a small boy. All authors, I consider, have a public duty, and then—where is papa's cairngorm?

One of papa's jokes was too splendid. We had a foreign teacher whom papa asked to sit for one of the figures in a new picture. The Signor objected—some think naturally enough; but he consented on papa's giving him a solemn promise not to reproduce his features. He did not see the picture until it was completed, and the day before it was to be exhibited, and then he nearly had a fit; it was he himself. Papa must paint it out, must alter it, and he raved and tore about the painting-room until papa gave him some sort of a promise that he would do what he could. But the picture went for exhibition untouched. The next Thursday came and no Signor, and so did the Thursday after with the same result, and at last mama went round to his poor lodging, which was in one of the narrow streets leading out of Soho. But the landlady could only tell her that the Signor had gone out as usual on the Tuesday, leaving all his goods and chattels about, and had never returned. From that day to this we have never heard the reason of his disappearance. I daresay he committed suicide; but wasn't it a good joke? Some people think that papa ought to have kept his word; but why should a great artist be bound in little petty ways like that? Besides, the man was only an Italian teacher. [And so on for far too many pages.]

"The fowl was brought into the court, and inspected by Mr. Biron, who stood at a respectful distance with his fingers to his nose."
—*Evening News*.

The distance may have been "respectful," but surely not so the attitude.

The Journalistic Touch.

"To put the causes of the dispute into plain English, Leopold II. wants a substantial quid pro quo for the 'domaine de la couronne' which he is to lose."—*Daily Record*.

"Although it is perhaps too early to describe it as a silver lining to an industrial cloud, it at any rate puts the key in the lock."
The Scotsman.

Yet, after all, the tide is only in the bud, and it may be a wolf in sheep's clothing that will hatch out.

CHARIVARIA.

News reaches us from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakha Khels. No sooner do the wild tribesmen catch sight of the skirted warriors than with a cry of "Look out—here come the Suffragettes!" they disappear as by magic.

While Germany is, on the whole, satisfied with the First Lord's statement on the Navy Estimates, exception is taken in some quarters to the refusal to make public the war plans which are alleged to be in the possession of the Admiralty. It is hoped that those who are desirous of maintaining the present good relations between Great Britain and Germany will press for the publication of these plans as a guarantee of good faith.

It has been decided by the Admiralty that the naval pigeon lofts at Portsmouth are to be abolished. It seems an unfortunate moment to choose for swelling the ranks of the unemployed.

"Good relations," says Count METTERNICH, "are a stronger protection than armies and fleets." This, of course, is not true of all good relations. Some of them are poor relations, and then they are often a source of great weakness and inconvenience.

The POPE has expressed his intention of presenting to the City of Venice the lion given to him by the EMPEROR MENELIK; but you are requested not to let the EMPEROR MENELIK know of this.

Some months ago Mr. McKENNA declared that his Education Bill would be "not an olive branch but a sword." And now he thinks that, after all, it's an olive branch, and yet expects it to cut the Gordian knot. This shows a sanguine spirit.

Anti-Englanders do not, as a rule, find much in *The Daily Express* to please them, but they had the satisfaction last week of coming across the following sentence in an article on the Navy:—"What the Empire needs is destroyers."

A prominent Trades Unionist official has been ordered a month's holiday in order to rest his brain. It is while taking a rest of this sort that

so many members of our industrial classes write articles on Socialism.

An article published in *The Times* last week, entitled "Discovery of a Queen's Jewels at Thebes," has, we hear, led to a number of our smartest Dublin detectives leaving at once for that city, to pick up hints.

Sir WILLIAM BULL states that the lack of a tariff is ruining British monumental masons. While we are not so sure of the reason as Sir WILLIAM seems to be, we agree that our masons are not so monumental as they used to be, many of them being most puny specimens.

A gentleman who attempted to smuggle a small Pomeranian puppy into England in the breast pocket of his overcoat last week was detected through the dog's barking in the presence of a Customs officer. The gentleman was fined three pounds, and the dog was warmly complimented on its honesty.

One day last week Signor PIERANTONI boxed the ears of Signor MIRABELLI in the Italian Chamber, whereupon Signor MIRABELLI seized Signor PIERANTONI's whiskers and pulled them out by handfuls. A duel is to follow, and it is rumoured that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is hurrying out to Rome to act as Signor MIRABELLI's second.

Mr. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM has patented a noiseless rifle. The idea is a capital one, and there should be money in it. So many of us have hitherto been debarred from taking part in battles owing to the fear of getting a headache from the din.

Der Wegweiser, a German trade paper, to signalise the appearance of its 500th number, publishes several articles in English. We venture to extract the following remarks on the situation in America:—

The Tension on the money market "urged our" central-note-institute to a rate of interest, being unknown before, and the trade had to carry a heavy burden at New Year, a burden being the more pressing down as probably the traces of the American money calamity will deeply enter into the whole economical life overthere which is narrowly connected with the German sale. Stopping of orders, restraints and close of numerous plants, as well coming back of European immigrants in frightening manner. All these marks shows that the economical shaking overthere cannot be considered to be slightly overcome.

The words "urged our," being placed in inverted commas, are evidently a colloquialism.

THE READING COMPETITION.

MOTHER is really cross about it, and has asked me to write to *Mr. Punch*. You see father is a sort of literary man, and he was just getting nicely over the Limerick craze when this new competition came out, and now he's worse than ever, and is always bothering us about it. It's like this. The paper father reads has offered all sorts of big prizes for answering the questions that it sets every day. You can always find the answer to these questions in the paper itself, and you must say whereabouts in the paper the answer is to be found. This morning the question was "What are Mr. BALFOUR's Christian names?" Of course everybody knows the answer, only you've got to find it in the paper, which they say trains you to read it properly.

Father seemed to think this question would be a very easy one, and he read all the political articles very carefully; but Mr. BALFOUR's name didn't come in, as it was a Monday, and the House of Commons doesn't talk on Saturdays. Then father read all the sporting news, in case Mr. BALFOUR had been winning any golf handicaps; but he hadn't been playing anywhere apparently, so father tried all the advertisements about indigestion and torpid livers, because he said that if Mr. BALFOUR gave up active work so suddenly he would probably have had to take some of the remedies, and might have sent them a testimonial.

Mother said it would save time if father began at the top of the front page, and read the whole paper right through; but father worked it out, and said it would take him 7 hours 9 minutes and 41 seconds to do that, even if he never looked up once, and pointed out to us the advantages of his logical training. He said that the fact that Mr. BALFOUR had not been making any speeches or playing golf was a definite clue, and as he didn't seem to have sent any testimonial for back-ache cures, father went on to the reports from the seaside and then to the police news.

After lunch mother suggested that he should finish his article on "Great Statesmen of the Day." Father only told her not to bother him, as he had thought of another possibility. He gave me the sheet with the City and financial news, and asked me just to glance through it in case the markets had been affected by the political situation, while he worked out his new theory. I couldn't find anything, and mother picked up my



"WHO'S THAT YOU'RE DRAWING, BOB?"

"SHAN'T TELL YOU."

"IT ISN'T MUCH LIKE HER."

"WASN'T MEANT FOR HER!"

page to read the instructions for making a baby's pelisse, which were on the back of the same sheet.

Then father, who had been thinking very hard, suddenly shouted, "Eureka!" I jumped up at once, and asked him to show me where he had found it; but he hadn't really found it at all, only it had struck him that the explanation was that Mr. BALFOUR had been writing a new book, and his name would appear either among the reviews or in the publishers' announcements. Mother had got out her scissors and, not thinking what she was doing, I suppose, was making a paper-pattern for the baby's pelisse out of the sheet that the instructions were on.

Presently father said, "Oh, blow the thing," and crumpled up the rest of the paper, and came over to see what we were doing. He always will interfere, and want us to do our dress-

making on his own scientific lines, which don't work at all. "What are you making?" asked father, and when mother had explained he made her give him the instructions, which she did to save bother. Then he began to read them aloud—he says you get a clearer idea of them by doing this—and they began like this: "A dainty and attractive garment for a child of some six to twelve months old—". He stopped there to point out that our baby was thirteen months old, so that the dainty and attractive garment wouldn't fit. Mother explained that that didn't matter, so he went on, "some six to twelve (or thirteen) months old, is the ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR pelisse."

So will *Mr. Punch* please make a cartoon showing that this competition is really gambling, and saying that Mr. GLADSTONE ought to stop it?



The Colonel (sadly). "I CALLED TWICE FOR TRUMPS, PARTNER."

Fair Bridgite (whom it has escaped). "DID YOU? I QUITE THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GIVE HINTS!"

AN EPISCOPAL PROGRESS.

Vienna, March 2nd.

THE Bishop of LONDON arrived at midday to-day. After playing a tennis match with the station-master he proceeded to his hotel, and at two o'clock he was driven to the Imperial Palace in a motor car. After an informal conversation his Lordship stripped for a game of Bowls with his Majesty the Emperor. The result was for a long time doubtful, but in the last game the Bishop's bias had its due effect, and the Emperor had to acknowledge defeat. After the massed bands had played "God Save the King" the Bishop addressed a few touching words to the Imperial circle.

Buda-Pesth, March 4th.

The Bishop of LONDON on his arrival to-day was welcomed at the station by a huge crowd wearing the national costume. After a cordial exchange of *Eljens* he drove to his hotel, and at two o'clock was ready for the International Foursome over the Royal Hungarian Links. The game was exciting, but the Bishop's magnificent short play saved the match for the Union Jack. His partner, the Third Secretary of the British Embassy, was bunkered at the last hole, but the Bishop extricated the ball and won the game. In the evening the Bishop attended a Mothers' Meeting of Hungarian magnates and spoke feelingly on "Kossuth: What he stood for."

Bucharest, March 6th.

The Bishop of LONDON arrived here to-day and immediately began his Ballad match at catch-weights with Her Majesty the Queen. CARMEN SYLVA got a good start and kept ahead till the last ballad but one. Here, however, the Bishop's rhyming ability stood him in good stead, and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled Roumanian notabilities he gradually forged ahead, and eventually won the match. The Bishop's ballad has been printed at the National Press, and is to be set to music by the King's organist with a view to its being played by the Royal Guards at their morning parades.

Sofia, March 7th.

The Bishop of LONDON crossed the Danube in safety yesterday and arrived here at 6 a.m. to-day. He won a Cold Bath match against the Premier at eight o'clock, and at ten he drove to Slivnitsa to meet PRINCE FERDINAND on the Royal Bulgarian Quoits Pitch. Having defeated the Prince, the Bishop returned to his hotel and polished the Exarch off at draughts. The afternoon was devoted to light refreshments, and in the evening the Bishop gave illustrations of Shove-halfpenny before the Sobranje.

Constantinople, March 9th.

The Bishop of LONDON, having been defeated at Spoil-fives by the SULTAN, has been appointed a Commander of the Osmanlie.



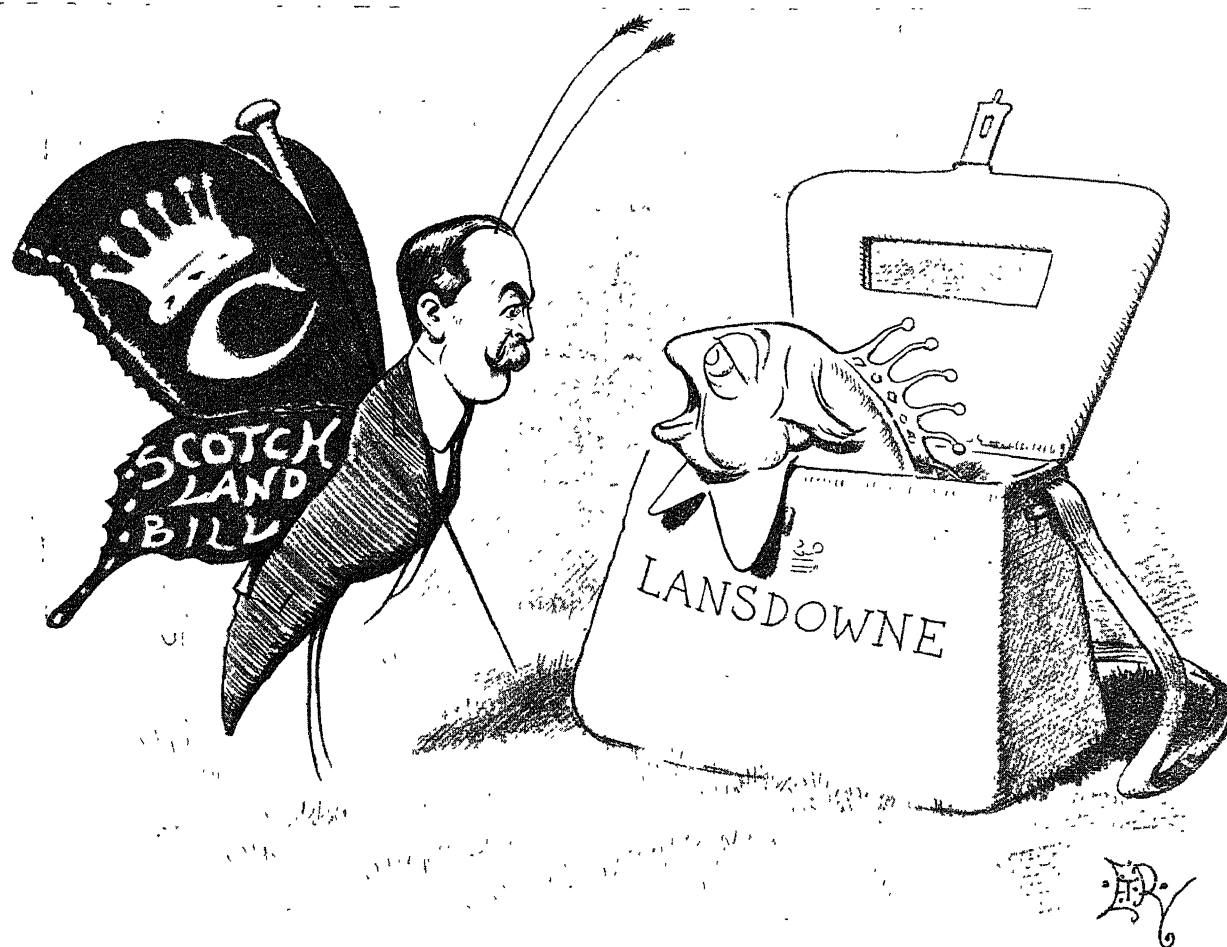
THE CHILD AND ITS CHAMPIONS.

MR. PUNCH. "GENTLEMEN, THESE CHILDREN WANT A BETTER EDUCATION. CAN'T YOU HELP THEM?"

ANGLICAN, NONCONFORMIST, ROMAN CATHOLIC. "DON'T INTERRUPT US. WE'RE BUSY FIGHTING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Lord R-s-b-ry. "H'm! It's not much good being a butterfly if you've got a pin stuck through you."

Lord Cr-we. "On the other hand, my noble relative, don't you, on reflection, find your own position, at the moment, a somewhat dubious one?"

House of Commons, Monday, February 24.—It is the fashion to describe PRINCE ARTHUR as indefinite in his opinions on certain questions and bewildering in effort not to express them. This charge may not be brought against him in respect of Education Bill. As soon as McKENNA completed his brief and masterly exposition of new scheme he was on his legs demolishing it. Absolutely revelled in opportunity of hitting straight out from the shoulder unembarrassed by considerations of Fiscal niceties.

A House crowded in every part looked on with animated interest. Here was the Government backed by big majority making second attempt to solve perennial difficulty of Education as affected by religious question. Beaten back the first time by the Lords, they return with signifi-

cant declaration that there is more in new Bill than meets the eye. Incidentally it deals with Education. Actually it involves question of existence of the House of Lords under its ancient conditions. What will the Lords do? Will they show desire to temporise, to make friends with the adversary whilst he is in the way, and so keep a roof above their heads; or will they, faced by a measure from their point of view worse than that of 1906, hew it in pieces?

PRINCE ARTHUR's animated speech an unmistakable reply. "Nothing," he declared, "can make this Bill a good Educational method. Education you sacrifice absolutely to the violence of religious prejudice and the desire to injure a Church to which you do not belong."

Battle-cry answered by cheers and counter-cheers. But there was plainly

lacking the turbulent note of pure partisanship frequently heard in analogous circumstances. Members recognised the seriousness of the new situation, and were subdued in contemplation of its possibilities. Truly in place of the proffered olive branch a sword was brandished. Without a moment's hesitation PRINCE ARTHUR drew his, and the momentous fight forthwith began.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read a first time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Pretty comedy going on to-night; not less lively because it was introduced, stage-managed, and partly spoken by CAMPERDOWN. Humour not the strong point of the noble lord. Like his famous country-dog Rab, he habitually takes serious views of life. But unconscious humour is occasionally the most effective. CAMPERDOWN

evidently quite serious in bringing in Scotch Small Holdings Bill, and inviting House to read it a second time. The joke, like the Austrian eagle,



EARLY VICTORIAN MAGNIFICENCE; OR, THE OUTGOING TENNANT.

Somewhat unkindly described by *The Daily Mail* as a "Revolting Liberal"! (Sir Edw-rd Tennant, Bart.,

was double-headed. At the very moment he spoke the other House was engaged in Committee on Scottish Land Bill introduced by Government, and thrown out last year by the Lords. CAMPERDOWN'S Bill was practically the English Small Holdings Bill added to Statute Book last Session. Proposal was that it should be extended to Scotland in preference to measure now before the Commons, presently, with cup-filling intent, to come on to the Lords.

Structure of joke growing a little complicated. But the parts so artistically put together that it went off with a flash. A little by-play contributing to success was the spectacle of the shade of BOB REID, long known in House of Commons as most uncompromising Radical of the day, disguised in wig and gown, throned on Woolsack, whilst LANSDOWNE and other Unionist Peers patted him on the back, the Bishops cooing approval. The Government measure, when it reaches the Lords, will be in his charge. CREWE described as act of discourtesy to LORD CHANCELLOR the attempt to forestall his action and his Bill. Leader of Opposition, with tears in his voice, protested that

nothing was further from the thoughts of himself or his noble friend. They esteemed the occupant of the Woolsack too highly ever to dream of affronting him. Whereat the Bishops cooed again, and CAMPERDOWN applied sympathising pocket-handkerchief to damp and deprecating eyes.

ROSEBERY created for himself a delightful part in the comedy. In sparkling speech he chaffed his esteemed son-in-law on the difficulty that environed him, inasmuch as he was obliged to oppose the extension to Scotland of a recent Act passed at the instance of his colleagues, and by common consent most beneficent in its operation.

"My noble relative," ROSEBERY said, "got out of his difficulty with the airy grace of a butterfly; but it was a butterfly with a pin through it."

The play having run for two hours amid frequent bursts of merriment, COURTNEY thought there'd been enough of trifling, and moved adjournment of debate. This on division negatived by more than four to one; without further ado Bill read second time. When curtain fell there were cries of "Author! Author!" CAMPERDOWN too modest to respond, NEWTON turned on the Macedonian tap. Peers having enjoyed their play, turned to work with grim earnestness.

Business done.—New delightful muddle created. Whilst Commons are debating Scottish Small Holdings Bill, meaning to send it on to the Lords, the Lords chip in with Bill on



"They tell me at the office that my likeness to Asquith is positively startling!"
Mr. H-r-t-o B-tt-m-l-y.

their own account, and read it a second time.

House of Commons, Friday Night.
—Nothing has brought into bolder



AN ELGIN MARBLE.

(Treated after the manner of Caran d'Ache)
Lord Elg-n replies to Lord C-rz-n's speech on his Indian Frontier Policy.

relief the difference between House of Commons to-day and the assembly of thirty years ago than procedure in the matter of enquiry into monastic and conventual institutions. Thirty years ago CHARLES NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE, almost the last representative of unadulterated dignified Toryism known at Westminster, was in his prime. Every Session he brought in sometimes a Bill, sometimes a Resolution, designed to reveal what he in sepulchral voice hinted were the dark mysteries carried on behind the walls of conventual institutions. Whether Bill or Resolution, it was promptly hustled out of House by big majority. NEWDEGATE not the sort of man to be cast down by successful machinations on part of Man of Belial. Ever, through successive sessions, he came up, snuff-box in one hand, flaming red pocket-handkerchief in the other, made his moan, uttered his solemn warning.

Light-hearted Members, then as now abjectly anxious to be amused, thronged the benches on NEWDEGATE'S night. When, after the General Election of 1880, the Parnellites initiated plan of remaining permanently quartered below Gangway on Opposition side, it came to pass that NEWDEGATE, who had established freehold in corner seat of fourth bench below Gangway, found



"OF MANNER GENTLE."

Master (to unlucky sportsman, who, on making a short cut, has jumped into the middle of the pack at a check). "GOOD MORNING, SIR! DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SEEN THE HOUNDS?"

himself when he rose surrounded by Irish Members foaming with rage (humorously simulated) at his attack upon their Church and their womenkind.

One of these occasions was made memorable by revelation to House of a new and original humourist in person of Major O'GORMAN. In the privacy of his London lodgings, the Major had elaborated a parable designed to illustrate the operation of the enquiry contemplated by NEWDEGATE. Puffing and snorting, his vast bosom heaving with emotion, he pictured "one of these Royal Commissioners" demanding admission at a convent. The door opened; a nun appeared; the Commissioner asked her to define her station.

"Sir, I will tell you," she would

reply, the Major assured the crowded House. "My sire was a king; my mother was the daughter of the sixth JAMES OF SCOTLAND and the first JAMES OF ENGLAND. His mother, sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland."

Further tracing the genealogical tree, whose branches were hopelessly interwoven, the Major continued, still impersonating the nun and lowering his stentorian voice to piping accents accordingly, "I have a brother." The brother having, like either the nun's father or mother (it was not clear which) been done to death, the Major piped on, "I have a sister. Her name is SOPHIA."

As for the remainder of speech, spoken amid boisterous laughter, this was the end of its moderate measure of intelligibility.

There are no more any NEWDEGATE nights nor any Irish Members like THE O'GORMAN. When Ulsterman CORBETT, desirous of stirring up with a long pole his Catholic countrymen, revived old memories by moving for leave to re-introduce NEWDEGATE's Bill he did not even make a speech. The motion submitted from Chair, the House straightway divided. Leave was refused by 151 votes to 101, and the House got to business.

Business done.—Female Suffrage debated.

"Mr. Zangwill is fond of long, silly, inexpressive words. He would always rather say 'sesginpedalian' than 'dull.'"—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

"Another sesginpedalian day, my dear," as Mr. ZANGWILL says when he comes down to breakfast.

"VOTES FOR MEN."

THE Bachelors' Freedom League, with which is associated The Bachelors' Social and Political Union, is now open to receive funds. At present there are but three members, who are distributed as follows:—

President and Field-Marshal . . . HENRY.
Auditor and Change Bowler . . . MYSELF.
Counsel for the Defence . . . WILLIAMS.

The circumstances which led to its formation were these. I had been

reading my paper, and I had just come to the bit where AMELIA PICKERSGILL (35), of no occupation unless you count being married as one, pointed out to the magistrate that so long as the present poltroons were in office she was perfectly justified in resisting man-made laws, and would do it again, so there, when HENRY came in. "HENRY," I said, "I'm a suffragette. I mean a suffragent."

"Oh?" said HENRY, taking a cigarette.

"Yes. Oh, do come and be something with me. Just think of the fun the women have had; meeting in secret, and planning night attacks on the House. 'Ensign MATILDA to take one company and reconnoitre Smith Street. Lance-corporal SUSAN to remain at the base with the handbags. The right wing will advance *en échelon* towards Victoria Tower, and draw the enemy's attention, and a screen of taxicabs will be thrown out on the left.' Then when the battle is over the General draws up her report: 'Regret to announce serious victory. Our casualties are one wounded and over sixty prisoners, but we have once again proved that we have right on our side — Signed: MARY JANE, General.' Oh! it must be splendid."

"It must be rather great," conceded HENRY.

I rose up in my enthusiasm.

"HENRY," I said, "I shall have to make a speech."

"Gentlemen, I pray you silence for Mr. PANKHURST," said HENRY.

At this moment WILLIAMS came in. WILLIAMS is understood to be reading for the Bar, but I should say he hasn't read much yet.

"Gentlemen," I said—"oh, and WILLIAMS; I didn't see you come in; how are you?—let us form ourselves into a society, and do battle on behalf of the cause. What cause, I hear you ask. What does that matter, I reply. If we show that we are prepared to suffer for it, to go to prison for it, does that not show that our cause is right, whatever it is?"

"Hear, hear," said WILLIAMS. "What's it all about?"

"It really doesn't matter so long as we are prepared to go to prison for it. Can't you think of anything? It needn't be for ourselves; we may voice the grievances of our down-trodden brother. Only we want a cause that can be put neatly into a battle-cry."

"One moth, one fur-coat," suggested WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS, when at school, was the founder and sole member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty

to Hypothenuses. He still retains his love for animals.

"Excellent," said HENRY. "Let us go and resist the police with it."

"Wait," I cried. "I have just thought of something better than that. Ah! here is a Cause, my friends, for which we may suffer and be strong. Here is a—"

"Bedsocks for centipedes," hazarded WILLIAMS again.

I paused dramatically for a moment.

"Votes for Men," I said.

There was a short silence.

"I was under the impression," said WILLIAMS at last, "that men already had votes. There was a case the other day of a man voting in the country somewhere; I saw it in the paper."

"WILLY," I said, "you will find as you grow older that in your profession it pays best to leave the really funny bits to the judge. Tell me, for whom did you vote at the last election?"

"Of course I didn't vote for anybody; but then I live with my people."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "if you give your father twenty pounds a year, and he gives you the key of the bathroom, I believe you do get a vote."

"I give my father twenty pounds? My dear man! Besides, the bathroom hasn't got a key; it bolts."

"I spoke in a metaphor, WILLY. It may not be the bathroom. But I suppose you haven't got up to that yet. It comes in the next chapter."

"Anyhow," said WILLIAMS, "my father wouldn't do it. He's all against things of that kind, especially



THE SINS OF SOCIETY.

Smart Man (meeting young brother in Bond Street). "GOOD LORD, SECUNDUS! IF YOU MUST HAVE YOUR LUGGAGE ABOUT WITH YOU, TAKE A CAB, MAN, TAKE A CAB!"

"WILLIAMS, my lad," I said, "if you can't behave like a suffragentleman I must ask you to close the door behind you when you leave. What I say is this, and I say it again. Let us also be martyrs, and shout the battle cry of Freedom. Let us call attention to our grievances from the criminal's dock. Let us plan raids upon the House, take the Cabinet Minister in his lair, and shake the collecting box at the High Street station. Why should women have all the fun?"

"Quite so," said HENRY; "but what do we shout?"



'Captain of Country Fire Brigade (called out to subdue an outbreak in some local hayricks, to over-zealous comrade). "NOT SO FAST, JARGE. LET 'UN BURN UP A BIT FIRST, SO AS 'OW WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE A-DOIN' OF!"

as my politics are different from his."

"Good. Well then, there you are. You want the vote. So do HENRY and I. Votes for bachelors."

"But I thought," said WILLIAMS, "that bachelors belonged to the noble army of latch-key voters."

"HENRY," I said wearily, "our WILLY has a thick head, and I am afraid we shall only be able to give him a minor post on the staff. Just explain to him."

HENRY filled and lit his pipe.

"You see," he said, "there is a small regulation about the length of residence. I fancy you get registered in June, if you have been in the same rooms for a year, or something like that. Now it's about September that you begin to get sick of your old rooms, and you swear you won't stand another winter in them. Of course summer doesn't matter so much; you're out a good deal. And so you get to your new place in October, which means that in twenty months you are going

to have a vote. . . . Well, you can't stick it all that time, you know. The man above plays the flute, or the breakfast is beastly, or there are too many barrel-organs or something. . . . I've wandered round for some time now, but I've never had a vote. I thought when I took this place for three years that perhaps now I should; but there's only a year left, and there won't be a General Election in that time. . . . Quite half the bachelors in London have never voted, you know."

"There!" I said. "Now do you see? Votes for Men!"

"Right you are," said WILLIAMS. "Let's start at once, captain." He looked at his watch. "Hallo, it's late."

"Men," I cried, "follow me."

And I waved my hat, and led the way to the Vegetarian Restaurant.

So the Bachelors' Freedom League is formed, and all single men are invited to join. We have a battle-cry, right on our side, a good example

in the women, and no end of sport in front of us. All we really want now is funds. We have had some discussion as to who should look after these things. HENRY says that the Field-Marshal always takes the loot; but I think that money matters must be considered the business of the change bowler. A. A. M.

Sir Conan Doyle on Big Bores.

"There was not so much of that now since young Ainslie with his neat little 3:3 sporting rifle had devoted his days to abating the nuisance."—*The Strand Magazine*.

"There is a reformed burglar in London who is said to have the brain of a Cabinet Minister."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Whose? And what steps has the Minister taken to get it back?

"Mr. McKenna is a clean-shaven man, with a habit of throwing his back between his shoulders."—*Daily Mail*.

Yes, but where does he keep his back when it's not being thrown about?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THAT London is a romantic place many people have insisted. STEVENSON was the first; the latest is Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON in his tales of two people, entitled *A Poppy Show* (METHUEN). I must suppose that I am unlucky, for I have never had an adventure in London. The nearest I came to it was when an elderly seafaring man accosted me in Northumberland Avenue one dark and windy night, and asked the way to Portsmouth. I showed him roughly the direction, and bade him God-speed. There my connection with the matter ended; but I am certain that Romance was afoot that night—a lugger beating off-shore (or whatever it is they do), and waiting for the tardy signal . . . Even the common countryman has more adventures than I; he at least is relieved of his purse and told an exciting story of a gold brick. Perhaps I should not do justice to any encounter that came my way. When Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON is shown into a strange house in mistake for *Sir Thomas Heron* he carries it off with a delightful coolness; in his place my confusion would lead me to take the best umbrella, and bolt. Mr. WATSON would not be surprised at my disappearance, for it is plainly his opinion that your man of forty is the only person to see these affairs through properly. As it is another of his opinions that the girl of eighteen is everything that is unpleasant, you will understand why it is impossible to recommend *A Poppy Show* to everybody. But the really grown-ups will enjoy it immensely.

I'm naturally strong and brave,
But I confess my fibres shook
Beneath the shock the covers gave
Of COULSON KERNAHAN his book—
A dragon, red and grim, defied
St. Paul's Cathedral's blackened dome;
"We have the limit here!" I cried;
But worse remained within the tome.

A Yankee scheme to starve us out;
A Teuto-Chinese secret pact;
A shell which fumed foul death about
Yet left the ship it struck intact!
Certain result: a breadless horde
Asphyxiated to its knees,
The KAISER as colonial lord,
And also master of the seas!

Thus *The Red Peril* (sold by HURST
And BLACKETT) wove the lurid plot,
And I read on to learn the worst,
Hoping some hand would cut the knot.
It did. Our foemen met their match,
And got done badly in the eye,
Though who it was came up to scratch
It's not for me to specify.

I see that VIOLET JACOB's new novel, *The History of Aythan Waring* (HEINEMANN) is dedicated to A. O. J., and I hope that if this is Mr. JONES of the M.C.C. team it won't add too much to the depression he must now be suffering through the loss of the ashes. Frankly, the atmosphere of the Brecknock borderland is not too exhilarating, and though the author of *The Sheep-stealers* possesses a peculiar knowledge of this country her methods of imparting it in her present book are industrious rather than inspired. The story itself holds the interest very passably; but it seldom escapes from familiar levels. The scene that gives the burying of the plague-stricken *Eustace* is an exception—a grim, unsparing piece of realism. The author has, perhaps, put her best work into the character of *Hester*, a woman originally colourless and passive, whom a tyrannous love and a tyrannous hate render *capable de presque tout*. She is drawn with that uncompromising relentlessness which is daily becoming a more popular feature in the dissection of women by their own sex.



THE CULT OF THE TOY DOG.

Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "Oh, do let me see the darling!"

Pavement hawkers in Charing Cross Road are tempting the harassed motor-dodger with a cheerful toy in the shape of a black cardboard coffin, with a collapsible skeleton inside. And I can think of nothing that gives so good an idea of Mr. BENJAMIN SWIFT's last book. It is called *The Death Man*; Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have put it between black covers; there are two hearty murders, and an innocent man is hanged; the hero is the executioner and is rather unpopular because the victim comes from his own village of Eastwold; finally,

to avoid having to operate on his stepson, Mr. *Sheldrake* (even his name is not exactly festive) expires in a lifeboat rescue and becomes the idol of the hour. There is a great deal of very good writing in this book: the East Coast landscapes, the colloquies of the townsfolk, the philosophy of Mr. *Tishner* the miller, and the portrait of *Tom Kyffin* the fisherman, are all quite excellent. But there are also some serious lapses into the slipshod, and I am not at all certain whether the plot can really be justified, the sorrows of a hangman being almost as far outside ordinary human experience as those of an abortion like *Richard Calmady*. Anyhow I don't think I shall go to Eastwold for a holiday.

"WIMBLEDON PARK."—You want to know when you are likely to be allowed to take a through ticket on to the Piccadilly Tube from that part of the L. & S.W.R. line over which the District Railway has running powers. Recalling the long years of waiting before the public was permitted to take through tickets from the L. & S.W.R. on to the Metropolitan, we cannot hold out to you any hope that the elementary convenience which you desiderate will be granted during the lifetime of the present generation.



TEA-MODES FOR THE BEST PEOPLE.

[The *Daily Express* has let out that tea-aprons—"dainty little trifles of silk or brocade"—are now provided by thoughtful hostesses to save the gowns of their visitors from the effects of buttered scones, greasy muffins, &c. Mr. *Punch* hopes to see this pretty and cleanly idea developed a little.]

Male Visitor. "Now, DEAR, IF YOU'LL JUST TIE MY MOUSTACHE-GUARD AND PIN DOWN THIS BUTTER-PROOF BIB, I SHALL BE QUITE READY FOR TEA."

FUMING AND FROTHING.

(A Selection from forthcoming Leaders in the D— T—.)

I.

"We have spoken of this detestable Bill with a moderation that has put a severe strain upon us. We have denounced it as a sordid and unspeakable outrage, as a leprous stain on the thin garb of false religious professions in which those who support it pretend to be clad. But it is something worse, far worse, than this. It is the elevation of chicanery and petty larceny into a fine art. Henceforth let no man shudder at the black-mailing brutality of any blackguardly Boanerges who may attempt to gouge out the orbs of vision of innocent and confiding Churchmen. This Bill—we say it with a full, nay with a complete and entire, sense of the responsibility attaching to our words—is the limit."

II.

"Of all the abandoned acts of virulent violence that have been perpetrated by a hypocritical set of *soi-disant* Cabinet Ministers upon the inert but palpitating body of morality this is without a doubt the most dastardly as

it is the most despicable. At this moment confiscation, naked and unashamed, is rearing her hateful head in our midst. With one hand she seizes the working man and crushes him to pulp. With the other she eviscerates the pallid publican, and boisterously beats the brewer down into the dust. How shall our judges reconcile it to their consciences to sentence the thief or to mete out a condign punishment to the fraudulent trustee, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his minions walk unabashed in the light of day with no one to say them nay? Whither is fled the manhood of England? If this system of gigantic robbery is to continue, if this scandal is to sap the vitals of the Empire, we give it up; we have no more to say, nor could we say it if we had."

Force Majeure.

"The *Times* implies that Lord TWEEDMOUTH in particular and the Government in general are capable of being 'influenced' by the Kaiser 'in German interests' in their dealing with the Navy Estimates. What nonsense is this!"—*The Star*.

Mr. MURRAY MACDONALD should be a proud man to-day.

VOX POPULI.

[Being thoughts on the recent by-elections.]

Two years ago—how Time does fly!—
Across the country rang a cry
Bell-like and clear (not quavery):—
“Down with the reptile Tory brood!
Down with the price of daily food!
And down with Chinese ‘Slavery’!”

As when of old some sacred Bird
Gave augury, the Liberals heard
And knew the heavenly token;
“England,” they said, “has made her choice;
It is the Sovereign People’s Voice;
A god, in fact, has spoken!”

But, now that Demos turns his coat
And they observe the Tariff vote
Swell up like vernal flora,
The Thing that bade Millennium come
Is called a piffing pendulum,
A popularis aura.

And yet we thank our natal star
That we are not as Frenchmen are,
Inconstant, jumpy, skittish;
That certain features well-defined
Which stamp the bulldog cast of mind
Are traits uniquely British!

Wobblers, I fear, we still shall be,
Like jelly or the aspen-tree
(Those types of instability),
Until our Women grace the poll
And graft on Man’s effeminate soul
Their own superb virility.

Meanwhile I do dislike to think
Our fate depends—to swim or sink—
On anything so chancy;
That shifts and veers all round the clock,
Behaving like a weather-cock,
To suit the breezes’ fancy.

One thought alone can yield me balm—
That, lapped in yon Olympian calm
Past Ossa piled on Pelion,
My Lords exist without the need
To bribe and flatter, coax and feed
This monstrous fine chameleon.

O. S.

THE SUFFRAGETTES’ BOOKSHELF.

In connection with the “Self-denial” Week organised by Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE and the N.W.S.P.U., a number of authors have contributed copies of their works, some autographed, some bearing appropriate inscriptions, which are now on sale at the modest price of one guinea each: the book being, one may hope, the gold, and the autograph merely the guinea stamp. Though unaccountably omitted from the list so far, we have every reason to believe that the following books must also have been received at Clement’s Inn:—

From Door to Door, BERNARD CAPES.
Knock at a Venture, EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
Charger and Chaser, NAT GOULD.
Can this be Love? LOUISA PARR.
The Taming of the Brute, FRANCES HARROD.
Recent Earthquakes, C. DAVIDSON.
Wild Nature Won by Kindness, Mrs. BRIGHTWEN.
The Use of Words in Reasoning, ALFRED SIDGWICK.
A Breaker of Laws, PETT RIDGE.

À LA CHAMBRE DES PAIRES.

[As a direct consequence of the *Entente* many modifications of our social and parliamentary customs may be expected. The House of Lords, for instance, now, as ever, in the van of progress, will conduct its debates on the Education Bill after the lively French fashion.]

The Earl of Crewe. As to the single-school parishes, my Lords, we propose—

The Archbishop of Canterbury (interrupting). You are a criminal, an assassin.

[Great hubbub. Lord BEAUCHAMP advances rapidly on the Archbishop and slaps his face. The Bishop of LONDON, in endeavouring to protect the *Primate*, is hurled to the ground by Lord DENMAN. The Lord CHANCELLOR rings his bell. Lord ELGIN and Lord HALIFAX engage in single combat. Lord RIPON throws his hat at Lord CAWDOR. Order is at last restored.]

Lord Crewe. No, my Lords, it is not we who wish to pull down the lights of faith from heaven. It is—

The Bishop of Manchester. You are the last of the last. I hurl my defiance at you. I proclaim you a robber. (*Sensation.*)

The Earl of Crewe. The venerable Prelate has uttered a falsehood. I throw it back in his teeth. It is he who robs the widow and the orphan.

[Great uproar, in the midst of which Lord TWEEDMOUTH is seen butting with his head at the Bishop of St. ASAPH. Lord LANSDOWNE has in the meantime shaken his fist in Lord CREWE’s face. The floor is littered with tatters of lawn sleeves.]

The Bishop of Manchester. I call on the country to witness these abominable proceedings. The country will judge you. You are Thugs and the sons of Thugs.

The Earl of Crewe. No, it is you who are a Thug. [*Violent indignation on the episcopal benches.*]

The Bishop of Manchester. I appeal to the protection of the Lord CHANCELLOR. Are we to be massacred by this band of brigands, this horde of parent-killers?

[*The Earl of CREWE knocks the Bishop down and treads on his face, but is promptly attacked by Lord HALSBURY. Lord ROSEBERY faints, and is carried out, exclaiming, “Let us all die for the Flag.” The Lord CHANCELLOR in vain rings his bell. The sitting is suspended.*]

Better Late than Never.

“There were a number of callers at 10, Downing Street this morning. Lord Althorpe (*sic*) called about 13.30.”—*Westminster Gazette*.

“Naturally the story of the play was severely dovetailed.”

Edinburgh Evening News.

The dramatic critic is confusing the Cushat (*Columba palumbus*), or it may be the Rock Dove (*Columba livia*), with the Cur, which has no wings and is merely an inferior species of *Canidæ*.

“Wanted—By a Volunteer, a Military Great Coat for a week-end manoeuvre. Willing to exchange large tin bath, with mug for same Will re-exchange in May.”—*The Empire*.

If the advertiser is still doing business next October we will exchange a Panama and a pair of cricket boots for a fur coat. Re-exchange in May.

From the “Lost” column of *The Western Daily Mercury*.

“House, 2 sitting-rooms, kitchen, scullery, 4 bedrooms, bath, h. and c.; gas; garden, etc.”

This savours a little of carelessness, as they said in *The Importance of being Earnest*.



WILLCOCKS'S WEEK-END WAR.

FIRST ZAKKA (late arrival). "STARTED FIGHTING YET?"

SECOND DITTO. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S ALL OVER. WE'RE JUST SINGING 'GOD SAVE THE KING!'"



"IN THE CAUSE OF OUR WORKING SISTERS."

(See Suffragette Manifestos)

Flower Woman. "I WISH THEM SUFFERAJETTES WOULD MOVE ALONG. THEY'VE RUINED MY BUSINESS TO-DAY!"

REMINISCENCES OF A LAKE "POET."

SUMMER visitors to Bowness, Windermere, twenty-five or thirty years ago, could hardly fail to notice a small corrugated-iron stall on a patch of waste ground beside one of the lanes leading to the lake. Above this stall was an announcement that "The Poet CLEGG is here, selling his works." This, being more than the majority of poets succeed in achieving, naturally excited my desire to make his acquaintance—no very difficult matter, as he seemed rather to invite than shun publicity. I found him seated behind the open front of his hut; a stout elderly personage, fresh-coloured, with grey hair and short chin-beard, and light grey eyes like a shrewd but suspicious parrot's.

The divine frenzy was upon him just then, for he was feverishly scribbling a verse with a stubby pencil on the back of an envelope, so I had to wait until the Muse had taken flight. At length he looked up: "Are ye a person of consequence?" he inquired; which obliged me to confess that I was nobody in particular. "Well," he said, "I'll give ye just five minutes. There were two noblemen coom to see me the other day, looking like lords; I received them vera respectfully for half-an-hour, and at the end of that they offered me a shilling! 'No,'

I told them, 'ye've wasted half-an-hour of my valuable time, and then ye insult me with a shilling! Take back your shilling,' I said. 'Thank God, I'm in no want of shillings, any more than yourselves. I took ye for noblemen and gentlemen—and I find ye're neither!'"

"I count myself as high as TENNYSON every bit," he went on, "and my time's my money, and I don't ask any one to coom to talk to me. I'd rather they'd keep away, if they don't come to buy. What are you going to buy?"

I bought the Poet's "Tenth Grand Christmas Book, with fine Portraits and Grand Comic Cuts." Being a non-subscriber, I paid five-and-sixpence for it, "in a stiff cover." (I might have procured "the Queen's copy, in morocco and gold," for fifteen and sixpence; but I did not think I could quite afford it.)

"TENNYSON was at Bowness only a while ago," he told me, "and would ye believe it, he was too prood—though he must ha' known I was here—to go these few steps out of his ro-ad to visit a Brother Po-at!" I endeavoured to express incredulity and astonishment. "I've never read any of his stoof," he continued; "I've no time to read other Po-ats. I like to use all my spare time writing out my own compositions. I'm my own Pooblisher. London pooblishers won't buy my copyrights—

times are so hard just now. But when I see the sort o' stoof they *do* prent, I can't read it!

"Ye may have heard that PALMERSTON granted me a pension? That was years ago, and my enemies got it taken away from me, and I've been agitating to get it back ever since!" I remembered hearing that his name had somehow been inserted in the Civil List, and that some member of the Opposition asked a question on the subject, and gave the House a few quotations from the Poet's works, which were received with roars of laughter, while the pension of £40 a year was withdrawn after a single payment. Which no doubt was very hard on him, though I could not help a private impression that he might consider himself lucky to have got even that forty pounds. "Well now," he said, "ye've bought one of my books—what *more* do ye want with me?" I am ashamed to confess that on this I represented that I was fired with an ambition to write verses, and wished to know if he would be willing to give me, say, six lessons in the art of Poetry. I was nearly thirty years younger then, and the temptation was irresistible. Now of course I should overcome it—at least, I trust so. "Eh," he said, "Po-atry's a thing ye canna be *taught*. It just cooms. There's times I feel it floating through my brain, like the air there. I mind well how I first coom to write. I was a lad of seventeen, and I'd had a quarrel with soom o' the Grammar School boys, and I told them: 'I defy ye, with all your Latin and all your Greek! I'll just go home and write a reply that shall crush ye!' I couldna sleep all that night, and the morn I got oop in my nightshirt and wrote a satire on the white-washed wall reet off, and copied it down on paper, and had it prented—and for three weeks the toon was like Election time! One big scholar wanted to fight me aboot it, but I said, 'Nay, I've won *my* battle!' And so I had! But I couldna tell ye whether ye've the makings of a Po-at in ye without ye show me soom of your attempts. . . Now I must away. I can't afford to talk with ye any longer; working here all day knocks me oop, and I have to write all night."

He was even more busy and important when I next requested an audience. "I can't attend to ye now," he said, "I'm correcting the proofs of my next Christmas book, and that's more important to the Pooblic, and more pleasant to *you* in the long run, ye know, than what ye've come aboot." But I persuaded him to glance at a little thing of my own—an Ode to the Moon, of which all I remember is that I compared her, when in crescent form, to "a paring from pale Dian's finger-nail," and inquired: "O Moon! Are Railways and the Electric Telegraph known to thee yet? Or will they be soon?" After reading it aloud, he remarked that he noticed I put my rhymes in the *middle* of a stanza, a liberty he never permitted himself, and asked whether I had counted the syllables in my last line. I owned that I had forgotten to do so, and he informed me that that kind of line was known in the profession as an "Alexandrian." When I ventured to ask him if he detected any promise in the poem, he was most encouraging. "It's grand!" he said; "there's a loftiness aboot it that shows me ye only want practice to be a Po-at. I'll tell ye what I'll *do* for ye. I'll print this poem in my next Christmas number, and have a picture put to it, for I keep an artist, though I don't wish it to get aboot. There'll be Doochesses reading it! And I'll only charge ye seven-and-six for setting it oop!"

No one had ever offered to be my publisher before; but as I couldn't see my way to advance seven-and-six the Doochesses never had the opportunity of reading my Ode to the Moon. Which is a pity, because I think it

would have appealed to them. The Poet then complained of the intemperate laudation of some of his admirers in the Press. "See here—a friendly thing they wrote of me in *The Ulverston Mirror*. I had it prented; but it goes beyond—it's almost too extravagant!" It was indeed. I was inexpressibly pained to perceive that the writer had obviously been pulling the Poet's leg.

"There was a man coom to me the other day, and wants me to write a poem for him, and I says to him—as I might to yourself—'Who *are* ye? I want to know all aboot ye.' And he tells me he's giving a lecture on all things in Heaven and Earth, and would I write a sketch saying well of him for the gentry and tradesmen. Hoo much would it be? 'If ye were a rich man I'd say ten guineas,' I told him, 'being, as I take ye to be, poor, it'll be five shillings.' 'Hoo long will it take?' he says. 'Half a day?' 'Bless ye!' says I, 'ye just take a toorn oop yon hill and coom back in five minutes, and I'll have it written for ye. Stand away! I feel the lines coming already!'

"*The Figaro*'s my friend," he continued, "and *The Graphic*. But they can't get me my pension back. I sent some verses oop to them, but—and mind this—it just shows their critic, though dootless a clever man in his way, is no judge of Po-atry. They only prented one o' the verses—the vera one I knew myself to be the worst of the lot!"

I wonder if it was on the same level of excellence as the following stanza of his "Grand Electioneering Poem," price 3d.:

"We sing not of great KINGS and ROYAL QUEENS,
Or even take a single glance
At GLADSTONE or great EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
To make some fairly jump and dance!"

It may, or may not, be a reflection on the literary appreciation of the last century, but it must be stated that, in spite of producing thousands of verses of a quality fully equal to the above, the Poet CLEGG never succeeded in getting back that pension.

F. A.

A BONA-FIDE CANDIDATE.

[The Poe International Centenary Society has offered a prize of 500 dollars for the best poem on POE by a "non-professional."]

THEY may turn away SWINBURNE and DOBSON,
PAUL RUBENS and ADRIAN ROSS,
And all others that only do jobs on
Condition you load them with dross;
They, no doubt, would have turned away SOUTHEY,
SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH, and even Lord B.;
But, dear reader, I'm sure you'll allow they
Can't turn away *me*.

Every editor, lesser or greater,
Who samples the odes I've composed,
Sends 'em back to me, sooner or later,
In my envelopes, stamped and enclosed.
I've a not altogether inept head;
I've pathos that's blended with fun;
Yet my poems have not been accepted—
No, never a one.

Then what matter that I have a lot of
Old manuscripts here in my room,
When, for all that the arbiters wot of,
I'm just in my virginal bloom?
For (as EDGAR himself would have said it) .
I may be "senescent," yet oh!
I've at any rate this to my credit—
I can't be a pro!

NEW PARTIES IN POLITICS.

(Special to "Punch.")

THE proposal mooted in the correspondence columns of our esteemed contemporary to form a *Spectator* Party in politics, has stirred the nation to its depths. Wellington Street has been practically blocked for the last few days by myriads of ardent partisans anxious to enrol themselves under the banner of the gifted editor; and the daily queue, carefully shepherded by the police, has equalled if not eclipsed that of the audiences of *The Christian*. But it was hardly to be expected that the example set by *The Spectator* should not lead to emulation and imitation, and already it is becoming overwhelmingly apparent that a number of similar parties are likely to be formed, with results most beneficial to the variety and picturesqueness of political life.

Foremost amongst the rival groups is *The Observer* Party. The leader, needless to say, is that redoubtable publicist Mr. J. L. GARVIN, who is already hailed as the MASSINGHAM of the Tariff Reformers. Confident of capturing a sufficient number of seats to place them in an absolute majority over all other groups combined, *The Observer* Party have already formed their Cabinet. Mr. LEO MAXSE will, of course, be Prime Minister, while Mr. GARVIN, by his vast abilities as a financier, is obviously marked out for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Foreign Minister will be Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT; the Secretary for War, Mr. IGNOTUS, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. CALCHAS. Mr. L. S. AMERY has kindly consented to act as Colonial Secretary, and minor posts in the Administration will be filled by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. WALTER LONG, and Mr. BONAR LAW.

The Observer Party, it will be admitted, is a powerful combination, but *Pearson's* Party is hardly less formidable. Here, again, a prospective Cabinet has been formed, with Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. PETER KEARY as Foreign Secretary, with a seat in the Lords as Lord KEARY of M.A.P. Mr. GAMAGE will be President of the Board of Trade; Sir THOMAS LIPTON, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. LYONS, Minister for Education, and Mr. BARKER, Secretary for War. The badge and emblem of *Pearson's* Party will be a peony, and its war-cry, "Get On or Get Out."

For sheer brain-power, however,



Mistress. "GOOD GRACIOUS, COOK, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE COAL-SCUTTLE?"

Cook. "WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS, MUM. I WAS A-FILLING OF IT IN THE COAL-CELLAR, WHEN A ENORMOUS AVALANCHE COMMENCED TO DESCEND FROM THE TOP. IT WAS ME OR THE SCUTTLE, MUM; AND I LEAVE YOU TO JUDGE WHICH WAS THE MOST VALUABLE!"

[Whatever doubt there may have been before, Cook is now an easy first.]

The British Weekly Party probably stands unrivalled. As yet no apportionment of posts has been officially announced, but we understand that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL will contest the City, Messrs. HODDER and STOUGHTON will stand for two Kail-yard constituencies, while Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER will court the suffrages of London University, and Mr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR will storm Tunbridge, Maidstone, or some other Kentish stronghold.

Other parties in a less forward state of organisation are the *Tit-bits* Party, the *Home Chat* Party, and *The Exchange and Mart* Party, but the full range of their activities has not yet been precisely defined.

With regard to *The Spectator* some further details may be of interest to

our readers. For instance, every intending member is obliged to sign an attestation paper declaring his readiness to support cat-and-dog suffrage and free breakfasts to a number of birds, including thrushes, robins, wrens, woodpeckers, and tom-tits, though the inclusion of the latter may cause some confusion with the *Tit-bits* party. Members of *The Spectator* party, again, must all possess (a) a rifle or (b) a Morris tube or (c) a Mauser pistol. Their wardrobe must include a slouch hat, a bandolier, and a copy of BASTIAT'S *Economic Fallacies*.

Circumstances alter Cases.

"His 'apologia pro mea infirmitates' did not help him much among his colleagues."

No wonder.

TAKING STOCK.

BEATRICE has been spring-cleaning me to-day, or rather my clothes. I said, wasn't it rather early for it, as none of the birds were singing properly yet, and she had much better wait till next year; but no, she *would* do it *now*. BEATRICE is my sister-in-law, and she said— Well, I forget what she did say, but she took a whole bundle of things away with her in a cab; and I *know* JOHN will be wearing that fancy shirt of mine to-morrow. As a matter of fact it was a perfectly new one, and I was only waiting till Lent was over.

BEATRICE said the things were all lying about anyhow, and how I ever found anything to put on *she* didn't know; but I could have told her that they were all arranged on a symmetrical plan of my own. BEATRICE doesn't understand the symmetry of a bachelor's mind. I like a collar in each drawer, and then whatever drawer you open there's a collar ready for you. BEATRICE puts them all in one drawer, and then if you're in a hurry, and open the wrong drawer by mistake, you probably go up to the office in two waistcoats and no collar at all. That would be very awkward.

BEATRICE actually wanted a braces drawer—(if she hadn't married JOHN I should never let her talk to me about braces)—but I explained that I only had one pair, and was wearing those, so that it would be absurd. I expect she wanted me to think that JOHN had two pairs. All I can say is that, if he has, he ought to be above taking my best shirt. . . .

I don't think the waistcoat drawer will be a success. There are twenty-three of them, and some of them don't blend at all well. Twenty-three in one drawer—you know there are bound to be disputes. I see *William* has got to the top already. Ah! he was a fine fellow, the first I ever had. I don't quite know how to describe him, but in colour he was emerald green, with bits of red silk peeping through. Sort of open-work, you know, only where you would expect to see me there was more of *William*. I wore him at BEATRICE's wedding. He *would* come. Only he wouldn't let me into the vestry. I wanted to sign my name; all the others were. I have never worn him since that day; but BEATRICE has fished him out, and now he lies on the very top of the drawer.

Of course it's awfully good of BEATRICE to take so much trouble about my clothes, and I'm extremely grateful, and after all she did marry

my brother JOHN; but I think sometimes she— Well, here's a case. You know, when you have twenty-three waistcoats you perhaps run a bit short of—of other things. So, naturally, the few you *have* got left you— Well, BEATRICE took them all away, and said that as I couldn't possibly wear them again she'd cut them up for house-cloths. And really—half way between winter and summer is a very awkward time for re-stocking. But I suppose it is going to be warmer now?

House-cloths! I bet JOHN has a go at them first.

BEATRICE found what they call in the profession a "morning-coat and vest" under the bed, and said that she would take it away and sell it for me. I like the way she "finds" things which I have been keeping for years under the bed. It is absurd to talk about "finding" anything in a small flat, because of course it's there all the time; but BEATRICE thought that I ought to be grateful to her for her discovery, so I pretended I was. She said she would get at least half-a-crown for it; but I said I would rather have the coat. However, it turned out that I wasn't even to have had the half-crown. . . .

I used to have thirty pairs of old white gloves in a drawer. I would take them out sometimes, and stroke them affectionately, and say, "Ah, yes, those were the ones I wore at that absolutely ripping dance when I first met CYNTHIA, and we had supper together. You can see where I spilt the ice pudding." Or—"This was that Hunt Ball, when I knew nobody and danced with HILDEGARDE all the time. She wore black. Just look at them now." Well, BEATRICE had that drawer out pretty quick. And now they are on their way to Perth or Paris, or wherever it is; except HILDEGARDE's pair, which will just do for the girl when she cleans the grates. I expect she really will get them, you know; because JOHN doesn't dance.

You know, you mustn't make too much fun of BEATRICE; she has ripping ideas sometimes. She filled a "summer-trunk" for me—a trunk full of all the clothes I am going to want in the summer. She started with a tennis racquet (which, strictly speaking, isn't clothes at all), and went on with some of the jolliest light waistcoats you ever saw; it made me quite hot to look at them. Well now, that's really a good idea, so far as it goes. But what will happen when the summer does come? Why, we shall have to go through the whole business all over again. And

who'll arrange the winter-trunk? BEATRICE. And who'll get the green pyjamas and the purple socks that there's really no room for, dear? Why, JOHN.

Yet I am sorry for JOHN. He was once as I am. What a life is his now. BEATRICE is a dear, and I will allow no one to say a word against her, but she doesn't understand that trousers must be folded, not hung; that a collar which has once been a collar can never be opened out and turned into a cuff (supposing one wore cuffs); and that a school eleven blazer, even if it happens to be pink, must not be cut down into a dressing-jacket for the little one. Poor JOHN! Yes, I am glad now that he has that shirt of mine. It is perhaps a *little* too bright for his complexion, perhaps he has not *quite* the air to carry it off; but I am glad that it is his. Now I think of it I have a tie and a pair of socks that would go well with it; and even *William*—can I part with *William*?—yes, he shall have *William*. Oh, I see that I must be kind to JOHN.

Dear BEATRICE! I wonder when I shall have everything straight again.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"KING LEOPOLD," we read, "is now doing what he can to re-establish himself in the good opinion of his subjects. Last week he unexpectedly drove from the palace to a fancy-dress ball at the town hall, where he chatted freely with the dancers." But we were under the impression that he had already made a certain reputation by this amiable habit of chatting freely—very freely sometimes—with dancers.

* *

A wonderful case of a lady singer who had a double was mentioned in the papers the other day. This reminds us that most of the foreign ladies who take part in Grand Opera look as if they are at least the double of someone else.

* *

The Bishop of LONDON's expression of belief that healthy games would save the Russians from all thoughts of plots and revolutions has attracted much attention in St. Petersburg, and a beginning, we hear, is shortly to be made with an attempt to teach a number of moujiks to play golf and diabolos, which it is hoped will supplant the present unhealthy practice of putting the shot and tossing the bomb.

Thirty mock marriages gone through in fun at a "freak ball" at Coney Island, New York, have been declared binding. This, it is thought, is the grimmest jest of the century.

* *

It is interesting to see how motor-car terms are coming into everyday use, and are being applied to extraneous objects. For instance, under the heading "Servants Wanted" we came across an advertisement the other day for an "h.p. maid."

* *

No more dropped aitches, we hope! A machine called "The Aspirator" has been invented for servants.

* *

The Semi-teetotal Movement has received a set-back. The proprietor of an inn at Woking has been fined forty pounds for watering beer.

* *

On view now at the New Gallery:—Fair Women by Unfair Painters.

* *

We understand that no action is to be taken by the Board of Trade against the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company in regard to the recent excessive speed of one of their express trains. The Directors' pathetic plea that the conduct of their line had hitherto been beyond reproach in this respect was held to be unanswerable.

* *

It is rumoured that the theatre managers who so dearly love the Censor are about to petition for an extension of his powers. They are desirous that he shall have authority to prohibit those public proceedings in the Divorce Court, by the side of which the most daring theatrical production is apt to appear tame and insipid, and consequently fails to attract.

* *

A correspondent writes to ask us what he should do when his doctor pays him more visits than are necessary. We would remind our correspondent of the old saying:

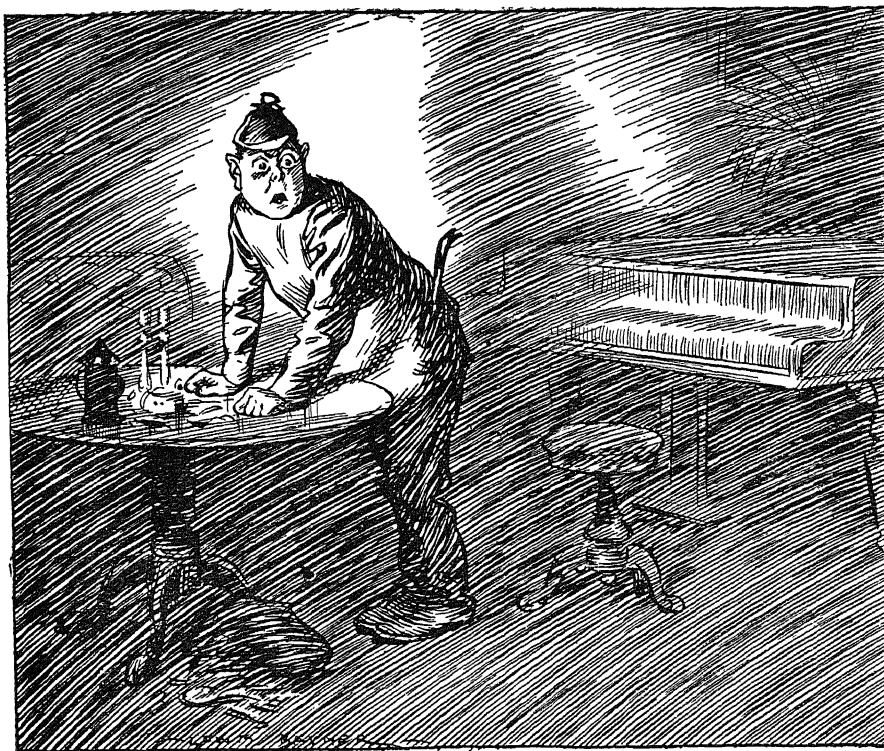
"An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away."

But the apple must, of course, be well aimed.

* *

"Although the population of Chiswick and Acton is 80,000, only two persons," it is stated, "were arrested in the combined districts during the last three days of February." The local police force certainly ought to be strengthened.

STUDIES IN TACT.



A GENTLEMAN, MR. B. S., IS PAYING AN EARLY MORNING CALL AT A HOUSE HE HAS NEVER BEFORE VISITED. FINDING NO ONE ABOUT, HE IS TEMPTED TO INSPECT THE PLATE, AND AFTERWARDS VARIOUS OBJECTS OF VERTU IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. WHILE SO DOING HE HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, AND FEELS THAT HIS CURIOSITY MAY BE CONSIDERED IMPERTINENT. WHAT SHOULD MR. B. S. DO?



MR. B. S. SHOULD HURRIEDLY SEAT HIMSELF AT THE PIANO, AND WHEN THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE ENTERS SHOULD SAY TO HIM, "SIR, I HAVE COME TO TUNE THE PIANO. UNFORTUNATELY I LEFT MY TUNING-FORK AT HOME, SO TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SUPPLYING THE OMISSION FROM YOUR PLATE-BASKET." N.B.—PLAUSIBLE AS THIS MAY SOUND, MR. B. S. SHOULD NEVERTHELESS SEIZE THE VERY FIRST CHANCE OF CLEARING OUT.



"MY DEAR BOY, WHY THIS GLOOM?"

"WELL, THE FACT IS I'M AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN AND A SCOTCH LANDLORD AND AN IRISH CATTLE-GRAZER AND A SHAREHOLDER IN THE UNITED KINGDOM BREWERY, AND MY ONLY HOPE IS IN THE LORDS!"

THE PRESS AND THE LION.

I.—"THE PROTECTIONIST."

... We have the more pleasure in joining in the chorus of felicitation upon Mr. NESTORITH's eightieth birthday because we can so confidently claim him as an adherent to the great cause of Tariff Reform. Again and again in his works, more particularly the political novels, such as *Holloway's Career*, may be found the strongest possible suggestions that their author is under no misapprehension as to the necessity for Protection if England is again to occupy her old proud position among the nations. . . .

II.—"THE FREE TRADER."

The eightieth birthday occurs to-day of perhaps the grandest Free Trader now living, one who is old enough to remember England under Protection, and who has never faltered from the flag—Mr. GEORGE NESTORITH, the novelist. Of his literary attainments we speak later; but first let it be put on record that no one can read his works with an open mind, destitute of party bias, without being conscious of his intense love of the open market. As a novelist. . . .

III.—"THE CHRISTIAN ADVERTISER."

Our hearts are filled with unctuous joy at the thought that that great

and valiant swordsman for the truth, Mr. NESTORITH, has been spared to attain his eightieth birthday. What English literature would be like were it not for the presence of such simple faithful souls we tremble to think. Superficially, we are aware, Mr. NESTORITH has now and then suggested that he could not consider everything in this world to be for the best; yet read properly, with Christian tolerance and imaginative sympathy, there is not a word in all his many and wonderful works that does not breathe a beautiful spirit of resignation and hope.

IV.—"THE FREETHINKER."

All freethinkers should rejoice in the continued vigour and intellect that are enjoyed by Mr. NESTORITH, the novelist, whose eightieth birthday has just been kept. In all his works he has consistently brought to bear upon superstitions the white light of irony and wit. He has never paltered with his conscience, which probably is one reason why his name is so much better known than his writings.

V.—"THE SUFFRAGIST."

It is with the greatest possible pleasure that we wish "many happy returns of the day" to Mr. NESTORITH, the great novelist, not only because we admire his work, but because he has shown himself so warm a friend to our cause. . . .

VI.—"THE ANTI-SUFFRAGIST."

It is pleasant to think that one of the last public pronouncements made by Mr. NESTORITH before entering upon his eighty-first year was a rebuke of the militant pantechicon brigade for their unwomanly and unseemly tactics. When criticism comes from such men as this, the honoured of the nation, it cannot be lightly set aside even by the political Mænad and the vote-desiring Bacchanal.

"Here are some curious points about Leap Year Day as recorded by *The Observer*. A man at Clapham celebrated his tenth birthday on the same day on which his daughter celebrated her twenty-second."

If his daughter is really eighty-eight years old the father must be considered lucky to be only forty or so.

As Others See Us.

"Sua figlia. . . si è sposata in Inghilterra col Signor. . . fellon dell' Università di Cambridge." — *Il Giornale d' Italia*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 11, 1908.



A QUESTION OF "VALUES."

MR. PUNCH (*Critic, to Mr. Asquith*). "ADMIRABLE YOUR FIGURE OF TEMPERANCE; BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE LEFT YOUR JUSTICE A LITTLE SKETCHY?"

[Many of the Public who are in close sympathy with the schemes of social reform embodied in the Licensing Bill consider that it would be improved by an extension of the Time Limit.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—Much talk during last three weeks of revolt in Ministerial ranks on question of expenditure on Army and Navy. Almost the last time C.-B. appeared on Treasury Bench he warded off impending blow by suggesting that MURRAY MACDONALD'S resolution, insisting on reduction, should be postponed till Army and Navy Estimates were presented. Then, as he observed with affected ignorance of Parliamentary methods, Members would know exactly what they were talking about.

C.-B. been in the House long enough to know that that condition is immaterial to the moving of resolutions or the making of speeches. If it is to be rigorously insisted upon, many of us will be reduced to silence and inaction.

However, to-day solemnly set apart for the pow-wow. Opposition crowded in to enjoy spectacle of Ministers baited by their own followers. It wouldn't do for them to support Resolution put forward by gentlemen who know more about the Army than N. BONAPARTE HALDANE, are more intimate with the working of the Navy than JACK FISHER. But a schism in Ministerial ranks always pleasant for contemplation from benches opposite.

Full muster of Ministerialists. The Independent Labour men were seated in serried rows below Gangway insistent on reduction of warlike expenditure. The cost of a *Dreadnought* or two, the disbandment of a few battalions of the Line, would go some way towards providing old-age pensions or making easier the lot of the Unemployed, who at Maidenhead the other day refused to turn the crank that prepared the morning chips for the pampered householder.

Looking round the crowded benches, taking note of the varied sections, the experienced eye discerned material for debate and division damaging even to the master of legions. In other circumstances prognostication might have been realised. Suppose, for example, that before LLOYD-GEORGE found salvation on Treasury Bench he had undertaken to lead this attack on the Government. Things would have hummed. MURRAY MACDONALD not an ideal crusader. There is about him a subtle, indescribable but unmistakable Bow-and-Bromley manner that stifles enthusiasm. In low voice, with hurried enunciation, he read a



A PRETTY WIT VERSUS A MIGHTY INTELLECT.

The Hon. F. W. L-mb-t-n chaffs Mr. H-l-d-ne on Army Estimates.

paper on the virtue of economy, our friendly relations with Foreign Powers, and the righteousness of retrenchment in the expenditure on armaments.

The effect on JOHN BRUNNER of the reading of the paper was remarkable. Whilst others were depressed, he was in merriest mood. Assuming an easy attitude and a conversational tone, he delighted the House with certain autobiographical details, chiefly relating to visits to Paris and Berlin. On one of the former, welcomed and fed—JOHN seems to have dined impartially in both capitals—by a representative body of Frenchmen, a native orator addressed him at length.

"A most beautiful speech," said J. B., his eyes uplifted to the gas-lit roof in ecstatic recollection.

It had reference to a jaunt of Trades Unionists to Paris. The orator remarked upon the circumstance that winter preceded spring; spring's deft fingers touched the sward and lo! the crocus bloomed. Then, in the ordinary course of things, comes summer with its wealth of fruit and foliage. The poetic fancy of the orator somehow linked the arrival of the Trades Unionists on the Boulevard with the coming of summer.

It doesn't work out very well in English. The Labour Members were anxious that JOHN should quote the

text in French. He, suddenly remembering that the passage had nothing to do with the Resolution he had risen to second, returned to his notes.

Bucked up again when he got to Berlin, this time carrying the red dispatch box and the dignity of Royal Commissioner. Spent what he admitted was "a convivial evening" with German hosts. When he was leaving one of them said, "I don't trust you yet."

Regarded as a remark having personal bearing, this at once unkind and unjust. Not an honest, more reliable man in the Commons than Member for Northwich. House understood that the thing was an allegory. The convivial German, embodying for the moment the Fatherland, and regarding J. B. as representing Great Britain and Ireland, waggishly admonished him.

In the end, which didn't come till close of an eight hours' day of talk, MACDONALD'S Resolution was negatived by 320 votes against 73. ASQUITH had placed on paper a deftly drawn amendment, bland with pleasing generalities. Eleven o'clock struck before it was reached, after which hour opposed business may not be taken. PRINCE ARTHUR proposing to move amendment, debate collapsed, a right conclusion of the matter from an artistic point of view.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Whilst Cousin HUGH was still with us, going strong on the Fiscal Question, PRINCE ARTHUR used occasionally to remark with deep-drawn sigh, "Life would be endurable but for its cousins. They are worse than other facts and figures." Cousin HUGH is now afar off in the wilderness, leaving the House lamenting. Facts and figures remain, and from time to time PRINCE ARTHUR stumbles over them. To have them further complicated by the incidence of Leap Year is enough to daunt a less resolute heart.

Matters especially perplexing this evening. Motion to go into Committee on Navy Estimates. Preliminary tussle. Important section of Ministerialists take up their parable against bloated armaments. Opposition insist they're not bloated nearly enough. Financial Secretary to Admiralty goes minutely into figures to show that what has been achieved at Whitehall is the *juste milieu*, the line of perfection on which is marked absolute security combined with perfection of economy. To prove his case cites columns of figures, setting forth what Germany and England are severally doing in matter of destroyers, torpedo boats (first-class and second-class), submarines and eke cruisers.

PRINCE ARTHUR, patiently listening hour after hour, at length steps in. His point is to show that though the necessities of the current year have been fairly met, overwhelming demands on the Exchequer will be made in 1909. Starts cautiously.

"The year 1908," he said, "consists of only 12 months."

No one objecting to this, some even applauding, he proceeded, "Those months will soon be through. When 1909 begins, it will be found that an expenditure not inadequate for the necessities of the 365 days—"

Here in half a dozen voices swiftly came the correction. "Three hundred and sixty-six." Not noticing the interruption nor acknowledging, whilst adopting, the correction, he went on—"the necessities of the 366 days—"

Shouts of "Three sixty-five" burst forth.

Things growing desperate. Which was it? Hit high or hit low—366 or 365—he could not please them. Only thing to do was to ignore interruption and finish his sentence. This he proceeded to do. Resuming his seat he furtively drew forth his pocket-book. Spent some time with the assistance of almanack in working out the puzzle whether there are 365 days in the year or 366.



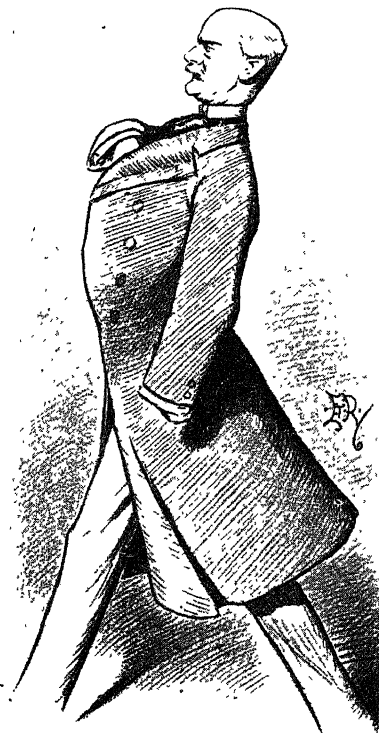
WRESTLING WITH THAT WRETCHED ARITHMETIC.

"Excepting Leap-year, at which time February's days are twenty-nine."

(Mr. Balfour hovers between 365 and 366.)

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—Three years ago the House was mystified, and debate on Fiscal matters conveniently relegated



"WROP IN MYST'RY."

Lord Arthur Hill feels a yearning for the old familiar post of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds,—and retires for the second time.

to background, by what was known as The Strange Case of Sir CARNE RASCH. The Member for Chelmsford, whose absence and its cause are to-day regretted in both political camps, had been seen by such responsible witnesses as Sir ARTHUR HAYTER, MEYSEY - THOMPSON, and GILBERT PARKER, in his usual place above the Gangway at a time when he was certified to be confined to his bed by illness.

Analogous case has of late ruffled meditation of Members. A quarter of a century ago one of the most familiar figures in the House was the tall, slim, upright one of Lord ARTHUR HILL. Returned for Kilmarnock in 1877, he from '80 to '98 represented a division of County Down. For thirteen years he acted as Whip of the Unionist Party. Ten years ago he retired from the scene, giving place to his son ARTHUR.

Since the new Session opened what seemed to be the wraith of the old Whip returned to his familiar place. He was seen in the Lobby as of yore, save that, being no longer a Whip, he wore his hat. He was frequently observed sitting solitary in a side gallery, looking down on the strangely altered scene. He spoke to few, and few addressed him. He took no part in debate, and was not eager to participate in division.

New turn given to the mystery by issue of a writ for the election of a Member for the Western Division of County Down "to serve in the place of Lord ARTHUR HILL, who since his election has accepted post of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." This varies the mystery, but does not explain it. Why should an old Member, yearning for the scenes of yore, go through trouble and expense of contested election, wander about the House for a month, and then resign? The wraith accounted for, there still remains something uncanny about the incident.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education (Local Authorities) Bill.

"In the World.—There are rumours of a marriage in the future that may, if it comes off, cause a good deal of comment."

This has been "overheard by the Little Bird" in the *Gentlewoman* at great expense. How these little creatures do pick up things, to be sure!

"It is not difficult to estimate how much the large firms who are still selling at 1s. 2d. per lb. (13s. 8d. per cwt.) are presenting to the public with each pound they sell."—*Daily Mail*.

These calculations are much more difficult than they look, however.



Dealer (to distinguished foreigner, who is buying a horse). "WELL, 'OW DO YOU LIKE 'IM?"

D. F. "I LIKE NOT HIS LEAPS."

Dealer. "WELL, I'M SURE 'E AIN'T A STICKY 'ORSE."

D. F. "STICKY? NO. HE IS NOT ENOUGH STICKY. WHEN HE LEAP I DO NOT ADHERE!"

THE REGIMENTAL GAZEKA.

["The 3rd V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers' Mess Gazeka is dead."—*Local Paper.*]

IN the Mess-room of the 3rd Corps,
In the wainscot by the doorway,
Lived our little Mess Gazeka,
Lived our regimental bogey.
No one truly ever saw him,
Though some said he wore a hair tuft
And declared they'd seen him
hopping

On the carpet after dinner;
Yet his voice was heard by all men
Once or twice at least each evening,
Queerly comic, bubbly peevish,
Partly whistle, partly choking,
Like a trombone filled with porridge.

At the usual yearly meeting
Once there rose a windy speaker,
Spoke of many things and varied,
Things beyond the ken of all men;
But at length his voice was silent,
And he slowly settled downward;
Then there came from out the
wainscot

Such a sudden burst of cheering,
Such a squirt of strangled joy notes,
That all present burst out laughing;

'Twas our little Mess Gazeka,
'Twas our regimental bogey.

When the corps all look their
brightest,
Red mess jackets—spotless waist-
coats—

And the silver, dragged from boxes,
Gleams amid the piles of roses,
Then the Story-teller tells 'em;
So our little Mess Gazeka
Hears the most appalling lies told,
Cannot bear it any longer,
And then off he goes in gruffles.
Hear him crinkle in the wainscot!
But the Mess Guest, glancing side-
ways,

Says in tones of awestruck wonder,
"What on earth's that noise of
almonds,
Noise just like the taste of
almonds?"

And we all say, laughing lightly,
"'Tis our little Mess Gazeka,
Pretty little Mess Gazeka.
You should see him drink his Bovril
Nine o'clock on Sunday mornings!
But he bites just something horrid,
So we keep him in the wainscot,
In the warm and quiet wainscot,

That is why you hear him gruffle,
When he's pleased he always gruffles,
'Tis a habit that he's got there
In the wainscot of an evening."
Then the Mess Guest, looking fur-
tive,
Talks of other things—of Battles,
Bullets, Ballets, Bandoleros—
Anything but what that noise was,
What that funny little noise was.

So the ever-changing years passed;
Comrades left or got promotion,
But our little Mess Gazeka
Gruffled, as of yore, to laughter—
Speeches, Stories, Thin No Trumppers,
In the warm and quiet wainscot,
In the wainscot of an evening.
But old Father Time was watching
(Ah, those sands that keep on run-
ning!),

So at length our Mess Gazeka
Fell away where all the rest go—
Fell away without saluting,
Tumbled down into oblivion,
In the February cleaning,
In the scrubbing and the cleaning;
For the sideboard alteration
Slew our regimental bogey,
Killed our little Mess Gazeka.

A ST. MARTIN'S LANE SUMMER.

REVIVAL OF "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

SINCE I saw him last *Bill Crichton* has gained in virility, and that is what you want most on a desert island. Mr. LYN HARDING has the advantage of Mr. HARRY IRVING in the physique that is essential to the bucket business. He was perfect in his capacity of butler, and next best in the Second Act, where he is in the chrysalis stage of transitional manhood, having ceased to be a mere worm, and not yet blossomed out into a winged god. He was least good as "The Guv." In his exalted position he lacked the geniality that great rulers can afford. His face never relaxed even when he indulged in romantic sentiment, and it was here that his voice took on something of the portentousness of melodrama. Even in the dance there was only a physical, not a mental, unbending. True, in the old life he had always expressed the view that the condescension of *Lord Loam*, shown in the social entertainment of his menials, had been subversive of discipline and the right recognition of caste in the servants' hall. But here on the island there was no question of degrees of servitude. All were equal, being alike immeasurably removed from Mr. *Crichton's* own sphere. And, after all, it is incredible that a potentate so haughty and aloof could have held his slaves in such a state of sacrificial devotion.

As the *Earl of Loam*, Mr. ERIC LEWIS, though his manner smacks a little of the best Harley Street traditions, escapes the rather too farcical rotundity of the late Mr. KEMBLE's inimitable methods. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS cannot quite reproduce the intellectual agility of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, but she has a more feminine charm. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN is an adorable *Tweeny*.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER is excellent as ever. Miss SYRIL CARLISLE and Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT have lost nothing of their natural grace; and Miss MARGARET FRASER's clever performance as *Fisher* makes one again regret the brevity of her part.

It is late in the day to find a new word of praise for this which is far the best of Mr. BARRIE's plays. The last Act was the only one ever open to serious attack, and I am certain the author justified himself of the conclusion which he is said to have preferred to another that came into his head. Women critics used to protest against the snobbishness of

Lady Mary Lasenby. She ought, they said, to have stuck to her second love. But she had no choice in the matter. *Bill Crichton* had too good a knowledge of the rules of "the game" to allow her to stay behind with him on the island; and in London it would have been more impossible still for him to countenance the sacrifice. He recognised with remarkable lucidity of soul that, if one environment may go far to make a man, another may go equally far and with equal propriety to unmake him. He was a stickler for Nature in her primal state, but also for the "second Nature" that is evolved from habit



"The Guv" in a transport of tender sentiment.
Mr. *Crichton* . . . Mr. Lyn Harding.
Lady Mary . . . Miss Miriam Clements.

and prescription. A notable philosopher, this *Crichton*, and gifted with a curious taste for detachment.

If I were to hazard a criticism of this delightful play it would be that on a second view of it—with the knowledge of what is coming when the gun goes off—there seems to be a certain air of factitiousness about the general enthusiasm for the *Simple Life*. I say nothing of the two protagonists or the parson; but if the rest of them were so enlarged and intoxicated by the healthy activity of their island picnic why should they leap for joy at the prospect of returning to the stuffy atmosphere of Mayfair, above or below stairs? I am sure there must have been a reason, deep-rooted in the imbecility of the race, and Mr. BARRIE could tell it me if he chose, for he knows so many good reasons for the strangest things.

O. S.

THE AMAZONS OF CLEMENT'S INN.

WHEN BOADICEA fought and died
Did Britons laugh? Ah no—they cried.

Those tears we rather grudge her.
She didn't give her Vote a thought
Or use her chances as she ought—
A little slack, we judge her.

How puerile, also, was her cause
Compared to ours! With man-made laws

We're mercilessly fighting;
We'll yet strew England with our dead,
Although, alas, no blood's been shed
Up to the time of writing.

Oh! of this scorn we've had
enough—

These constables who won't be rough,
But gently pinch and pat us;
We want the military out,
We want, with martial sword and shout,
The Guards to up and at us!

WEALTH WHILE YOU WAIT.

DEAR Mr. *Punch*,—"L.C.C. saves over £2,500,000." This gratifying headline greeted me the other day as I opened my copy of *The Daily Mail*. You can imagine my pride as a Londoner, and my pleasure as a ratepayer! And the whole thing is so simple—simpler even than your own idea of renaming the coinage. The Council merely decided not to spend certain sums of money which had been estimated for various schemes. Mr. *Punch*, why shouldn't I too save like that?

I have begun already. Last year I estimated that a yacht such as would really do me justice should cost £5,000 a year, or, say, £150,000 capital. I didn't go in for it, so I am now the richer by that amount. And I hope to do much better still in the near future. The yacht will appear again on my balance-sheet for this year, but having saved £150,000 I can afford to have one rather better equipped. It would cost, say, £200,000. I shall save that sum too. Then I should like a racing stable. That could be run comfortably on the interest from £300,000, with an initial outlay of £150,000. Altogether that will make over three-quarters of a million saved by next Christmas.

Now, can you tell me the best way to invest this, or would you advise me to wait another year or two, and offer to pay off the National Debt?

Yours faithfully, RATEPAYER.



Old Man (whose thoughts have been turned by whiskey to controversial topics). "CAN 'E TELL ME, SQUIRE, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'CONTRACTING OUT' AND 'NON-PROVIDED' SCHOOLS?"

Squire. "GO AWAY HOME, MY MAN, AND COME TO ME AGAIN WHEN YOU'RE SOBER."

Old Man. "SOBER! NOBODY CARES FOR THEM SORT O' THINGS WHEN 'E'S SOBER!"

WALKER!

WE live and learn, and doubtless it will be news to many persons to find that they have never really walked at all. They have merely put one foot before the other, which is a very different thing. Walking is a self-conscious accomplishment, only attained after years of thoughtful study at a desk. By the time a man is sixty he is perhaps qualified to go out and try his paces; but seldom before.

Children wish to walk properly, but we hastily do all we can to check them and impose artifice upon them. Hence they never walk again. They get there, may be, but not by walking.

Dr. HOOKEY, of Blisterville, Pa., who is perhaps the greatest walker in the world, knows all about it, and some of his knowledge has found its way to one of the magazine pages,

next the picture of the woman who suffers in silence, and above a spicy serial story of semitic life.

According to Dr. HOOKEY, who is introduced to English readers by H. H. DIDDLE, M.B. (Camb.), the walking in which we now indulge must go. In its place will be rational walking. Rational walking is done with a bent knee and a body flopping over it. By shuffling along in this way you go farther and faster, and are less tired. How very American—to be always going farther and faster! Most of the American latter-day gift-horses (which we have got into the useful if irritating habit of examining in the mouth) have borne the same recommendation.

But suppose one does not want to walk any faster or go any farther, and supposing one is not tired as it is, what then? Are we still to bend our knees and totter forward through life, or may we hold ourselves erect

once more, and try to look like independent gentlemen? If we do, says Dr. HOOKEY, we shall be defying science and practical wisdom. And the example set is of the American Indian, that first authority on the needs of city life. For if an Indian bends his knee to shuffle over broken ground how reasonable that we who walk on smooth pavements should do the same!

Never mind, it is good magazine-page filling.

"The water-colour drawing of Sir Edwin himself embracing Durham Cathedral and 'Tregothnan'—developed from a thumb-nail sketch at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to Truro—elicited warm comment."

The Cornishman.

Seeing that it was a legitimate occasion for festivity, it was surely a little unkind to go and make a water-colour drawing out of the merest affair of sentiment,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE been deceived by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. His reputation being what it is, he should have chosen some other title for his latest book than *The Man who was Thursday—A Nightmare*. Knowing my author, I supposed this was the story of a man who imagined himself to be one of the days of the week—Thursday. Conceive the anxiety of his life! People would always be doing things on him. "I've got to dance on Thursday," one man would say to another; or, "By the way, I'm playing football on Thursday." Poor Thursday! How grateful he would be to one who was simply going to "pay a call on Thursday"; and how anxious as to the weight of the man (as it might be Mr. CHESTERTON himself) who was "going to Brighton on Thursday." A nightmare, indeed. Well, that book remains to be written (by Mr. CHESTERTON or myself); this one—published by ARROWSMITH—is concerned with The Supreme Council of Anarchy, whose seven members were called after the days of the week. But it is none the less a nightmare, where everything happens absurdly yet inevitably, where one is always following and another fleeing, just as in a dream; a nightmare packed with adventure, wit and wisdom. I forgive Mr. CHESTERTON for not writing the other book, this one is so splendid. "Splendid," that is the word; it is illuminated with the shining spirit of G. K. C.

AGNES and EGER-TON CASTLE, like Mr. REGINALD McKENNA, have brought us a sword, but with this difference, that four-fifths of the stories in *Flower o' the Orange* (METHUEN) have a happier ending than is at present promised for Mr. McKENNA's little Bill. The Bishops, with their diagonal moves, are up against the Knighthood of Nonconformity, and stale mate is threatened. But the CASTLES have a simpler task. They move, as become Castles, only in a straight line, and they usually get there. The ten life-problems in their book, mostly variations on the theme in which White has to play and mate in two or three moves, are worked out with considerable ingenuity, especially those in which White wins his mate (and the inevitable orange-blossoms) at the point of his trusty rapier. In this age of non-corrosive ink and Hague Conferences it is refreshing to turn—particularly when led by guides so attractive—to the stirring days when in most hands the sword was still mightier than the pen, and when even WILL SHAKESPEARE learnt to be "a butcher of a silk button."

The hero of Mr. REGINALD TURNER'S *Imperial Brown of Brixton* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) was rather a whole-hogging Brixtonian than an Imperialist; but moved, I

strongly suspect, by the thought that no one could know Brixton who only Brixton knew, he left his *Amelia* (she was a flirt), and went to Mouleville. The first chapter ends, "He was in bed—in France, in France—in bed. He was soon sound asleep." After a good night's rest he began a course of farcical misadventures. No circular tour could have made him giddier than he became through staying too long in one place. The author claims for him—in a dedication—that he is a "treat for an idle hour," and although I cannot deny the truth of that description I think that *Amelia*—flirt as she was—ought not to have been saddled with him for a lifetime. *Amelia* wanted somebody more solid and less susceptible, and Mr. *Hodgekinson*, the chief director of the Brixton Emporium, would have suited her splendidly. But perhaps he had a wife already.

In *Rodwell* (MURRAY) Miss VALENTINA HAWTREY tells the story of a family who are gambling away their estates. It is not a book for the sprinting reader. There is no breathless succession of thrills, no battle,

murder, and sudden—Stay. I am wrong. There are one or two sudden deaths, but they come upon you so gently that the shock is broken. The narrative deals actually with a period of forty-four years, and there are reminiscences of earlier ones. It begins with the birth of a grandson of one of the *Rodwells'* tenant farmers, and it goes on until the infant has grown up, succeeded in business and married, and is getting the upper hand of the hereditary landowners. The starting-place is under-

standable enough, but I can find no very cogent reason for the position of the finishing-post. The tale stops short at one of the sudden deaths, and, excepting that the pace is different, it is exactly as if a bad toss at one of the jumps in the Grand National were the signal for the complete petrification of the whole show. Just as there you wouldn't know who won, so here you can't really tell who gets the best of it. Miss HAWTREY ought at least to have got the runners into the straight. I wish she had, for they are so carefully and so thoroughly portrayed that I was getting quite excited about a number of them.

A Fact.

Scene: A Post Office at Cardiff. Clergyman (sending telegram). Is "Pan-Anglican" one or two words?

Clerk (handing change). Two.

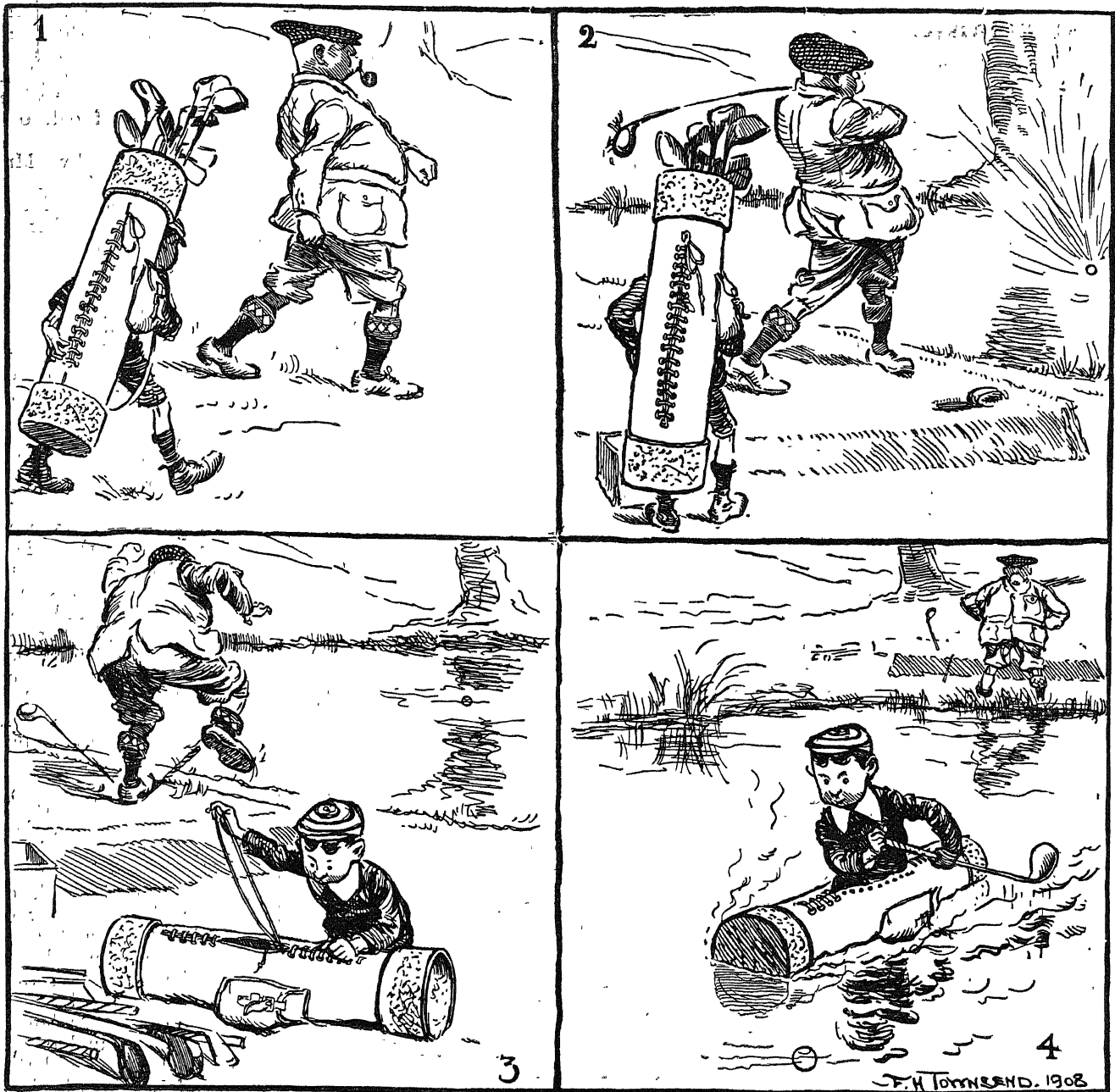
Clergyman: But I thought compounds of "Pan" counted as one?

Clerk (suddenly inspired). Of course—yes—like "pancake." (Returns another ha'penny.)



AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

"HAIR CUT!"



TRY OUR CORK-TIPPED GOLF-BAG—IT FLOATS!—AND OUR COMBINATION SPOON-MASHIE PADDLE.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

"Now that the game ceases to amuse, nine-tenths of the English who set these folk in power are crying, 'If we had only known what they were going to do we should never have voted for them!'"

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in *The Morning Post*.

The Westminster Gazette, commenting upon the above paragraph, utters the following pedagogic rebuke:

"Even a bard, when he is writing in prose, ought to observe the rules of arithmetic. For, conscious as we are that in the recent by-elections the Liberal party has had reverses, we cannot find in any one of them that the Kipling candidate was returned by nine to one."

We have worked this out, and find that our genial contemporary has not given Mr. KIPLING so sound a lesson in arithmetic as it might have done. Its estimate of nine to one makes no allowance for any Unionist votes at all. With these thrown in (and, after all, there

were some Unionist votes at the last General Election) the proportion, if nine-tenths of the Liberals crossed over, must in any case be more than nine to one, and might conceivably run to within a fraction of nineteen to one. It is deplorable to think that, for want of this elementary calculation, *The Westminster Gazette* should have weakened, by a possible fifty per cent. and more, the force of the lesson in arithmetic which it administered to the peccant bard.

"As was generally expected the match ended in an easy victory for Aiken by 2074."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We had put it all along at 2073, though we knew that public opinion was against us. Unfortunately we had not allowed for the nervousness of AIKEN'S opponent.

MORE ILLUSTRIOUS LETTER WRITERS.

[Being an intelligent anticipation of further journalistic enterprise]

We are rejoiced to learn that the electrical condition of the international atmosphere caused by the disclosure of the President of the SWISS REPUBLIC's letter to Lord ESHER has been happily dispelled. It will be remembered that the Editor of *The Times* recently stated in the columns of that sensitive journal that it was widely known that the President of the SWISS REPUBLIC had addressed a letter to Lord ESHER commenting adversely on the kitchen ranges used in Windsor Castle, and demanding that the correspondence should be published. The excitement caused in the ironmongery trade has been intense, but it has been happily allayed by the frank statement made in the House of Lords on Thursday last by Lord ESHER. Lord ESHER admitted that he had received a letter from the President about three weeks ago, but that the contents were of an entirely pacific character. It was, in fact, positively jocular in character. He had shown it to Mr. BERNARD SHAW, as the creator of *Captain Bluntschli*, who agreed with him that it possessed no political significance, and he had answered it in a similar tone. Lord LANSDOWNE, on behalf of the Opposition, stated that he was perfectly satisfied with Lord ESHER's explanation, and the incident may now be regarded as closed.

In spite of all contradictions, official and otherwise, *The Observer* is in a position to state on the best possible authority, inferential and direct, that the epoch-making letter recently sent by the Emperor MENELIK to Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON is of a wholly facetious character, its principal point being a play upon words, connecting the name of the Emperor of ABYSSINIA with the operation of moistening a large number of stamps. While agreeing with *The Times* that it is of the highest consequence that Postmasters-General should not be on friendly terms with foreign potentates, *The*

Observer considers that the incident may profitably be considered closed. It is generally believed that the story of this deplorable interchange of indiscreet correspondence would never have become public but for Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON's unhappy weakness for talking of his epistolary triumph. A quick-witted woman soon puts two and two together.

The precise terms of the Dowager Empress of CHINA's cablegram to

The Times a yellow jacket. Mr. LLOYD - GEORGE admits that he showed the message to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL; but that does not explain the currency of the rumour. *Cherchez la femme* must be, as of old, our comment.

The statement made by Mr. MORLEY in the House of Commons on Friday as to the nature of the communication he had received from the TSAR has practically ended the

painful excitement created in Paris and St. Petersburg by the sensational article which appeared in *The Times*. It was there alleged that the TSAR had written to Mr. MORLEY offering to make him Shah of PERSIA if he would consent to substitute the Russian for the English language throughout the Indian Empire. It was further stated that Mr. MORLEY had promised to give the proposal his best consideration. Mr. MORLEY briefly explained that he had received a letter, not from the Emperor of RUSSIA, but from the Emperor of the SAHARA (M. JACQUES LEBAUDY), but that its contents were of a purely personal character. He had not replied to it, and did not intend to. Mr. F. E. SMITH congratulated Mr. MORLEY on having refrained from the risk of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, and Mr. GRAYSON has withdrawn his motion proposing that Mr. MORLEY should be deported to the Andaman Islands. We understand that M. LEBAUDY's letter was of remarkable piquancy, and contained a proposal that Mr. MORLEY should write his (M. LEBAUDY's) life on the same scale as his memoir

of Mr. GLADSTONE. In conclusion he complained bitterly of Mr. HICHENS's praise of the desert, which had caused an influx of undesirable aliens into his dominions.

The Times draws attention in a leading article of extraordinary bitterness to the letter recently received at his private residence in Battersea by Mr. JOHN BURNS from Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS, the Sausage King, offering free sausages to every clerk in the Board of Trade for one day only. The offer is undoubtedly, *The*



ARMS OF THE FUTURE.

["The new bayonet is better adapted for such subsidiary purposes as cutting brushwood, etc., than the present service pattern."]

Tommy. "WELL, WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BLOOMIN' BAYNET THAT AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' IN IT FOR SNARIN' RABBITS?"

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE have not been made public; but *The Times* is undoubtedly right in clamouring for the imprisonment of that Minister for not only receiving the message, but aggravating his offence by replying to it at the nation's expense, and giving the telegraph boy twopence for waiting. These are grave scandals. As to the missive Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE very suspiciously refused to divulge its words, but the keyhole expert of Printing House Square has discovered that it offered the Editor of



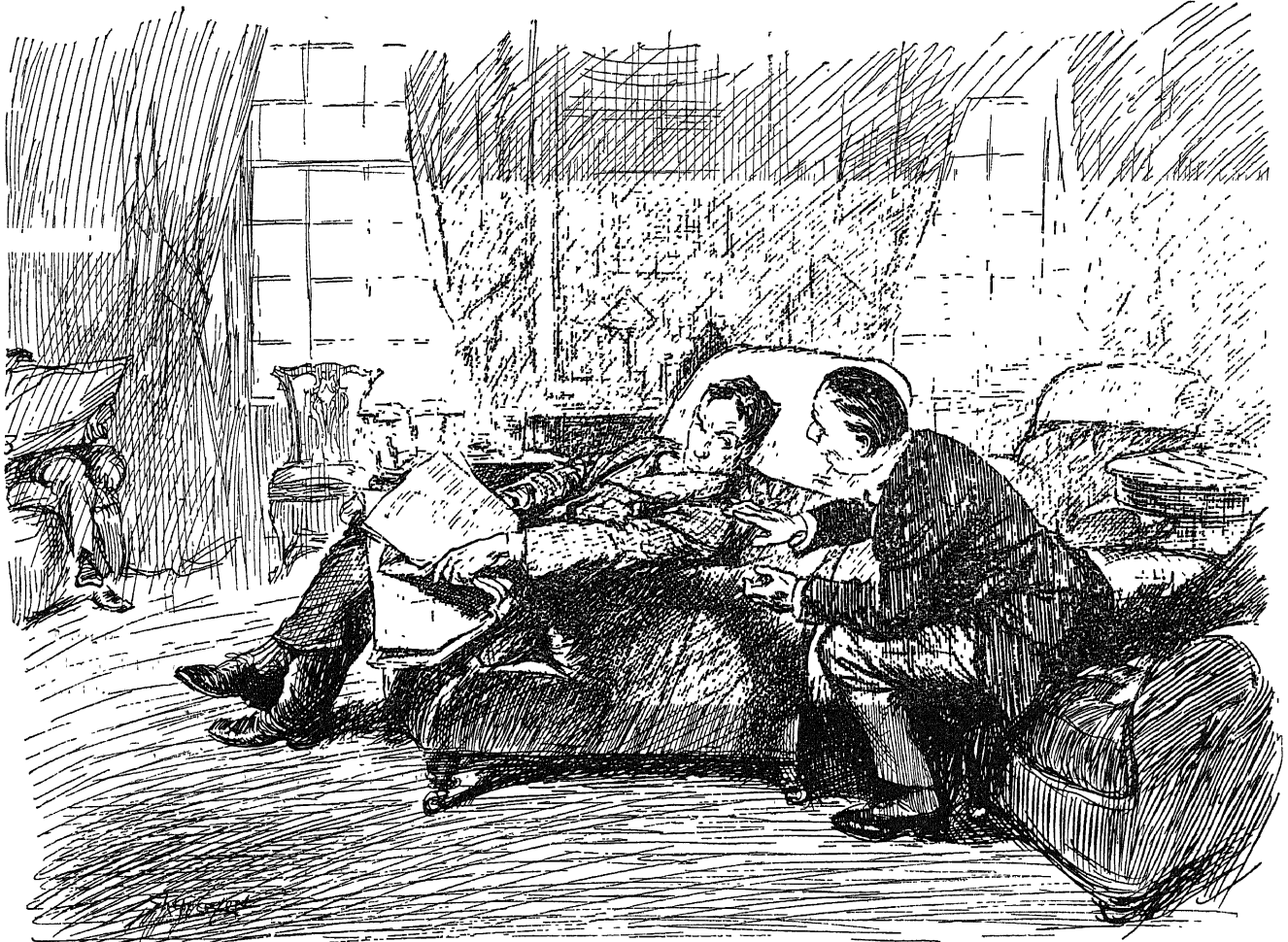
REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

KING COAL. "THIS MEANS THAT I SHALL HAVE TO REDUCE MY OUTPUT."

COMMERCE. "THEN I SHALL HAVE TO REDUCE MINE TOO. HAS MR. GLADSTONE THOUGHT OF THAT?"

KING COAL. "I DOUBT IT."

[“If the Eight Hours Bill becomes law every member of the public will not only have to pay more for his coal, but for the other necessities of life in the production of which coal plays so important a part. To justify this loss and suffering no adequate reasons have been put forward in support of the passing of the Bill.”—Letter to “The Times” from the Presidents of various important Commercial Federations.]



Prosy One. "DID I TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY WIFE AND THE TAXI-CAB?"

P. O. "No."

B. C. "THEN YOU DIDN'T TELL IT ME!"

Bored Cynic. "IS IT VERY LONG?"

Times says, a concealed attempt to interfere with a Government Office, and cannot be too severely criticised. Mr. BURNS's defence is that, just as a cat may look at a king, so may a Cabinet Minister receive a letter from one. His culpability begins when he deals unwisely with that letter. In his own case he showed it at once to Mr. ASQUITH, who laughed, and advised him to put it in the w.p.b. This he had done. None the less, as the vigilant *Times* says, a grand historic tradition is being tampered with, and it behoves all of us to be on our guard against abuses.

It is understood that the rage and mortification of those Cabinet Ministers who have not been the recipients of letters from crowned heads furnish a pathetic sight. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, makes no effort to hide his chagrin; but Lord ELGIN, on the other hand, attempts to laugh it off. Meanwhile the letter which the Earl of CREWE is alleged to have received from CHULALONGKORN, King of Siam, with reference in it to disappointed

ploughers of lonely furrows, and suchlike phrases, is in the best informed circles considered to be a forgery of his lordship's own hand, done to save his face because he was left out in the cold.

A Quick Way with Aliens.

"During January and February 109,151 third-class passengers left the United States for Europe. Only 32,260 arrived."—*Daily News*.

"Lady, Socialist, Vegetarian, desires to meet same with whom to share fat at Thornton Heath."—*The Clarion*.

We always thought that Vegetarians anyhow were true to their principles.

Under the heading "Farming and Gardening" in *The Western Daily Press*:

"A Ginger Beer Plant wanted."

Any relation to the Beerbohm Tree?

SELF-DENIAL.

He did not swear, as you'd have sworn,

For it was Lent.

Calmly he saw the umbrella torn
From out his grasp and roughly borne
Forth by the wanton gale that blew
Across the Bridge of Waterloo.
He did not curse as most men do,
But murmured "It is meet that I
As penance should myself deny
That prophylactic luxury."

For it was Lent.

And so he bravely watched, without
Language, while It was blown about,
Its outside in, Its inside out,
And made no moan nor loud complaint,
But bore Its loss (Oh, mark the
saint!)

With admirable self-restraint—

For It was lent.

The Suffragettes' Friend: The
Member for Henpeckham.

LETTERS FROM FATHER.

By R*D***D K*PL**G.

[It is possible that this letter was intended for one of our daily contemporaries. It was, however, duly addressed to us, and we publish it just as we received it, with a full sense of the honour done to us by the distinguished politician and poet-traveller who wrote it]

WHERE 's the verse that SHAKSPEARE wrote
Once three hundred years ago?
Every lodger has a vote,
Since the Law decreed it so.
Some are better, some are worse:
That 's the way with bits of verse.

Octagon and hexagon;
Man and manners makyth man.
Lo, the lights of Babylon
Shine upon the selfsame plan.
They are red, and you are green—
What the dickens can it mean?

Nineveh 's an old abode
Mostly marked by heaps of dust.
Lay the long lance on the road,
Since I say you shall, you must.
Kaisers, Tsars, and Emperors
Eat what any one devours.

Multiply the breadth by length:
When it 's done you 've got a square.
Then you come and try your strength
Till Oblivion cries "Beware!"
So you tramp the Wilderness.
That 's the answer: can't you guess?

I am about to speak of England and those whose misfortune it is to live there. I speak of England with respect. I have tried to do what I can for the country, but everybody can realise that the efforts of one man must be useless—especially when the rest are living in an iodoform-scented fog of sentimental miasma. For two years they 've been living there, and it is not dispelled yet. Men of the Blood despise them. You can hear South Africa shouting her scorn from Table Mountain, while Australia responds with derision from the banks of the Wagga-Wagga. Wherever there is a Colony the doors have been shut and bolted and barred. Even the black man of the remoter Bush curls a contemptuous lip when you tell him about Empire. Only yesterday I happened to be speaking to a young Fijian about the Motherland. I dwelt on her glories: her steamers, her locomotives, her motor-cars, her bayonets, her big guns, her ports, and her Imperial politicians. "Me no eatee," he remarked, and the conversation fell flat. That is what the Government has made of England in two short years. To-day a Canadian took me to Canada. He was laughing all the way. "Don't you see," he said, "that you 're not in it? Size, acreage—just think of it. Frenchmen, too, lots of them. Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, can't you see? No, you 're not in it." It was the password. I bowed my head. The truth couldn't be contested. That, again, is the fault of the Government.

"The 'Kentish Gazette and Canterbury Press' has a
LAGER CIRCULATION

than any other Kentish newspaper published eastward of Ashford."

We are not blown up with either beer or pride, dear reader. We merely state facts.

PEDAGOGY UP-TO-DATE.

O SIMPLE and crude were the notions I had
When I was a callow and green undergrad!
And simplest of all were the thoughts that were mine
On how to excel in the pedagogue line.

I fancied—like many Oxonian geese—
One should study the culture of Rome and of Greece;
I dreamt of the grove where Calliope sings,
And my heart it would pant for Pierian springs.

And when I had gathered such lore as I could,
And flung o'er my shoulders a bachelor's hood,
I thought, in my folly, I 'd nothing to do
But set up as Master and teach what I knew.

Rude, rude was my waking! I soon was to find
My notions were ages 'and ages behind:
The hours I had spent in achieving a taste
For classical culture were nothing but waste.

What was *Oedipus Rex*? What was PERICLES' speech?
I should have been studying how one should teach.
For What you impart doesn't much matter now:
The only significant thing is the How.

I should have been busy researching. I ought
To have measured the length of an infantile thought,
To have marked the effect on the cardia's action
Induced by an effort in simple subtraction.

I should have been weighing the toddlers before
And after a lesson in nursery lore,
And known what they lost, to a scrupulous gramme,
In learning the story of *Mary's pet lamb*.

I ought to have studied with close application
The full psychologic effect of dictation;
And the chemico-physical change that ensues
When an infant is learning that four is two twos.

Ah me! Can I wonder if men who have wrung
From Science the secrets of teaching the young
Arrive at the seats of the mighty, while I,
A mere scholar at best, am a thing to pass by?

The Well of English Undefined.

"Though it is hard to believe that Sir Henry could have given a superior rendering of *The Bells*, it is safe to say that the enthusiasm of any audience could never have been surpassed even when the 'Chief' was in his prime at the Lyceum."—*Cambridge Daily News*.

"Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, 'The Little Minister,' was produced for the first time in Germany at Vienna last night."—*Yorkshire Evening News*.

According to Mr. *Punch's* Special Military Correspondent, the KAISER had written to one of the Austrian Ministers asking him, as a friend, to hand over Vienna to Germany. In these circumstances a better play could not have been chosen with which to celebrate the occasion.

"Would young lady, wearing pink hat, who caught gentleman's eye, and smiled, while on car, Southgate Street, on Saturday, communicate immediately?"—*Bath Herald*.

He wants his eye back, poor man.

In the index of *The Manchester Guardian*, under the heading "SPORT," we read: "Suffragists mobbed at Southport." These gallants of the Red Rose!

PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

9 A.M.—There seems to have been a great meeting at the Queen's Hall yesterday to protest against ASQUITH's dastardly robbery. I wish I had been there. I see that a Mr. HAROLD SMITH, of Liverpool, "advised everybody, before dealing with a tradesman, to find out whether or not he was in favour of the Licensing Bill." That is an excellent idea. To-day, at any rate, nobody who is not prepared to fight the Bill to the death shall receive *my* money.

10 A.M.—An awkward dispute with the 'bus conductor, who refused to say definitely whether or not he was in favour of the Time Limit. His actual words, "Ho yus, I *don't* think," were indecisive. I gave him my twopence with the greatest reluctance, but remembered afterwards that he was only an agent of the General Omnibus Company. *They* are the people whose views I should have ascertained. This is very annoying. What am I to do? For all I know they may by to-morrow be actually spending my twopence on propaganda *in favour* of the Bill! Shall I get off? I suppose I. . . . Of course I'm very late as it is. . . . They may be against it, after all. . . . Still. . . . Well, I'll stay on now, but I really *must* be firmer next time.

10.30 A.M.—It is extraordinary how quickly crowds collect. Foreigners visiting our metropolis have often noticed this, I believe. All I did was to ask the paper-boy what his views were upon the Licensing Question. . . .

11 A.M.—The Office Boy says he is in favour of the Licensing Bill. Impertinence! I have told him to be so kind as to dust the *Encyclopædia* and carry it downstairs. I'll show him.

Noon.—On second thoughts I'll have the *Encyclopædia* up here, after all. That boy doesn't get enough to do. The result is that he spends his time imbibing pernicious trash from the Radical papers.

1.30 P.M.—My difficulties seem to increase. Mr. HAROLD SMITH may be able to carry out his ideas in Liverpool all right, but London must be different. I went to my usual barber's to have my hair cut. Remembering my weakness on the 'bus I marched straight into the shop and asked for Mr. SUTTON.

"It is extremely important that I

STUDIES IN TACT.



MRS. A., WHO PRIDES HERSELF ON BEING THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN HER SET, GOES TO A SMART FUNCTION WITH AN ELABORATE EMPIRE COIFFURE. AS SHE ENTERS, SHE SEES THAT MRS. B. (WHOM SHE DISLIKES) HAS GONE ONE BETTER. MRS. A. WON'T GO HOME; AT THE SAME TIME SHE KNOWS THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO REMAIN IN THE SAME ROOM WITH MRS. B. WITHOUT BURSTING INTO TEARS. WHAT IS SHE TO DO?



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, THE ONLY THING FOR MRS. A. TO DO IS TO RETIRE QUICKLY TO THE CLOAK-ROOM, AND SO ALTER HER COIFFURE THAT IT CANNOT COME INTO COMPETITION WITH MRS. B.'S. THIS MUST BE DONE, EVEN AT THE COST OF A GOOD APPEARANCE; BUT, IF SHE COMFORTS HERSELF WITH DIGNITY, MANY PEOPLE WILL IMAGINE IT TO BE THE MOST FASHIONABLE FORM OF HAIR-DRESSING, AND IF HER REPUTATION IS SUFFICIENT IT WILL PROBABLY BECOME SO.

should see Mr. SUTTON at once," I said.

"Certainly, sir," said the man; "but who is Mr. SUTTON?"

I pointed to *Sutton's Toilet Soap*. "The person to whom that belongs," I said with dignity. "I wish to know what he thinks of the Licensing Bill."

"Oh, but there is no Mr. SUTTON actually," said the man, with a smile. "It's just—well, a trade term. That soap, I may tell you in confidence, is made from a special recipe. It leaves no odour, is smooth to the skin, lathers freely, and—"

I walked angrily into the saloon and took the only empty chair. "Hair cut," I growled.

"Yes, sir. How would you like it cut, sir?"

"Without prejudice," I replied.

2 P.M.—Lunch. I am going to take it for granted that the proprietor of my restaurant is against this confounded Bill. I can't go through another scene until I have had something to eat. After all, he's a Licensed Victualler, so he's bound to be. But I am undecided about my waiter. He always agrees with me whatever I say, and I am sure I could never find out his *real* opinion on the Time Limit. Perhaps it would be safer not to give him his twopence to-day.

2.30 P.M.—Coming out after lunch, and feeling that I really *had* done something for the Cause this time, a beastly motor 'bus splashed me from head to foot. That is the sort of 'bus that would be in favour of the Licensing Bill. I was certainly indiscreet this morning in coming up by one.

2.35 P.M.—Just seen myself in the glass. Heavens! A clean collar at once.

3 P.M.—I am beginning to feel a little sympathy for Passive Resisters. It is certainly very hard to know what is the right thing to do in matters of conscience. I went to "T. R. PLUMMETT" for a collar. Directly the assistant saw me he guessed what I had come for. "Size, sir?" he asked.

"I want Mr. T. R. PLUMMETT," I said.

"He never comes up now, sir. He lives at Streatham."

That was awkward; but still it was refreshing to find that he *was* an individual and not a company. With great difficulty I got his telegraphic address. (I forget what lie I told, but one doesn't stick at that on behalf of the Cause.) Then I went into the Post Office and wrote out a

telegram. "PLUMMETT, Fanciest, Streatham. Are you in favour of Licensing Bill? Reply paid."

And then it suddenly struck me—I *was actually dealing with the very Government which had brought in the Bill!* I was giving them a shilling, part of which would help to pay the salary of the arch-robber ASQUITH! I tore the hated thing up at once.

3.10 P.M.—I don't know what to do. (I wish I had Mr. HAROLD SMITH, of Liverpool, here. *He* would know.) PLUMMETT isn't on the telephone; and, if he were, the Telephone Company might not be against the Licensing Bill. I can't face the Office Boy in this collar. I can't go home for a clean one, because I daren't take a 'bus, and don't like the idea of walking both ways. The only thing left is to go home altogether.

10 P.M.—Let me hurry over the rest of this awful day. I have eaten nothing since lunch. Not knowing where my housekeeper gets the food from, I simply daren't. I have seen no evening paper. For all I know Mr. HAROLD SMITH, of Liverpool, may have made another speech; how terrible to think that I may have missed it! I am out of tobacco. Supposing JOHN COTTON turns out to be in favour of the Time Limit, how can I ever smoke his mixture again? I can't write letters because of the post-office trouble. Well, I shall just read *The Daily Telegraph* once more, and then I shall go to bed. At least I am safe there.

11 P.M.—In bed. A horrible thought. Is my newsagent against the Licensing Bill? Oh, HAROLD, HAROLD, spare me my breakfast-table *Telegraph* at least!

MIDNIGHT.—A happy thought at last. "Many of the clergy approve of the Time Limit." *Then I shan't go to church again.* Ah, now I can sleep peacefully. A. A. M.

"The Bill said that a two-thirds majority could exclude the Press, but that was an anachronism; either the Press should be admitted or excluded. The hon. member was still speaking at midnight, when by the rules of the House the debate stood adjourned.

The House adjourned at five minutes past eleven o'clock."—*The Morning Post*.

If it comes to "anachronisms," *The Morning Post* is not to be beaten by a mere Bill.

"Such an officer would get £40 outfit allowance, £20 a year of retaining fee, and his pay when he was out."—*The Scotsman*.

Very handsome, but not quite enough to justify the new spelling.

CHARIVARIA.

IN drawing attention in the House to the serious shortage in Army officers, Mr. LAMBTON suggested that the examination standard was too high. Mr. HALDANE is said now to be considering a proposal for the institution of a new class of officers, who will only have to pass an exceedingly simple examination, and to whom only quite easy wars would be entrusted.

* *

Confidential circulars, we hear, are being sent from headquarters to all Liberal Members of Parliament, pointing out the uncertainty of life, and begging them to take special care of their health in view of the fact that by-elections are undesirable just now.

* *

MADAME TETRAZZINI has declared that San Francisco is "the only city in the world for a singer to live in." One understands this preference on the part of a *prima donna* for an earthquake city. Nature herself helps to bring the house down.

* *

An explosion of gas occurred last week at the refreshment bar of a railway station. The windows of the bar were shattered, and a number of buns and other eatables were blown out in a shower on to the platform and the permanent way. It speaks well for the durability of the buns that many of them were unbroken and the rest only slightly chipped.

* *

Vast deposits of fossilised fish have been discovered in Texas at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea-level. It is to be hoped that our food-inspectors are on the look-out.

* *

Speaking on the needs of London, Dr. INGRAM said: "To obtain a good milk and a good water supply are great problems indeed." The difficulty is, of course, to keep them apart.

* *

It is to be hoped that the inscription on the new SHAKSPEARE monument will receive careful consideration. One does not want a repetition of the regrettable scenes which have taken place round the Brown Dog statue.

* *

MESSRS. PEARSON are publishing "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payers," but what is wanted, the Inland Revenue informs us, is a handy guide to those persons who evade the payment.

The Boot Trade complains that there is not a single example of boot lace in *The Daily Mail* Lace Exhibition.

* *

The triumphant march of Evolution! The Marlborough Street magistrate was informed last week that Italian organ-grinders have now given up monkeys in favour of children.

* *

"Young man would like to correspond with either sex, about his own age," says an advertisement in a contemporary. This proves that he is not a woman. No woman would think of corresponding on such a subject.

* *

So much interest has been taken in the bout of fisticuffs in which two eminent K.C.'s recently indulged in Court that the combatants, we hear, are to be asked to give a repetition of the scene for a charity.

* *

The little camel which was born last week at the Crystal Palace has been christened "Treeilby." One wonders whether the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is still in existence.

* *

Much satisfaction has been caused in the Diamond Trade, which is at present suffering from depression, by the news that the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH has sanctioned a Diamond Jubilee Procession to be held in Vienna on June 15th.

* *

Twenty volumes of the menus of banquets given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London during the last fifty years have been presented to the Guildhall Library. The volumes, we understand, bear the title "Food for Thought."

* *

"The Abandoned Babies in Paris" is a heading in a contemporary. The gay city seems to be keeping up its reputation as the resort of abandoned characters.

* *

A strange story reaches us from one of the Balkan States, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the Prime Minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch. The Prime Minister said, "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, towards the end of the evening, the watch was



Mother. "OH, BOBBY, YOU NAUGHTY BOY, YOU'VE BEEN SMOKING! (Pause.) POOR DARLING DO YOU FEEL VERY BAD?"

Bobby (who has been well brought up). "THANK YOU. I'M DYING."

returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the Prime Minister.

A MISNOMER.

(Some lines on visiting a popular Picture Exhibition.)

And a mere male man, ye Graces!
I have fairly lost my nerve!
After such a show of faces
Some condolence I deserve.

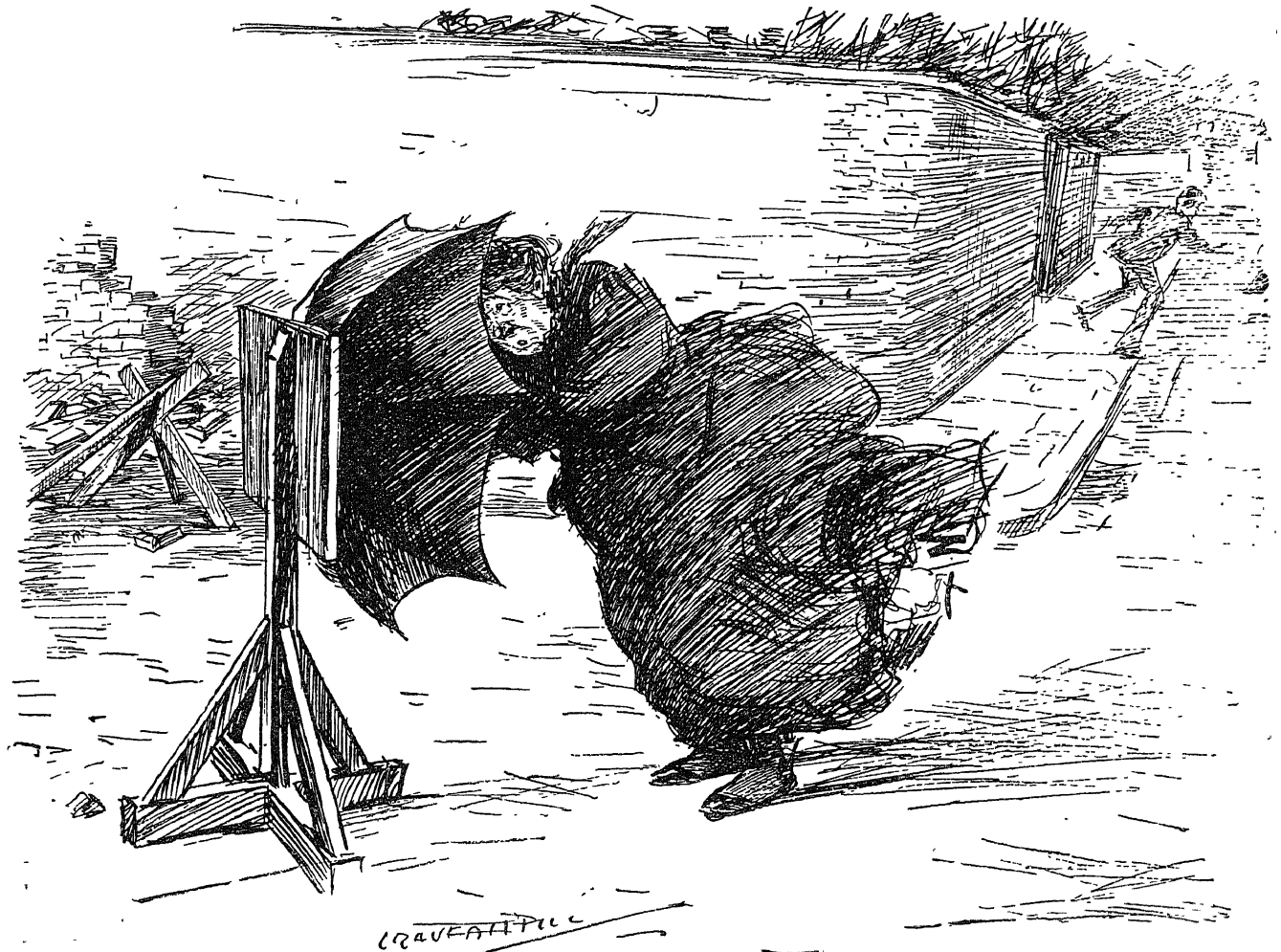
I have just been contemplating
Portraits of "Fair Women" (sic),
Which parenthesis is stating
Just what overcame me quick!

Some were fair—'twould be invidious
Specifying each by name;
One or two the most fastidious
Might perhaps as *belles* proclaim.

But the rest—it were ungainly
My emotions to describe,
Impolite to utter plainly
Criticism of such a tribe.

Could the shade of Paris grapple
With this bevy up-to-date,
He'd to each a sour crab apple
As a prize adjudicate!

Still they haunt me with their clever,
Ugly, haggard, wicked traits.
If you want to gasp, endeavour
On this galaxy to gaze!



"DRAT THESE MARCH WINDS! I CAN'T 'ARDLY MOVE AGAINST 'EM!"

"IT."

THE LATEST CRAZE.

EVERYBODY is talking about "It," just as five or six months ago everybody talked about Diabolo. "It" has taken London by storm! "It" can be had in three qualities—

MILD, MEDIUM, OR FULL. The "MILD" is particularly recommended by the Faculty.

Government Offices have adopted "It." Schools are taking "It" up.

WHAT IS "IT"? AH!

Listen to what Mr. BIRRELL says:—"I had 'It' in the mild quality for some time, and wish for no other kind."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON writes:—"If there was ever any doubt (which I do not admit) as to 'Its' desirability (odious word!), the very fact that doctors as a class give it a warm welcome must, one would think, dispel that doubt from the mind of the ordinary sane man."

Many people who have *not* got "It" yet will be rushing out this week in thin shoes and forgetting their overcoats in their hurry to get "It."

AND THEY *will* GET "It."

The stock is absolutely unlimited.

BUT WHAT IS "IT"?

Ask your friends! Ask your doctor!

Both, we fancy, will recommend you to

TRY "IT" IN YOUR BED!

For those who have found the answer to the above we append the following simple facts and precautions, reprinted from the contemporary Press, by observing which anyone can avoid the prevailing complaint. All you have to do is to remember that—

Influenza germs can only exist in a vitiated atmosphere. Always ride on the outside of omnibuses.

Cold winds and chill lessen the vitality. Avoid all unnecessary exposure.

Sleep with bedroom windows as wide open as possible.

Above all things, carefully avoid night air.

Damp holds the microbes. Do not go out in the wet.

The recent rain will do much to clear London of the epidemic, for which a dry and dusty February is responsible.

Keep the system well fortified by a generous diet which will enable it to resist infection.

Influenza attacks the well-to-do most, especially those who over-eat.

Avoid all strong scents which irritate the mucous membrane.

Take plenty of eucalyptus.

Keep cheerful. Determine that you will not be ill and you won't be. Go to bed at once.



THE DREADNOUGHT BROTHERS.

MR. ASQUITH AND MR. BALFOUR—TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

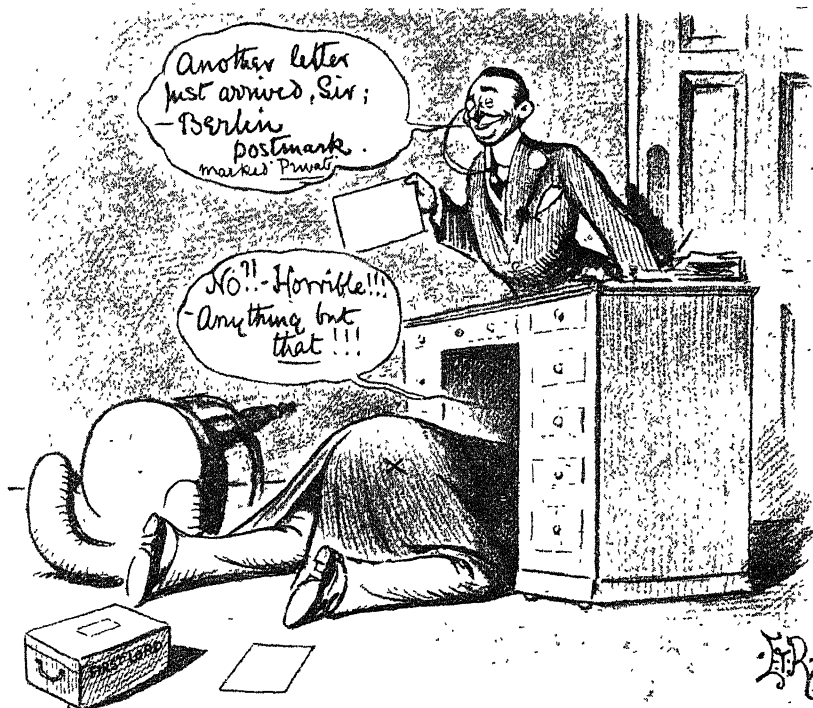
House of Lords, Monday, March 9.—With the exception of one quarter, red-cushioned Chamber thronged. In spite of recent recruiting, viewed with distrust by HUGH LEA, the muster of Liberal Peers at epochs of excitement is ludicrously small by comparison with the array opposite. Perhaps it was desire to display studious indifference to question at issue that accounted for absence of his Majesty's Ministers. When proceedings opened only ELGIN and PORTSMOUTH in places. To them presently entered TWEEDMOUTH, smiling cheerily as he looked round the galleries crowded with Peeresses out for a Roman holiday, not without hope that somebody's head would be cut off before teatime.

PRINCE OF WALES on front Cross Bench. On his left hand ROSEBERY. Steps of Throne thronged with Privy Councillors and elder sons of Peers. Undistinguished Commoners peopled the pews by the Bar, jostled each other in the inadequate space allotted to them in Gallery above it. Wedged in among the long line of Peeresses sat a group of Foreign Ministers:

What had they come out for to see? Well, it was TWEEDMOUTH shaken by *The Times*. The GERMAN EMPEROR had posted to him a private letter. Instead of writing across it "Not known at the Admiralty" and returning it through Dead Letter Office, First Lord opened, read, and replied. Had even talked of the correspondence in private conversation which someone betrayed. Piercing eyes, regarding incident from Printing House Square, fiercely snapped at pretence of personal correspondence. What had really happened, they clearly saw, was that GERMAN EMPEROR, intent on baulking British determination to maintain supremacy on the seas, had privily written to First Lord of Admiralty, with design of modifying our Navy Estimates.

"An absolutely insane inference," said ROSEBERY, going to root of matter in a brief speech contributed to conversation between TWEEDMOUTH and LANSDOWNE. "Aren't we, as a nation, making ourselves ridiculous?" he asked. Noble Lords murmured assent, and turned with almost ostentatious interest to consider two small departmental Bills that constituted legislative business of the Sitting:

"What I feel about it," said the Member for Sark, as we strolled back



TRAGIC SCENE AT THE ADMIRALTY.

(The figure marked with a cross is Lord Tw-dm-th.)

to the Commons, "is that by comparison with the Germans we've been made to look exceedingly small. You remember a little episode in the career of ST. JOHN BRODRICK when he was at the War Office? The GERMAN EMPEROR held a big review of his troops. On the appointed day there rode on to the field a warlike figure disguised in the uniform of the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry. It was the British Secretary of State for War. Here was the pick of the German Army conveniently assembled. The latest resources of civilisation in the way of arms and men were displayed. The warlike instincts of the Surrey warrior, trained to highest stage of perfection, would take all in at a glance. Scanning the scene with assumed intention of ascertaining where the refreshment tent was situated, he would master all the points of the German military system, and would naturally utilise his knowledge to the advantage of the Army under his control.

"Did any portion of the German Press hysterically denounce the German War Office for permitting the incident? Were Ministers hotly interrogated in the Reichstag? No, sir. The foreign visitor was politely treated, and before he dismounted was photographed free of charge. It would be unpatriotic to say that the Germans are a bigger people than we.

Certainly upon occasion they show they have more common sense."

Business done.—In Lords and Commons the bubble floating over GERMAN EMPEROR's letter to TWEEDMOUTH is pricked.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—The event of the day, striking and memorable, happened unexpectedly. Usual long list of dull questions gone through, Members with one accord strolled forth to chat, write letters, read papers, or otherwise pass the slow hours before Division bell clanged. House in Committee on Navy Estimates. Prospect of some hours pecking at details. PRINCE ARTHUR's appearance at Table only slightly stirred scanty audience. Wanted to know whether it is the fact that towards end of year 1911 Germany will be going one better than Great Britain in respect of ships of Dreadnought class?

Neither in voice nor manner did ASQUITH indicate exceptional importance of statement he was about to make in reply to this question. In low conversational tone attuned to desolate appearance of Benches he laid down the principle that Great Britain must maintain unassailable supremacy at sea, to which end the Two-Power standard was desirable. As to the German programme on paper, threatening by November or December, 1911, to

have thirteen *Dreadnoughts* against twelve British, if there be apparent possibility of its being carried out "we should feel it our duty to provide, and we should provide, not only for a sufficient number of ships but for such a date of laying down those ships that the superiority of the Germans the right hon. gentleman foreshadows will not be an actual fact."

By this time the House aware of importance of the occasion, the momentousness of decision announced. By its naval programme Germany, designedly or not, had thrown down the glove; ASQUITH on behalf of the nation had picked it up. Done so quietly too. No blare of trumpets, no beat of drum, no defiant attitudinising. For once in a way plain business manner became at a grave crisis dramatic by reason of its simplicity and directness.

Business done.—ASQUITH pledges himself to see to it that Britannia continues to rule the waves.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Painful impression created by appearance on Paper of question standing in name of MITCHELL-THOMSON. Proposes to ask Under Secretary of State for Colonies whether his attention has been called to statement in the Report on Southern Nigeria for 1906, to the effect that the only outcome of the present legislation on game preservation has been "to limit the shooting of a few *bond-fide* European sportsmen."

This the first intimation the House has received of existence of the outrages. Strong desire to know when, where, and by whom the European sportsmen were shot? Something odiously cynical in suggestion that stops short of absolutely prohibiting the practice, merely talking of limiting it.

Members recall with a shudder the fact that during his recent visit to Africa the Under Secretary for the Colonies, a representative *bond-fide* European sportsman, got a little shooting at big game. Happily it was in another part of the continent. That a mere accident. Duty might have called him to Southern Nigeria; and what would Lord ELGIN have said had anything happened to WINSTON?

Business done.—Army vote agreed to.

Friday.—Lively debate on Unemployed Workmen Bill, brought in and supported by Socialist section of Labour Party. The "Universal Pauperism Bill," as HAROLD COX, nothing if not logical, prefers to call it. Its principal clause decrees that



The Member for Balmoral (and the rest of West Aberdeenshire).

Mr. J. M-cd-n-ld H-and-rs-n.)

the Local Authority shall provide work for every person who registers himself as unemployed.

The Member for Sark suggests a sinister alternative. It is nearly as old as the Sphinx. Record of it will be found in HERODOTUS, where it is written: "King AMASIS established the law that every Egyptian should



SOCIALISTS ON TOAST.

Study of Mr. H-r-ld C-x preparing for one of his delightful little raids into the Socialist "china-shop."

appear once a year before the Governor of his canton, and show his means of living, or, failing to do so and to prove that he got an honest livelihood, should be put to death."

Business done.—Second reading of Unemployed Workmen Bill refused by 265 votes against 116.

THE BARD'S SPOT AND SPOTS BARRED.

AN overflow meeting has just been held, under the chairmanship of Mr. BALFOUR, to attempt definitely to decide upon the site for the proposed SHAKSPEARE Memorial. Among those present were Lord ESHER, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Mr. BELLOC, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, and the Surveyor of the London County Council.

The Chairman in his opening remarks said that everyone present must agree with him that a SHAKSPEARE Memorial was an absolute necessity to Londoners, given as they were to playgoing, that highest of intellectual pastimes. Every day of his life he was more amazed at the number of theatres, all of them doubtless—he was no reader of newspapers, and could not therefore speak with authority—all of them doubtless busy with one or other of the Immortal Bard's masterpieces. (Mild sensation.)

The present idea, he said, was to erect the SHAKSPEARE Memorial in Portland Place. Why, no one knew, unless it was for the convenience of American visitors to the Langham. They were met to-day to see if they could not devise a better scheme. For himself he would suggest that Portland Place was absurd when you had Stratford Place close by. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then read a letter from Miss MARIE CORELLI on the subject. London, she considered, did not deserve a SHAKSPEARE Memorial at all. What it wanted was a statue either to Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES or to the author of *Dear Old Charlie*. That was what London really wanted. This whole scheme was a device on the part of a lot of literary men to— (Roars of indignation.)

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE said he should be delighted to provide a site for the SHAKSPEARE Memorial on the roof of His Majesty's Theatre. That obviously was the fitting place for it, and he was astonished that he had not been approached before.

Lord ESHER said he was very sorry but he could not support the project for taking down the Duke of YORK's

column and substituting SHAKSPEARE, although he was convinced that there was not a man in Germany, from the EMPEROR downwards, who would not be glad to know that the Duke had been deposed. (Panic.)

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON said the Memorial, in his opinion, should be on a vast scale. He went on amid cheers to offer to give sittings to the sculptor.

The Surveyor of the London County Council urged upon the meeting the importance of selecting the waste ground in the Strand where Holywell Street used to be, which at present is used only during General Elections to make known the results. He pointed out how central it was and how eligible. Not only would there be ample room for the Memorial, but ample room for the public to waltz round it.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE agreed. He said that he had seen that morning an eloquent article by a gentleman who first said that he was too humble himself to make any proposition, and then went on to propose that the Memorial be erected in Hyde Park, by the side of the Zuy—the Serpentine. For his own part he thought that a poor suggestion for many reasons, one being that there were no deer in Hyde Park. (Laughter.) Besides, it was too far away. They wanted SHAKSPEARE in their very midst—all among the men in the street. (Cheers.) Incidentally he would say that the Life of the Poet could be had on very reasonable terms at any bookshop. It was no use looking at a memorial of the author unless you had first read his life.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW ridiculed the whole affair. Why raise another memorial to SHAKSPEARE? he asked. There was an excellent statue in Leicester Square, opposite the Empire. Nothing could be more suitable than that. Let the people save their money until someone worthy of a memorial on the proposed scale should have qualified for it by passing away—he would not use so vulgar and absurd a word as dying.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. BELLOC started singing the *Marseillaise*, and the meeting broke up in some confusion.

The Carnarvon Bench have refused the application of farmers for exemption from licenses in respect of dogs used for churning. This seems unreasonable, as licenses are never required in the case of dogs used for sausage-making.

AN EXCHANGE OF HOSPITALITY.

(Drama in Two Acts.)

"ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON."



I.

MAJOR HEAVYSIDES HAS BEEN MOUNTED BY CAPTAIN CRASHOVER ON WHAT THE LATTER REGARDS AS "THE BEST HORSE IN THE STABLE."



II.

CAPTAIN CRASHOVER HAS BEEN MOUNTED BY MAJOR HEAVYSIDES ON WHAT THE LATTER REGARDS AS "THE BEST HORSE IN THE STABLE."

"Many a woman sighs for what the French call 'the foot of earth,' without in the least wishing to marry."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

A "foot of earth" sounds rather skimpy for an adult's grave, even if the lady is content with leading the single life underground.

"Cricket."

London, 29th February.
Ireland beat Scotland by 16 points to 41.
Egyptian Morning News.

The great point is to impress the natives with the idea that things are always going on in England.

A PLAIN TALE FROM THE HILLS.

THE Anglo-Indian novelist has much to answer for. He has even corrupted the untravelled innocence of some of our dramatic critics. Nothing short of the hottest curry and spice will serve to content their jaded palates. And so when Captain JOHN KENDALL, ex-gunner, with many years of service in India, produces a plain unvarnished tale from the hills, here and there you find the ingenuous protest—"This is not KIPLING: this is commonplace." Well, one, if not more, of these remarks is true of most things in life, of which the Stage is never tired of professing itself to be the Mirror. And I think that thanks are due to Captain KENDALL for correcting, in a very quiet unassertive way, our florid notions of the Orient, and showing that even in an Indian hill-station the average Briton remains incurably British.

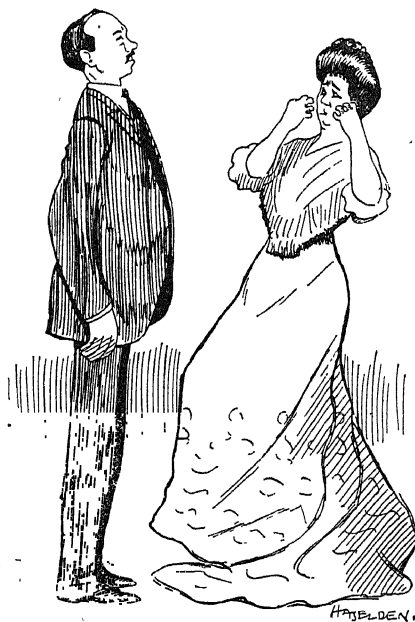
A very pleasant humour runs through the play; not scattered indiscriminately all over the dialogue, but deftly distributed among the characters that have a congenital aptitude for its exhibition.

There are interludes of comparative dulness, but these may be explained by the artistic honesty which distinguished between probable and improbable channels of cynicism. The author knows his atmosphere too well to indulge a flattering estimate of regimental intelligence. His soldier-men may be a little too near the angels in point of altruism, but in their mental outlook they are never unwarrantably spiritual. And they have the advantage of being drawn from life, and not from the magazines. Any one of them would have bitterly resented the imputation of being a hero.

The type is not, of course, a stage tradition, and Mr. RUDGE HARDING, who played the laconic Captain Smith, had little enough precedent to go upon. He acted conscientiously, but did not quite succeed in covering up the traces of careful coaching. One felt that even his manners had been got by heart. Mr. VIVIAN GILBERT, again, has still something to learn about the affable assurance of our subalterns. But if these two did the author something less than justice, Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, as the match-making Mrs. Bill, may be said to have enhanced the excellence of his humour by personal qualities of her own. For the rest, Mr. GARDEN as her worse half; Mr. HOLMES-GORE (with eye-glass) as the

Colonel; and Miss BEATRICE TERRY as a young thing with two minds, were all admirably at their ease.

It is, perhaps, a defect in the play that certain things essential to its development occur off the stage and have to be set out in retrospective dialogue. I do not refer to tiger-shoots and punitive expeditions, for which the accommodation at the Court would be inadequate. But I feel that we ought to have been allowed to see with our own eyes something of the changes that were going on inside Mabel's adaptable heart during the period between Captain Smith's departure and his death, and again between his death



HIS SECOND TIME ON EARTH.

Horror of Mrs. Bill on discovering that there is one more Smith in the world than she had supposed:

Mrs. Bill Miss Marie Illington.
Captain Smith . . Mr. Rudge Harding.

and resurrection. However, the author may well plead the unambitious brevity of his scheme.

The interest of the story, by the way, was appreciably modified, for all but first-nighters, by the revelations of the critics. There should be an article in the code of professional propriety forbidding the betrayal of plots on the day after. To give the secret away before the first night is regarded as an act of infamy; yet the distinction is almost negligible.

In a review written by one of those critics who made the discovery that Mr. KIPLING was not the author of this slight comedy, I have read that it "smelt abominably of the theatre." Well, if it did I think it very clever of Captain KENDALL that he should have assimilated this notoriously

subtle odour at the first time of trying. Many novices are admonished not to write again till they have acquired the primary elements of stage construction. But I am confident that Captain KENDALL will live down the flattery of that review, as he will also live down the initial disadvantage under which he labours of having already achieved success in another field of art. The British public resents the suspicion of such duplicity. But I would wager something round and large that he will soon persuade them that a man may be an excellent playwright even though he happens to have made some of the best light verse in the language. O. S.

SITTING TOO TIGHT.

DR. ISTVAN BACU (we hope we have his name correctly), of Temesvar, Hungary, according to the papers, attributes most of the physical evils of modern civilisation to our excessively sedentary life. Long ago, also, KINGSLEY maintained that "of sitting, as of all other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety at the last."

Stimulated by such high authorities, an Anti-Sitting League has sprung into existence, and its members intend to conduct an aggressive propaganda.

Among the first objects of their attack will be the Mother of Parliaments herself, on the ground that the sittings of the House are needlessly long, and the Sessions likewise. M.P.'s will in future be allowed only to stand for their respective constituencies, and not to sit or to lie on their behalf.

Perpetrators of the Postcard Smile will be severely discouraged from bestowing further "sittings" on photographers. Young (or middle-aged) ladies who offend against this rule will have to go back to school until the smile wears off.

Able-bodied individuals who retain their seats in crowded District trains while we are strap-hanging are to be taken back to the station whence they started and there suffer the utmost penalty of the law.

The twenty thousand or more spectators who sit and shout at each football match on a fine afternoon, instead of exercising their own muscles, shall be condemned to play in two "elevens" of ten thousand a side against each other until there are only twenty-two survivors.

The common hen shall be deterred from sitting too long on the British breakfast egg.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE
OF TIBERIUS DULL.

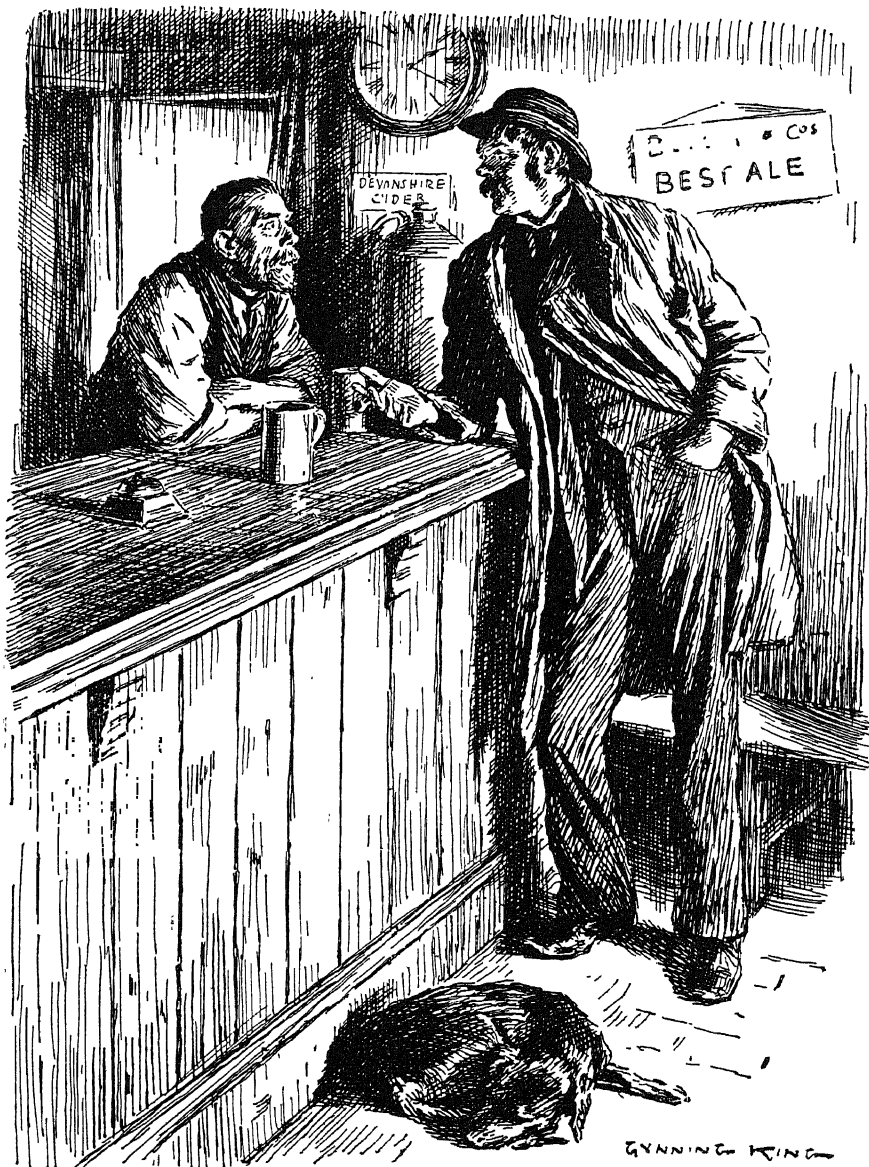
ON THE POETRY OF HUSTLING.

I.

.... THE hustler need not be a noisy and feverish person. The old American hustler (derived from the onomatopœic word "ostler," which records the sound made by a man who is rubbing down a horse) was of that type—always "on the bound," always loud, always feverish, obstreperous—or, as some humourists say, obstropolous—bullying and impatient. But this type of hustler is passing away. The true and nobler type is to be found not only amongst adults but amongst what Mr. PETER KEARY—himself a master of the art—so charmingly calls "kid-dies." Perhaps the most perfect example of the infantile hustler is to be found in the American child. Thus Mrs. ROGERS, writing in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, gives a delicious picture of "an elaborately dressed American baby of six, entirely unattended, walking into a huge hotel dining-room where her parents had lived for years, and ordering 'Devilled crabs and pink ice-cream' for her dinner," which she actually ate amidst the enraptured glances of the guests and waiters. But American children have immense advantages over their cis-Atlantic brothers and sisters. Here, for example, parents do not live for years in huge hotel dining-rooms. They move from place to place, from room to room, thus acquiring a feverishness entirely alien from the calm tranquillity of the cultured American hustler. Still this type is not altogether unknown in our midst. For example, I know one of the greatest hustlers in London. But he is a man of the stillest and quietest demeanour, low-voiced, leisurely and patient, with sleek hair, a pathetic smile, and an eye like a kind boot button. For the last ten years his income has never been less than £10,000, and yet he seldom goes anywhere without a copy of the bijou edition of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL'S *Ten Minute Sermons*. He knows each man's business and each man's capacity. He has written down in plain figures the value of each man in his firm. I imagine that the hustler of the future will be a man of this austere yet lovable nature.

II.

We do not need many hustlers in the world, and we cannot expect to



Publican. "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING MARRIED, JOHN?"

John. "DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL."

Publican. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' SHE, JOHN?"

John. "WELL, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING IT'S MONEY; WHEN I GOES 'OME TO MY DINNER IT'S MONEY AGAIN; AND AT SUPPER IT'S THE SAME. NOTHING BUT MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!"

Publican. "WELL, I NEVER! WHAT DO SHE DO WI' ALL THAT MONEY?"

John. "I DUNNO. I AIN'T GIVEN HER ANY YET."

find them. There are indeed few master minds of the calibre of SHAKSPEARE, JULIUS CÆSAR, SIR CONAN DOYLE, and Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE, all of them hustlers and all of them poets. The two first-named laboured under great disadvantages. In their day there were no great hotels, no lifts, motor-cars, or any of the modern contrivances which lend life its voluptuous velocity. SHAKSPEARE never ate devilled crab, nor was JULIUS CÆSAR able to mitigate the terrible strain of his Atlantean labours by indulging in the refresh-

ment of pink ice-cream. Yet they made their mark and carved their way to success. SHAKSPEARE compares unfavourably as a narrator with SIR CONAN DOYLE or Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, and JULIUS CÆSAR lacks the humour of Mr. W. W. JACOBS or Mr. PETT RIDGE. Still they were strenuous and remarkable men, both inclined to baldness, and both cut off in early middle age. And they both made themselves so much a part of the life of all who belonged to them that for some time it seemed as if their place could never be filled.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a young beauty publicly announces in a ball-room that she must find a husband before midnight (or else, by the terms of a will, just come to hand, she will lose a fine heritage), and then and there holds an auction and knocks herself down to the most likely bidder—that's not a bad start for a romance. So thought the authors of *Colonel Kate* (METHUEN), those two brilliant Irish sisters who take the composite name of K. L. MONTGOMERY; and they give you no chance of getting your breath again till half an hour after the finish. If ever you are tempted to pause it is only when you want to probe some mystery, such as that which shrouds the politics of *Lord Lovat*, or the morals of the lady of "the Taffety Parlour." In a dozen lines these clever writers can conjure up an atmosphere of obscurity which Mr. HENRY JAMES would be proud to produce in as many hundreds. As in an earlier novel of theirs, *Major Weir*, they give us here a variation, this time more *allegro*, on the PRINCE CHARLIE theme. They are as prodigal as ever of adventures, and once more have made a book with stuff in it for ten; its matter, like its manner, of the rarest quality.

There never was a couple of worse economists than K. L. MONTGOMERY. I am tempted to appeal to them, as good artists, saying: "Spare the axe, and spoil the forest." But I know quite well that they won't listen to reason; they are too incorrigibly a law to themselves. And so would I be to myself if I had their brains.

Of all the musical-comedy girls that are so smart, there's none (at least if there is I must really get to know her) like pretty *Sally*. She is the darling of young *Lord Kidderminster's* heart, and lives (or will, when *Kiddie* gets the marquise) at Buckminster, the family seat, which is several sizes larger and considerably less squalid than our alley. When she married *Kiddie*, *The Comet* said that her father was Mr. *James Snape-Mainwaring*, for long honourably known as closely connected with our shipping industry. In other words, *Snape*, who hastened his wife's departure to a happier world with a hobnailed boot, was a drunken dock-labourer. Thanks to the painful experience of her *Sally Snape* days, there's not a lady in the land who could teach *Lady Kidderminster* anything in the arts of stitching trousers, making jam, or putting on smart clothes; and as *Miss Sarita Mainwaring*, of the Grecian Music-Hall and the Verandah Theatre, she was unrivalled as a dancer. But it was not these qualities, nor even her red hair and green eyes, that made *Kiddie* fall in love with her, and finally overcame the prejudices of his family. She owed her success and her salvation to the quality which FRANK DANBY expresses in the title of her book. At each stage of her upward career *Sally* thought herself in clover, till she found that in the clover there were also pigs. But she kept them all at arm's length, and incidentally made a man of *Kiddie* by virtue of the heart of a child which was in her. Very likely there

are more "Sally Snapes" in musical comedy than one is apt to imagine. If so, so much the better for our social "Kiddies," to whom, as well as to anyone else who wishes to enjoy a clever and delightful book, I cordially commend *The Heart of a Child* (HUTCHINSON).

An attractive preliminary note is sounded in Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM's narrative of *The Bad Times* (METHUEN). It is a dedication in verse to Sir HORACE PLUNKETT, an Irishman who has done more for the welfare of his country than any Secretary of State or any agglomeration of Nationalist Members. The *Bad Times* recorded happened in Ireland during the plenitude of the power of the Land League. The reference suggests polemical writing. I confess that reading the book leaves me in pleasing doubt whether the author is a Home Ruler or a Unionist. What is certain is that he knows the country, the period, and the people of whom he writes. The chapters present a picture gallery of Irish types showing the wealth of genius pent up in the island; genius that only rarely expands to full proportions unless it is transplanted. Amongst half-a-dozen studies of character the finest is that of *Rafferty*, the old Fenian, who carries to a lone island off the coast the smouldering fires of his hatred for England and his scorn of Land League agents who lurk behind trees and walls, shoot landlords, and, occasionally missing them, by inadvertence kill a woman.

Mr. EDWARD NOBLE, if I may judge from his book *The Grain Carriers* (BLACKWOOD), knows the sea from truck to kelson. He knows her storms and her calms, and he knows the people who live and die in her company. He can put down on paper all that this means as vividly as any writer I know, and he can paint character; but I am afraid none the less that he is not a very good hand at a story. At least, the story here is

hardly worthy of its setting. The underlying object of the book is to expose the disgraceful conditions to which seamen are subjected on the windjammers that compete to supply England with cheap corn. Such an exposure can be made effectively only by keeping to facts. Mr. NOBLE's indictment may be true in the main, but there are too many revolvers, too many brains blown out, too much gore generally, to make it convincing. There are pressgangs and fierce mutinies on the high seas which urge one's mind back to the eighteenth century, the novelist's golden age of such things; but an author has no business to indulge in these old-world romantics when there is Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's name on the first page after the "Prelude." I should have liked to skip Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, but you can't very well skip the first page of the first chapter.

It is denied that Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM has in preparation a sequel to "*The Bad Times*," entitled "*The Excellent Daily Mail*."

By the way, when are we to have a great novel of Town Life written by Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM, Mr. JACK LONDON, and Miss ELLEN GLASGOW in collaboration?



"I WANT A GLASS EYE, PLEASE."
"CERTAINLY, SIR. WHAT SIZE DO YOU TAKE?"

THE BACON MEMORIAL.

A NUMEROUSLY attended meeting was held in the East Ham Athenæum last night to decide upon what measures should be taken for raising a fitting memorial to BACON.

The chair was taken by Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart. Among those present were Lord GRIMTHORPE, Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS, Mr. DENNY, the brothers HUDSON, and His Honour Judge BACON, great-great-great-grandson of the beneficiary. Various plans, the Chairman said, had been suggested for perpetuating the fame of the great Lord Chancellor, and not only the fame, but, he would add, the name.

(Cheers.) It was a name of which they were all proud. (Hear, hear.) It was time that Englishmen rose to the occasion and let it be known to the world at large that the prosperity and eminence of the nation were due to BACON. (Wild enthusiasm.) As for himself no one could feel more strongly than he did how great a man BACON was, how fine an intellect. None the less he was in agreement with that great statesman WILLIAM COBBETT, who, when a certain utilitarian

inductive philosopher had gravely propounded the view how greatly to be hoped it was that the time might come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by reading BACON, remarked: "Much more to the purpose if the time could come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by eating bacon. (Long and increased cheering.)

The Chairman then proceeded to read letters from eminent men. Mr. SIDNEY LEE wrote that he saw no reason for the memorial. (Groans.) Dr. FURNIVALL stigmatised the meeting as a sty. (Tumult.)

Among other communications read to the meeting was a quatrain from the sprightly pen of Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, who seems to be in

favour of a BACON Theatre. He wrote:—

What needs my BACON for his honoured bones?
I pray resolve me that.
The answer comes in no uncertain tones:
Paris full of fat.

And now, said the Chairman, having cleared away opposition, let us get to business. (Laughter.)

Mr. DENNY then rose and proposed that the memorial take the form of a gigantic statue of Lord BACON at work upon *Hamlet*, with suitable symbolic groups all around the base. He would suggest as a site Smithfield.

Lord GRIMTHORPE agreed as to the monument, but said that he thought

meeting was addressed by His Honour Judge BACON, who said that speaking as a member of the family—(prolonged enthusiasm)—he could assure them that his ancestor preferred modest statues to anything vast. Gray's Inn was undoubtedly the best site. As for *Hamlet*, that was, perhaps, a little bit dangerous. They must not forget the Brown Dog difficulties at Battersea, brought about by controversial matters on the inscription. He thought it would be wise not to name the play that BACON was writing, but merely to indicate that it was a play, and let the public draw their own conclusions.

At this moment a lady, rising at the back of the hall and asking what were the speaker's views on votes for women, brought the meeting to an abrupt if welcome close.

Socialism and the Family.

"If they had no unemployed workmen, would find no difficulty in housing his own family, or in feeding his own children under his own table legs, which, after all, under the very best circumstances, was the very best place in which they could be fed."

Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"We already see around us signs of spring, and the summer will shortly be with us with its long winter evenings."—*The Cabinet Maker*.

"The first-class swimming baths at the other bathing establishments of the City will be reserved for ladies during the summer months, of which due notice will be given."

The Birmingham Daily Mail.

To the ordinary Briton, who is now quite unable to distinguish between the seasons, the caution of *The Cabinet Maker and Complete House Furnisher* (you have to be cautious with a name like that) will appeal more readily than will the optimism of *The Birmingham Daily Mail*.

"The damage caused by the fire will very closely resemble £400."—*The Bodmin Guardian*.

If the resemblance is very close an attempt at least should be made to pass it off on some stranger as £400.



THE SEEING EYE.

Observant Navy. "FURRINERS THEY BE, BILL!"

St. Albans should be the venue. (Laughter.)

One of the HUDSONS seconded this. He said that a man's statue should be erected in a man's town. Lord BACON was a St. Albans man, and St. Albans ought to have his statue. Look at BUNYAN. He was a Bedford man, and his statue is at Bedford. Look at NELSON. He was a Trafalgar man, and his statue is in Trafalgar Square.

The other HUDSON differed. He said that a national genius should be celebrated in the national capital. That was London. He would defy anyone to say that London was not the capital. Peaceable as he was, he was prepared to fight the man who contradicted him on the point.

Order having been restored, the

AUTHOR TO ARTIST.

"*Nunquamne reponam?*"

DEAR JAMES, I have your card;
And, under protest, I will go
Next Sunday afternoon and throw
Upon your private picture-show
A cursory regard.

As for my sense of paint,
I never could contrive to tell
Whether it's handled ill or well,
Though I appreciate the smell,
Which turns me sick and faint.

And I can seldom judge
What the design is meant to be,
Or know, without a printed key,
A "nocturne" from a "symphony,"
Or either from a smudge.

Still, as your card has shown,
If honestly it seems to you
My patronage is worth a sou
It's not for me to take a view
Less sanguine than your own.

Besides, I like to think
I'll find some living pictures there
(Women of fashion, wondrous fair,
Come to expose their fresh spring-
wear),
And lots to eat and drink.

But if I prattle Art,
Praising your work's ideal aim,
Don't hope to make me buy the
same;
If that is your insidious game
I simply *will not* part.

For well your conscience knows
That you in turn would smile awry,
Finding my humour fairly dry,
Were I to hint that you should buy
The stuff that I compose.

Some day I'll hold a test:
I too will circulate a card
And rope you in to listen hard
While the *chefs d'œuvre* of me the
bard
Are flung from off my chest.

Some sultry afternoon
I picture you, profoundly bored,
Hearing my epic, *Gideon's Sword*,
Followed by *Lines to One Adored*,
Jetsam and *Nuts in June*.

Round you shall lie whole reams
Of order forms that quote the charge
For luxe-editions wide of marge,
And I will watch you gaze at large
Musing on other themes.

O. S.

Seasonable Riddle.

Q. Why is the boot-and-knife boy
when he chops?

A. Because the fire, the hewer.

M.P.'S AND THEIR SPEECHES.

If anything can remove the stigma attaching to the M.P. who is suspected of getting his speeches made for him it will surely be the enterprise of the Epoch-Making Speech Preparation Syndicate, whose prospectus lies before us. We have pleasure in giving a few quotations, for the information of those among whose duties public utterance is included:—

"Why be ashamed of getting your speeches made for you by another? Your clothes are made by another—why not your speeches? Both, after all, are necessary to a successful Parliamentary career.

"Speeches are the bugbear of the politician. Without them his life would be infinitely happier. The happiness of others, too, is involved.

"Look at our prices!

"POLITICAL SPEECHES. For a good, rousing, fighting speech, our fee is 3 guineas per 1,000 words. Jokes, 9d. apiece extra. Extra is also charged if the past career of the opponent is to be investigated or invented. For a learned, statistical speech, with quotations from JOHN STUART MILL and other standard authors, our fee is 5 guineas per 1,000. (We prepare this type of speech in such a way as to provoke, without fail, certain questions from an intelligent audience. Effective, 'scoring' answers to these questions are supplied at 5s. each.)

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"ACCESSORIES. Audiences, stewards, applause, local newspaper reports, and other accessories on the cheapest terms.

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fireside, into the instrument; and when the time comes for the speech to be delivered all you have to do is to stand up, press the button, move your mouth about, and wave your arms. A faint click, heard only by the wearer, warns him when to stop. Prices on application.

"MODE OF PAYMENT. Payment in all cases (excepting where *The Times* system is applied) on delivery, to save future trouble and litigation."

A PRIVATE MEMBER'S BILL.

MR. A. E. W. MASON, M.P.,

AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

WE were wrong, after all, in imagining that the *Entente Cordiale* was an invention of our own days. It seems that there was a good deal of it going on among the outposts along the lines of Torres Vedras; and certainly one French prisoner on parole in Devonshire had a very complete understanding with *Marjory Strode*, daughter of a neighbouring magistrate. Warlike sentiment, however, still ran deep. Witness the very graphic scene when the news of a British victory, in which the local regiment had borne a gallant part, was read out in the hearing of the French prisoner, his presence being overlooked in the general excitement.

Mr. Mason's play turns largely upon a contest of wits between Youth and Crabbed Age. Both the very young *Marjory* and her very old uncle showed a most remarkable cunning for their years. But love and parental pride are always excellent intellectual tonics. At one point we came within a trigger's pull of tragedy; but Mr. Mason's admirers never quite lost confidence in their man's ability to get his puppets safe out of a tight corner.

The character that did most to bring about the happy conclusion was a certain Spanish convent-girl who, being in sudden need of protection, threw herself, very sketchily attired, into the arms of the young Ensign *Dick Strode*, and ultimately relieved his parent of any further need to press his boy's suit elsewhere. Unfortunately, and to my profound regret, this seductive creature was not permitted to appear on the stage, where I am certain she would have been very well received.

There were one or two rather conventional effects, such as *Marjory's* song of separation, and the foreign marriage of her rejected suitor; but these found a sufficient set-off in the novelty of the main scheme—the prisoner's efforts to get himself



CALLED TO HEEL.

GAY YOUNG RADICAL DOG (to Socialist charmer). "WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?"
SQUIRE WHITELEY (his guardian). "I DON'T KNOW—OR CARE—WHERE *SHE'S* GOING TO; BUT
YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH ME, MY BOY—AND I'LL TALK TO YOU LIKE A FATHER."

[Mr. George Whiteley, Liberal Whip, has publicly rebuked those of his Party who voted for the Unemployed Bill. They seemed to think, he said, that "they were entitled to philander and flirt with certain elements of Socialism."]



SELF-DENIAL.

Host. "CARE TO PLAY AUCTION BRIDGE?"

Guest. "SORRY; BUT I ONLY PLAY ORDINARY BRIDGE IN LENT."

arrested so as to be relieved of his parole.

The spontaneous humour of the first two Acts (the second was exceptionally fresh and piquant, and full of engaging contrasts) gave way to more serious movement in the third, save always when *Dackum*, most delectable of butlers, animated the scene in the person of Mr. JOHN HARWOOD; but it came again in the last Act with *Dick Strode's* confession of his exotic marriage. The audience, though they derived a very solid satisfaction from the play, were not always immediately responsive to Mr. MASON's humour. I fancied, for instance, that the grotesque toy-figure of WELLINGTON, constructed by the French prisoner to hasten his arrest, was rather wounding to their insular susceptibilities.

The two old brothers *Strode*, admirable foils to each other, were excellently played by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, with the assistance of Art and Nature respectively. But much as I enjoyed their performance, I could have done with a little less of them, if I might have had a little more of Mr. AINLEY. In the part of *Jean de Selac* he was an astonishingly attractive figure. To

a very masculine dignity he added an almost womanly persuasiveness. As a lover he was irresistible; and his own discretion, aided by a slight French accent and deportment, carried him comfortably over the pitfalls of sentimentalism.

In the title-rôle no one could have bettered Miss SEVENING's charm of face and manner; but the part called for rather more impulsiveness and mobility than she had at command.

I was privileged to sit close to a politician of Mr. MASON's own colour; and I wish now that I had thought to tell him that I regard the evening's Bill—a private member's—as likely to be the most popular one that the Liberal party has produced since it came into power. Perhaps he will kindly accept the present intimation of my views on this head. O. S.

"B. and B. will require April 7th an unqualified junior assistant; no Sunday or week-day duty."—*The Pharmaceutical Journal*.

To the thousands of earnest workers who will rush to apply for this post, we would point out that there is certain to be a catch somewhere; probably something silly about Saints' Days.

"THE SIGHT OF MEANS TO DO
ILL DEEDS."

I'm always worried when I see
The capes of Scotland Yard suspended

Upon a lamp-post or a tree;
Apparently quite unattended;
It seems to me a bit unfair,
ROBERT, to go and leave them there.

If in the Park I doffed *my* wraps,
The atmosphere becoming sunny,
And hung them—on a rail perhaps,
You'd think my action rather
funny,
And even come and lecture me
For aiding petty larceny.

Yet may not your effulgent cape,
When telescopically twisted,
Present temptation in a shape
That's very hard to be resisted?
It surely cannot be a trap
To catch some waterproof-less chap?

"An extraordinary act of somnambulism is reported from Cawnpore. A European passenger by an early morning express walked out of his compartment while the train was about half a mile from Balrai station. The shock woke him."—*The Pioneer*.

It reads, somehow, as though he were in the Civil Service at home.

GETTING INTO FORM.

"APRIL will soon be here," said Miss MIDDLETON with a sigh of happiness.

"Bless it," I agreed. "My favourite month. Twelve," I added conversationally, "is my lucky number, and Thursday the day of the week on which I do least work. When next the 12th of April falls on a Thursday, which may not be for centuries, look out. Something terrific will happen."

"It's about now that one begins to wonder if one is in form, or likely to be."

"Just about now," I agreed. "I always say that when the draw is announced for the Semi-Finals of the English Cup, in which, of course, I take not the slightest interest whatever, and in fact hardly know what teams are left in for it, though I must say I hope Southampton win this year, because, after all, Fry did play for them once, but they'll have a bit of a job to beat the Wolves, you know—and then there's Newcastle and Fulham after that, and, of course, you can't be . . ."

"I'm tired of that sentence," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"So was I. I only wanted to make it clear that I have no use for these spectacular gladiatorial combats. Give me cricket, the game of—"

Miss MIDDLETON did not appear to be listening.

"Do you bowl as fast and as good a length as you talk?" she asked thoughtfully.

"No. More swerve perhaps. And I bowl with my head a good deal."

"I see. Quite different. Well, then, will you coach me this spring? Do, there's a dear."

"I should love to. I know all the things to say."

She got up excitedly.

"Come along, then. I've got the rippingest bat. But you must promise not to bowl too fast."

I had said that I knew all the things to say, but as a matter of fact there is only one thing to say: "You should have come out to 'er, sir." (Or I suppose, in Miss MIDDLETON's case, "You should have come out to him, madam.") It is a silly remark to make, because it is just what one is always doing. At school I could come out to anything that was straight and not too high; the difficulty lay in staying in. Nobody ever told me how to do that.

Miss MIDDLETON led the way to a walled-in tennis lawn, which lay next

to the rhubarb and things, and was kept away from it only by six feet of brick. If it had simply been a question of rhubarb I should have said nothing, but there were grapes there too.

"I know," said Miss MIDDLETON. "But we *must* play against a wall. Don't bowl too much to leg."

I hadn't bowled since October the 4th. The first post-October ball was a trifle over-pitched, and a little too much to the right. All the same I was just saying, "You should have come out to that one," when there was a crash from the direction of long-on.

"By Jove, I didn't know you were so good. Was that the grapes?"

"How awful! Yes. It simply seemed to fly off the bat. I did ask you not to bowl there, didn't I?"

She looked so penitent that I had to comfort her.

"It's all right," I said consolingly, "I had a man there. You would have been out all the way. Besides," I went on, "a little air will do the grapes good. They stay all the time in one hot room, and then when they go out into the cold they don't muffle up, and the natural consequence is— Or am I thinking of influenza?"

"Never mind. We must remember not to do it again, that's all. Give me some to cut."

There are several ways of cutting. For myself, I was taught to cut "square" with the left leg across and "late" with the right, the consequence being that I can do neither. W.G. (to work downwards) generally uses the fore-arm for the stroke, RANJI the wrist. Miss MIDDLETON keeps both feet together and puts her whole body into it; and the direction in which the ball travels is towards long-on. There was another crash.

"Golf is your game," I said admiringly. "You lay it dead on the greenhouse every time."

"I say, what *shall* we do? Father will be furious."

I looked at my watch.

"I can just catch the 3.25," I said.

"Oh, don't be a coward, when it's all your fault for bowling so badly."

"Perhaps the glass is insured," I suggested. "It is generally."

"It's insured against hail," she said doubtfully.

I looked at the sky. It was one of the most beautiful blues I have seen.

"No," said Miss MIDDLETON sadly.

"It will be a point for lawyers to argue, I fancy. What is actually meant by hail? You would probably define it at once as aqueous vapour cooled down in the atmosphere to the freezing point of water."

"I don't know. Perhaps I should."

"But 'hail' here obviously has a wider significance. I take it to mean 'anything that descends suddenly from the clouds.' I haven't *Williams on Real Property* with me, but—"

"Come on," said Miss MIDDLETON, "let's say it does mean that. And could you please keep them a bit more on the off?"

"It's no good my keeping them there if *you* don't."

The worst of coaching—I speak now as an expert—is that it is so difficult to know what to say when a lady whirls her bat twice round her head, gives a little shriek, gets the ball on the knee, and says, "What ought I to have done then?" The only answer I could think of was "Not that."

"I thought you knew all about coaching," she said scornfully.

"But, you see, it depends upon what you were wanting to do," I said meekly. "If it was a drive you should have come out to it more, and if it was a cut you should have come down on it; while if it was a Highland fling you lacked *abandon*, and if you were killing a wasp—"

"A good coach would know what was the *best* thing to do with that particular ball, wouldn't he? And that's just what he would tell you."

"He wouldn't know," I said modestly. "You don't often meet that sort of ball in good cricket."

"No, I suppose not. That's why I didn't know what to do, I expect. You know I generally know exactly what to do, only I can't do it."

"Is that really so?" I cried excitedly. "Why then, of course, *you* ought to coach *me*!"

* * * * *

We had a very jolly afternoon. I fancy I shall be in some form this year. Miss MIDDLETON is one of the best bowlers I have seen, but I brought off some beautiful shots. I wanted some tea badly afterwards.

"What glorious days we have now," said Miss MIDDLETON's mother, as she handed me a cup.

"Glorious," said Miss MIDDLETON's father.

"H'm, yes," I said doubtfully. "But you know I'm afraid it won't last. It's beginning to look rather like—like hail."

"Yes," said Miss MIDDLETON. "We both thought so." A. A. M.



Philanthropist (home from China). "YOU KNOW, MY DEAR PEOPLE, THE PRISONS THERE ARE NOT THE SORT OF PLACES TO WHICH YOU AND I ARE ACCUSTOMED."

ALL ABOUT THE COMMON HOUSE-FLY.

[EXPLANATORY NOTE.—As soon as I heard that a *Children's Encyclopedia* was about to appear in parts, I sat down and composed this article expressly for it. I thought it might strike the Editor as chatty but instructive, and calculated to please not only the tiny tots, but boys and girls of a larger growth. I was mistaken there, because it didn't. The Editor replied that I "appeared to have completely misunderstood the scheme and purpose of the work," and "regretted his inability to use the contribution I had been good enough to submit to him." He will regret it even more when he sees how well it looks in print. But I am not angry with him, only rather annoyed.]

You may have noticed sometimes, when lying awake in your little white cribs on a summer morning, a quantity of small black dipterous (or two-winged) objects apparently engaged in playing "I spy" in the air above your heads. And very likely you have wondered what these objects can possibly be. They are Flies. Their Latin name is *Musca domestica*—but you need not trouble about that, as no fly ever answers to it. Perhaps, too, you have wondered how it is that they never happen to knock up against another. The reason is that they are clever enough to know that if they did they would be stunned, and perhaps severely bruised. They are far more intelligent in their games than most children. But how do they manage to walk up window-panes, and upside down on the ceiling? If *your* hands and feet were round hairy discs or suckers, like theirs, you would be able to do so too. But as they are not, perhaps you had better not try. The fly, when perfect, has six legs, but all of them are extremely thin. It is very sociable and readily attaches itself to human

beings, especially when they are not so young as they used to be. If you possess a dear grandpapa you will probably have observed this for yourselves. But it likes butter even better. It is fond of animals—especially horses, cows, and dogs. Some considerate people who keep horses always have their tails cut quite short, because, otherwise, the poor flies would be liable to be disturbed just when they had settled down comfortably.

There is a pretty story of *Uncle Toby* (a kind old gentleman in a celebrated book which you will know all about some day, though you may never find time to read it) who once caught a fly which had been buzzing about his nose. Then he opened the window and let it out, saying: "I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go. This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me." This fly was so touched by this act of generosity that it refused to accept its liberty, and persisted in returning to remain by its benefactor ever afterwards.

This will show you that a kind action is never thrown away—even on a fly.

It was a fly, as I daresay you have read, who was the only witness of the last moments of Poor Cock Robin (*v. article "Redbreast [Robin]" in future number*). "I," said the Fly, "with my little eye, I saw him die." Though, really, a normal Fly has *two* eyes. These are compound, and enable it to see all round itself, which is, of course, a great convenience. It also possesses a long fleshy proboscis, or trunk, like an elephant's (*v. article "Elephant," in Part 3*), through which it sucks up its drink. In hot weather it is afflicted with a perpetual

thirst. A great poet (it might have been Dr. WATTS, but I really forget—you might ask your governess) once addressed it as: "Busy, curious, thirsty fly," and invited it to share his ale with him. But that particular fly must have been unusually modest, because as a rule they do not wait to be asked.

The Fly, like the Cuckoo (*q.v.*), is the Harbinger of Spring, though it has not the same characteristic call. When you see the first fly, you will know that Winter is coming to an end. But do not write to the paper about it—leave that to your papa.

The Fly is most particular about its personal appearance. If you watch it you will frequently see it brushing its hair and cleaning its face with its front legs. In this respect it affords a good example to children who do not always keep themselves as tidy as they are told to do. Ahem!

I am sorry to say that quite lately people have been trying to take away the Fly's character. One very clever and learned man provided a large piece of cheese and induced a fly to walk all over it. Afterwards he examined its footprints through a thing called a microscope (*v. article "Microscope," later*). I think you will agree that this was not quite a nice way to treat one who was, after all, in the position of a guest. In fact it seems rather sneaky. But he did, and reported that it had left goodness knows how many thousand *bacteria* (I must tell you more about these interesting little creatures some other day) in each footstep. Which is all very well, but if that learned man ever examines his own bootsoles after he has come in from a walk, I should just like to know how many thousand million *bacteria* he would find on *them*! And in all probability he only has two feet, while a fly, as we have already seen, has six!

Yet he proposes that we should abolish all flies while they are still *larvæ*, *i.e.*, quite babies! Have you ever thought what would happen if there were no flies? I will tell you. Quantities of poor people would be thrown out of employment, and your poor papa would have to pay more rates and taxes (you will know what rates and taxes are when you are grown up) to support them.

All the people who live by making fly-papers, and those pretty coloured paper globes for the flies to settle on, and the other things coated with sticky stuff which are useful but not so pleasant to look at, and are sometimes called "Catch 'em alive oh's"—all those hard-working people are entirely dependent for their living on the humble little fly, and would miss it dreadfully if it disappeared altogether. Very likely that clever man forgot to think of them; but when you come to know a little about Political Economy (you must never expect to know very much) you will see that there are two sides to every question, and generally several.

Another interesting fact about flies is that it is never easy to be certain whether they are really dead, or only think they are. So, if you should discover one seemingly lifeless in your cup of milk or tea, remember that there is *always hope*. If you will only persevere for two or three hours in the treatment recommended for restoring animation to the apparently drowned (*v. article "Humane Society," in next part*) you will, in nine cases out of ten, be rewarded by perceiving signs of returning vitality.

But if, on the other hand, the fly is found embedded in a currant bun, you will merely be wasting your time in any efforts to revive it.

And now I have told you all it is necessary for you to know at present about the Common House-Fly.

F. A.

THE DREADNOUGHTS.

A BALLAD ADAPTED TO THE TWO-POWER STANDARD.

[Dedicated, without any responsibility on the part of *Mr. Punch* (that stern advocate of a strong Navy), and with apologies for all metrical and tactical irregularities, to those extreme Germanophobes who appear to forget sometimes that the "Two-Power Standard" was adopted in order to protect this country against any hostile combination of two Powers.]

I.

At Rosyth, in the North Sea, Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE lay,

And a submarine, like a spouting whale, came plunging from far away:

"German ships of war at sea! We have sighted fifty-three!"

Thon sware Lord THOMAS HOWARD, "'Fore God, I am no coward;

I was never son of a gun, but I have not two to one; I have only a hundred-and-five; we must fly to keep alive.

One-hundred-and-five *Dreadnoughts*! Can we fight with fifty-three?"

II.

Then spake Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE: "I know you are no coward;

You keep the double standard of the Ad-mi-ra-li-tee. But, although it is a beast-coast, I decline to leave the East-coast;

I should count myself the coward if I left it, my Lord HOWARD,

To the porcelain-pipes and *Sauerkraut* and *Schnapps* of Germanee."

III.

So Lord HOWARD on a *Dreadnought* he swiftly passed away,

And he left one hundred-and-four to fight off the Eastern shore;

And Sir RICHARD looked not to the right nor yet to the left that day;

But his colours to his mast

With a nail he then made fast,

And the battle-array was fixed and the battle-signal was made

To the men who manned the ships; and they blest him with their lips,

While the battle-thunder waited and the boldest grew afraid.

IV.

He had only a hundred thousand men to work the ships and to fight;

And he lay off Rosyth harbour till the German came in sight,

With his inky *Nassaus* smoking, fifty-three, and all abreast.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir RICHARD, which is best?

Woe is us for two that fail us that would make them one to two."

And Sir RICHARD said again:—"They be bulky Teuton men;

But we'll play a round of rubbers with these hairy German lubbers;

And we'll batter them and shatter them, and beat them black and blue."

V.

Hundreds of their soldiers, with their *Pickelhauben* complete,

And hundreds of their sailors grew pale when they saw the fleet



M.F.H. (getting up). "WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY RIDING OVER ME LIKE THAT?"
 Youth (with bad stutter). "S-S-SO S-SORRY! I H-H-HADN'T T-T-TIME TO SAY W-W-W-WO!"

Steaming on and on, till we drew
 A circle round about them with our two millions of tons,
 And our turbines, and torpedoes, and our nine-point-
 something guns,
 And our men to fire them fitly, and our paint so bright
 and new.

* * * * *

VI.

And the sun went down and the stars came out far over
 the summer sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of the hundred-
 and-four and the fifty-three.
 And the night went down and the sun smiled out, as it
 often had smiled before,
 And still the fight was a sporting fight 'twixt the fifty-
 three and the hundred-and-four.
 And still they are booming and fighting on, for we know
 that it is not right,
 When the British are less than two to one, to finish a
 naval fight.
 And some are shattered, and some are sunk, but all are
 earning a deathless fame
 By keeping the Two-Power Standard true; I hope we
 may do the same.

"Wanted, experienced Nurse, good London accent."—*The Times*.

Specimen application: "Now then, fice, whad'yer
 grinnin' at? Cawn't yer see I've come abaht yer biby?"

The Freedom of the Press.

According to one portion of *The Daily Record and Mail*,
 "Hayti has an army of 8000 men, mostly Generals, and a navy of a
 few ships in an advanced stage of senile decay."

But according to another fragment of the same date
 the island only
 "has a population of about 1000 negroes of African descent, and a few
 hundred white traders."

"Gentlemen," we can imagine a political speaker
 saying, "these statements, so damaging to the Govern-
 ment, do not come from the fifth page of *The Daily
 Record*. (Laughter.) They come from the second half
 of the fourth column of the third page. (Loud and
 prolonged cheering.)"

"Under the trees are hundreds and hundreds of herds of horses
 grazing. On the bare backs of many of these animals cheerful cow-
 boys are riding in groups."—*Daily Mail*.

All the same, the beautiful lady in the gauze dress,
 who stood upon one foot and kissed her hand to us
 twenty years ago, holds a place in our hearts which can
 never be filled by another.

From an Exchange Telegraph:—

"The whole of the north-east coast has been averted by the quiet
 influence of Mr. Lloyd-George."

May we beg Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to come south at
 once, and avert the Strand Site?



Stout Party. "THE IDEA OF EXPECTIN' PEOPLE TO WALK SIX MILE IS SIMPLY REDIC'LOUS!"
Friend (by way of solace). "BUT IT 'LL GIVE YOU TWICE THE THIRST!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE cannot help thinking that the Royal Humane Society was in too much of a hurry in bestowing its medal for "the bravest act of the year." It now transpires that someone has smoked one of the cigars made from tobacco grown and cured by the Royal Botanic Society at Regent's Park.

In a symposium in *The Review of Reviews* Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING writes:—"I now smoke half-a-dozen cigarettes a day—sometimes more."

The italics are ours. Oh, SILAS, you profligate!

TOKIO AND LONDON TRAMS is the alluring title of an article in *The Daily News*; but we strongly advise our readers to hesitate before putting any money in such a venture.

A valuable ring was found inside a herring the other day. This raises the interesting question: Do up-to-date fish now go through the marriage ceremony?

"Marriage is by far the better

state for man—though I think not necessarily for woman," says Mr. BASIL TOZER in *The Irony of Marriage*. And now, we suppose, all our marriageable bachelors will be for claiming the virtue of altruism.

We are getting on. Matinée hats have been a feature of our places of worship for some time past, and now comes the news that a Wesleyan chapel which has just been opened at Middlesbrough is provided with "tip-up" seats similar to those in use at theatres.

The French Academy has refused a legacy of £4,000 for the purpose of reforming the morals of Paris. It was felt, we suppose, that if the morals were reformed the realists would starve.

Miss GLADYS DESMOND of the Gaiety Theatre has been put to considerable annoyance, leading indeed to an action in the Courts; by the publication of a testimonial given by an American lady of the same name in favour of a wrinkle-remover. The fact that there are two WINSTON CHURCHILLS has also caused trouble, one of them, we understand, objecting most strongly to the statement: "WINSTON CHURCHILL is fast becoming one of the greatest masters of fiction."

A pleasing innovation in railway accidents was introduced last week at Wembley Park, when all the coaches of a train left the rails, and one was overturned, but nobody was injured seriously. If all accidents were like this there would be far less outcry against them.

Lecturing at Ealing on the Pan-Anglican Congress the Vicar of Kingsbury mentioned that, when it was first proposed to form the Congress, the opinions of the Anglican Bishops all over the world were invited, and the replies in the handwriting of the Bishops were almost illegible: a Standard IV. child would have put them to shame. Evidently the Bishops' Education Bill which was introduced in the House of Lords last week comes not a moment too soon.

"One day," says one of the released Suffragettes, in recounting her prison experiences, "we organised a grand lark. We all agreed to roar like hungry animals at dinner-time. We made a fearful noise." After this we hope we shall hear no more about women being devoid of a sense of humour.



GUNNERY WHILE YOU WAIT.

MR. HALDANE. "IN THE EVENT OF INVASION I SHALL DEPEND UPON MY BRAVE TERRITORIAL FORCE TO MANIPULATE THIS MAGNIFICENT AND COMPLICATED WEAPON."

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH. "GOING TO GIVE THEM ANY TRAINING?"

MR. H. "OH, PERHAPS A FORTNIGHT OR SO A YEAR."

F.-M. P. "AH! THEN THEY'LL NEED TO BE PRETTY BRAVE, WON'T THEY?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

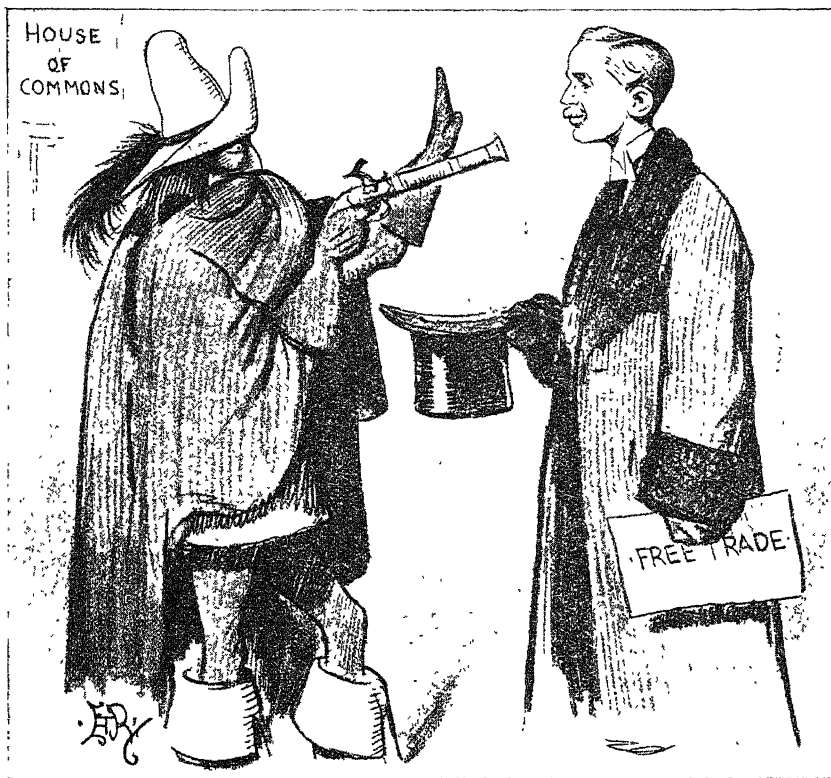
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 16.—The smell of gunpowder permeates both Houses. The talk is all of guns, fifteen-pounders or eighteen-pounders. A park of field artillery fills the Star Chamber Court. Members, trained in ordinary peaceful pursuits, involuntarily straighten their backs and move in military step as they enter the House. Across the space of Palace Yard, which really ought to be surrounded by a moat, the tap of busy hammers closing rivets up gives dreadful note of preparation. (This, to be precise, is only the workmen taking up Victoria Street flanking Westminster Abbey. They always do it when Parliament is in session.)

In the Lords, CARNOT MIDLETON, Organiser of Victory, has raised the whole question of the readiness and fitness of the Army for War. In the Commons N. BONAPARTE HALDANE, all unconscious of what was in store for him, entered the House at Question time blithe and debonair.

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," quoted PRINCE ARTHUR, glancing at the Secretary of State.

Scarcely was he seated when the



ON THE FISCAL BLACK LIST.

Confederate. "Never you mind who I am—that's a secret!—but there's no admittance for you till you take the oath of the 'Brotherhood'!"

(Lord H-g-h C-c-l and —?)

storm burst. Fire opened from a masked battery served by FABER. Smashed an unsuspected weak point in administration of Army affairs. Appears from successive volleys of questions that NAPOLEON B., as representative of War Office, was owner of "The Coach and Horses" licensed public-house at Hilsea, near Portsmouth, which lately came under hammer. Designing to obtain a big price, he, according to FABER, manœuvred to withhold from persons assembled in auction-room, with presumable intent of purchasing, knowledge that the Government contemplated passing a Licensing Bill which would annihilate, blow up, undermine, crush, knock over sideways the Trade, incidentally lessening the value of "The Coach and Horses."

In vain HALDANE cited fact that Ministerial intention of bringing in Licensing Bill had been common property for two years. To deaf ears he pleaded that Secretary of State for War has nothing to do with settling terms of sale of public-houses. FABER, having got the range, not to be shaken off. Blazed away for full five minutes.

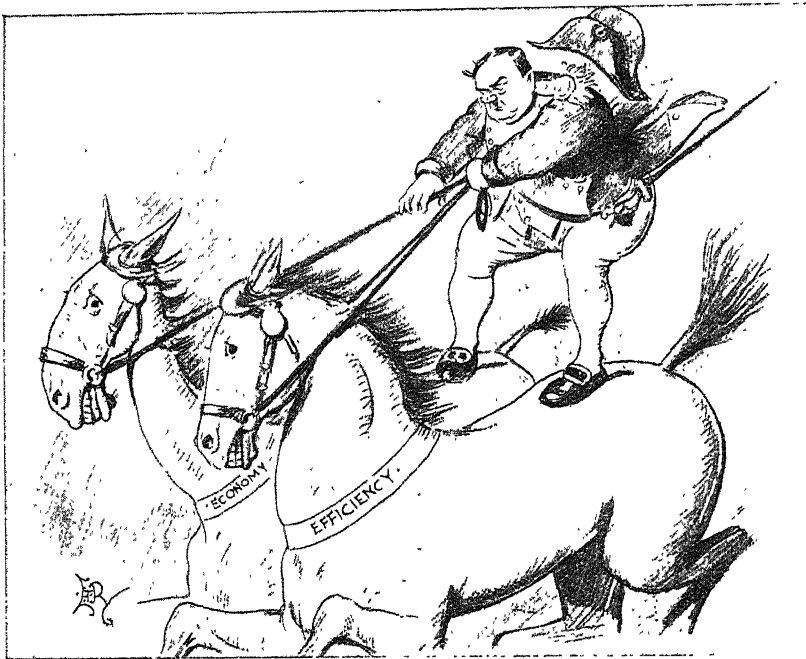
This merely a reconnaissance. ARTHUR LEE, who, being a warrior bold, Professor of Strategy and Tactics, was made by PRINCE ARTHUR Civil Lord of the Admiralty, now advanced with main attack. Wanted to know why NAPOLEON B. H. had parked only fifteen-pounder field-guns in Star Chamber Court? Where were the eighteen-pounder quick-firing guns?

Ah! You can't deceive the Adjutant of the Isle of Wight Royal Artillery. The whole thing was a blind. The fifteen-pounders were designed for the service of the Territorial Army. The eighteen-pounders reserved for regular forces. Mr. PERKS and other Members going down to inspect the guns, finding only one class on exhibition, believed all was well. Place an eighteen-pounder beside a fifteen-pounder, and the edifice of false security devised by HALDANE's subtle brain would crumble in dust.

In the Lords, PORTSMOUTH beleaguered by overwhelming force. Here also harping on the fifteen-pounders. DARTMOUTH gave note of acute human interest to long palaver. Under-Secretary for War, reading list



"I am afraid Shropshire has got it."
(The Earl of P-rtsm-th.)



"The task is one of overwhelming difficulty, and it is the more difficult when you have two horses to ride at the same time and which I must ride. Under the circumstances I submit to the House of Commons that the rate of progress is one which is sufficiently rapid."—Mr. Haldane, March 19th.

of county garrisons to which a gun had been allotted, mentioned Staffordshire and Shropshire. DARTMOUTH protested that Staffordshire had not seen the gun. The guilty Under-Secretary attempted to change the subject.

DARTMOUTH sternly interposed with question, "Where is my gun?"

"I am afraid Shropshire has got it," meekly answered the hapless Under-Secretary.

Amid murmur of sympathetic cheers DARTMOUTH hurriedly left the House. Understood he has gone down to Staffordshire, will raise the county in arms, march upon Shropshire, and seize the gun.

HALDANE begins to wish he hadn't left the Bar.

Business done.—Army affairs hotly discussed in both Houses.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Striking instance presented itself to-night of manner in which House is liable to submit to subtle influence of passing circumstance. Sitting set apart for business in connection with closing of financial year. In Committee of Ways and Means, bang went £44,355,000 on account of coming year. A mere trifle, scarcely worth mentioning; decidedly not worth discussing. Next came Report stage of Supplementary Estimates. On vote for Board of Agriculture, LAURENCE HARDY rose to offer a few remarks. At the moment, following

close on Question time, habitually the most crowded period of sitting, benches fairly filled.

Glancing round faces of expectant audience, he remarked, "I desire to call the attention of the Committee to the manner in which the Destructive Insects and Pests Act is administered in relation to Gooseberry Mildew."

Gooseberry Mildew! Hardly were the words uttered than change was wrought in appearance of House. Blight fell first on benches below gangway on Opposition side. Nationalists and Labour Members, folding their copy of the Orders like the Arab, as silently stole away. Crossing the floor, Mildew descended on Ministerial garden plot. Under its influence Members curled up like the young gooseberry leaf, and their places knew them no more. Loyal to an esteemed colleague, the group of Members immediately before LAURENCE HARDY for a while withstood the dire influence. Ulstermen a tough breed. Can suffer an hour's, even a night's, bickering with Home Rulers below gangway. Gooseberry Mildew quite another thing. Even WINTERTON succumbed. Conscious of a gathering hue on his expressive countenance suggestive of a gooseberry sickening of a vague disease, the noble lord staggered towards the door, closely followed by Captain CRAIG, CORBETT, and A. S. WILSON.

The SPEAKER, to some extent immune under canopy of the Chair, further sheltered by full-bottomed wig, bravely sat it out. Possibly had the Deputy Speaker been within hail he might have yielded to temptation and obtained a substitute. But EMMOTT, who abhors Mildew, cannot indeed stand blight of any kind, was, like the "little JANE" of early-Victorian verse, among "the first to go."

Big Ben tolled the knell of parting day. One by one Members passed slowly o'er the Bar. LAURENCE HARDY plodded his weary way, and left the House to Gooseberry blight and me.

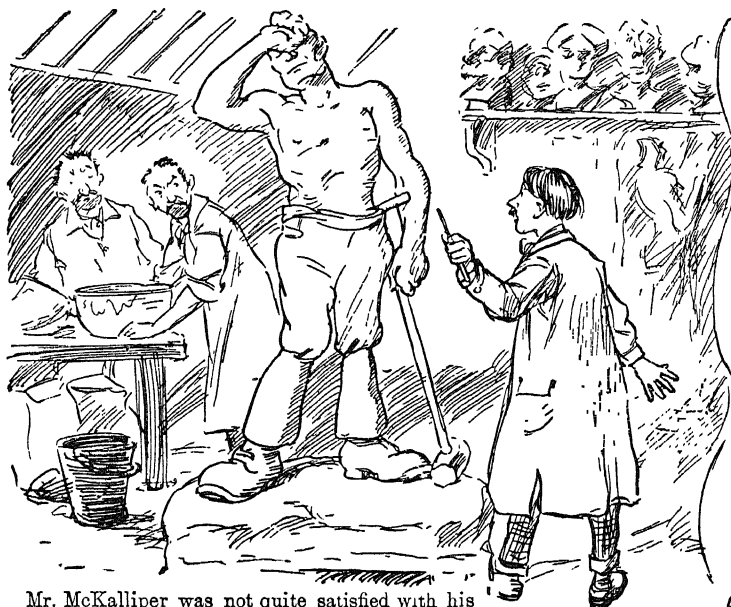
Sitting never recovered effect of visitation. In vain BANBURY, who invariably takes the palm on these occasions, endeavoured to interest Committee in exportation of silver coinage to Africa. Darkly hinted there was more in it than met the eye. Can't be too careful with a Ministry in power such as that which now holds the reins. Subsequent effort to discuss appointment of Public Trustee fell flat. CRAIG and CORBETT, returning to their places, each carrying a smelling-bottle, opened fire on Nationalist quarters. They were empty.

"Gooseberry-Mildewed," WINTERTON bitterly said.

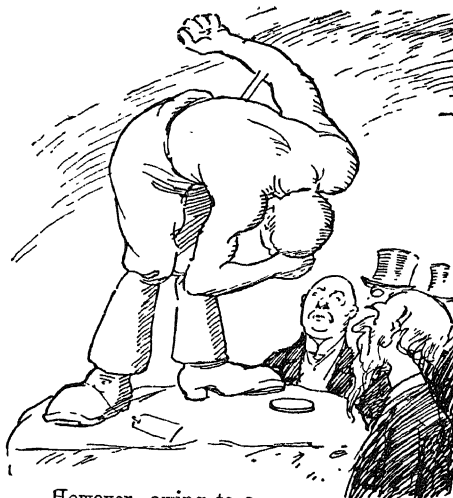


"GOOSEBERRY MILDREW."
(Mr. L-a-rence H-rdy.)

ACADEMY FORECASTS.



Mr. McKalliper was not quite satisfied with his figure "Labour," but there was only just time to have it cast.



However, owing to a defective armature, it doubled up, and the title had to be changed to "Treasure Trove."



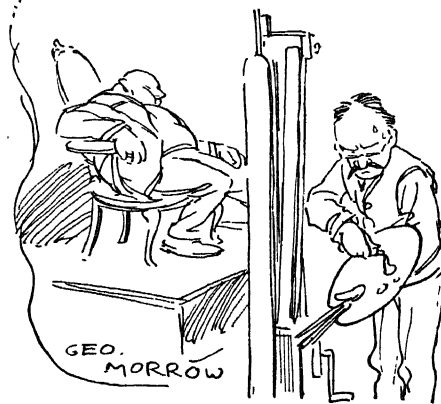
Mr. Cheyne Walker, knowing that pictures which happened to fit odd corners stood a better chance of being hung, has this year adopted the brilliant idea of departing from the usual shapes.



Kindly Critic: "Oh yes; it stands a reasonable chance of getting in. There's always the possibility of its being inhaled by one of the Hanging Committee."



The ingenious Mr. Smartleigh has painted a picture which can be hung in four different ways, all equally intelligible.



A final effort.

At half-past eight found impossible to carry on, and House adjourned.

Business done.—Gooseberry Blight fell on House.

Thursday.—More and more Mr. WEIR distrusts Secretary of State for Scotland. Tries to approach him from various avenues. Most familiar position is front bench below gangway on Ministerial side. Next day he rises from bench behind. Anon, when case is very bad, he confronts the Minister from midst of camp of Independent Labour Members.

To-day, taking him unexpectedly on the flank, he "asked the Secretary for Scotland whether he has received a copy of a resolution passed at a recent meeting at Ness, Stornoway, Island of Lewis, representing 4,000 inhabitants of the Ness district, and pressing for the construction of a sea-wall and boat-shelter at Skigersta, Island of Lewis, in order that the people may be enabled to prosecute the deep sea line-fishing by means of the larger-sized decked boats, the in-shore line-fishing being no longer remunerative owing to the action of illegal trawlers."

And what do you think was the answer?

"Yes."

Only that and nothing more.

Mr. WEIR gasped. A curious inarticulate sound resembling the gurgling of deep waters was heard below the gangway. It was Mr. WEIR as rapidly as possible putting in motion the hydraulic process by which he pumps up his rolling voice from the depths of his boots.

Unfortunately, confident that this time he had collared a shuffling Secretary with the deadly *minutia* of his question, he had prematurely let his voice go. To bring it up again is an achievement of no slight engineering effort. Just as the Speaker was about to call on the next question the bench on which Mr. WEIR sat shook with subterranean motion. There was a rumble reminiscent of Niagara approached by rail at the five-mile limit. Then the deep note of the re-captured voice.

"Is that all the right hon. gentleman has to say?"

"I answered the question on the paper," pleaded SINCLAIR, trying to shield himself behind the figure of WHITELEY, fortuitously swelling with indignation at the conduct of a section of his flock who the other day voted with the Socialists.

"Then I'll put down another," said Mr. WEIR, slowly resuming his seat so as not to interfere with the fall of the weighty but delicate hydraulic machinery that controls and economises his voice.

Business done.—Navy and Army Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Glöckner. His gestures were elephantine and his laugh like the Great Bell of Moscow. CYRIL never thought of asking the waiter whether the monstrous man who almost filled the balcony was the great Manager of whom the others stood in awe. He knew it was so with an inexplicable but instantaneous certainty, and his heart sank into his boots at the prospect of the impending conflict.

AT THE SAVOY RESTAURANT.

"You remember, of course," resumed the soi-disant millionaire, pulling his false beard gingerly and looking out of the window, "that when we broke up rather hurriedly the whole arrangements for the atrocity were left in the private hands of Lord BLAUSCHWERT and Prof. VON DER VOGELWEIDE. Lord BLAUSCHWERT is by this time probably on his way to Jericho. But whether he will go there or what he will do even the Manager himself does not know. The only man who does know is the Professor."

"Confound it!" roared CYRIL. "And we don't know where he is."

"Yes," said the other calmly, "I know where he is and I will take you there."

"What do you mean?" asked CYRIL sharply. "Will you take the risk?"

"Young man," said the millionaire pleasantly, "I will answer you in your own familiar rhetoric. You think that it is possible to pull down the Manager. I know that it is impossible, and I am going to try it," and, opening the door of the Savoy Restaurant, he led CYRIL, crying like a child, into the tumultuous roar of the Strand.

THE DUEL.

Both combatants had thrown off their coats and waistcoats and stood sword in hand, CYRIL in a close-fitting tunic of Newfoundland wood pulp, and the Manager in a doublet of three-quarters levant with Turkish trousers and an Albanian fustanella.



The Constable. "Yes, YOUR WORSHIP, THE PRISONER IS A MOST SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

The Accused (indignantly). "IT'S HIM THAT'S SUSPEECIOUS. AW'M NO SUSPEECIOUS O' ONYBODY!"

THE PEARSON WHO WAS WEEKLY.

(With acknowledgments to the author of "The Man who was Thursday")

BELLINDA OF THE BALCONY.

WHEN CYRIL saw him, his first thought was that his weight must break down the balcony of stone. His vastness did not lie only in the fact that he was abnormally tall and of colossal bulk. The man was planned enormously in his original proportions. He was enlarged terribly to scale. His head looked bigger than a head ought to be. His nose reminded one irresistibly of the outline of the Gross

The Professor suddenly said, "Engage," and the two blades touched and tingled. CYRIL fought like a demon, while his enemy parried his thrusts with a kind of clockwork skill which reminded his opponent, he knew not why, of Printing House Square . . . Twice CYRIL knocked his opponent's point far out of the fighting circle; the third time his sword actually bent under the weight of the Manager's body which it had pierced. But when he withdrew his sword there was no blood on it. A minute later he felt his point enter the monster's neck below the jaw. It came out clean. Surely the man bore a charmed life. The Professor was only a goblin; but the Manager was a devil—perhaps he was the Devil. "After all," said CYRIL to himself, "I am more than a devil; I am a superman," and he fell to fighting again with a supernatural levity, like a Mohammedan panting for Paradise. Suddenly, to the astonishment of everyone, the Manager sprang back quite out of sword reach and threw down his weapon. "Stop!" he cried in a terrible voice like the trumpeting of a rogue elephant. "We are fighting to-day, if I remember right, because you expressed a wish to pull my nose. Would you oblige me by pulling it now as quickly as possible, as I want to appear before the Court?" Walking in worlds he half understood, CYRIL took two paces forward and seized the massive proboscis of his redoubtable antagonist.

He pulled it hard, and it came off in his hand.

THE MANAGER'S TRIUMPH.

One by one the wanderers ascended the bank and sat in their strange seats. But the central chair was empty. Suddenly the Manager passed silently along the front like a shadow and sat down in it. He was clad plainly in a pure and terrible white vellum, and his hair waved in ambrosial ringlets on his encyclopædic temples. The fire slowly faded and the slow stars came out, and the seven strange men were left alone. At last the Manager spoke dreamily but with an accent of placid exultation. "We will eat and drink later," he said. "Let us remain together a little, we who have loved each other so sadly and have fought so long." There was complete silence in the bleak bare wood for a while, and then CYRIL turned in his chair towards the speaker and said in a harsh voice, "Who and what are you?"



A New Squire has arrived at the Hall, and the village reprobate has been calling down blessings on lady coming out of the gate.

Lady. "BUT I THINK YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE. I AM THE GOVERNESS."
Village Reprobate. "OH, ARE YER? AND 'ERE 'AVE I BEEN A-TOUCHIN' MY 'AT AND WASTIN' MY TIME UNDER FALSE PRETENCES!"

"I was and am and shall be the Manager," said the other, without moving.

The Professor started up. "I know what you mean," he cried, "and it is exactly that which I cannot forgive you. I know you stand for ultimate reconciliation, but I am not yet reconciled."

The Manager looked at him and said in his softest *bel canto*: "It seems so silly that you should have been on both sides and fought yourself."

The Professor replied: "True, I understand nothing, but I am happy. In fact I am going to sleep."

And then CYRIL said with the

simplicity of a little child, "I wish I knew why I was hurt so much," and turning his eyes so as suddenly to see the great face of the eternal Manager, which wore a saturnine and colossal smile, "Have you," he cried in a terrible voice, "have you ever suffered?" As he gazed the great face grew to an awful size—larger even than the Sphinx and the Great Wheel combined. It grew larger and larger, filling the whole sky. Then everything went black, and CYRIL remembered nothing more until he woke in the middle of next week, murmuring to himself the old line which he had read at Winchester:

Fortunam Priami cantabo et Mobile Bellum.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAVING served his country in the Ionian Islands, Jamaica, and India, EVELYN BARING, after the manner of pro-consuls, thought he would like to enter Parliament. In 1879 he had arranged to stand for East Norfolk at the pending General Election. Lord SALISBURY, who knew a capable man when he came in contact with him, offered him the appointment of British representative in the dual control of Egypt just arranged with France. It is dangerous to hint doubt as to whether Sir EVELYN BARING would have won his way to the front in the House of Commons, having delayed his entrance till his fortieth year. Fate reserved him for Egypt, and he, more than any other man, worked out the metamorphosis which places the once hapless country amongst the most prosperous of provinces. In *Modern Egypt* (MACMILLAN) Lord CROMER, with a modesty that adds charm to the narrative, tells the wondrous story. The task reluctantly taken in hand is admirably defined in a sentence. Themselves an alien race, the English had to control and guide a second alien race (the Turks), by whom they were disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. Lord CROMER makes it clear that there was no pretence on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, 1880-5, in their reiterated proclamation of desire to be delivered from the task. They put their hand to it since they could not afford to be indifferent to the internal management of the highway to India. They were forced to complete it by the dillydallying of France, culminating in the withdrawal of the French fleet from Alexandria prior to the bombardment. A series of events compelled them to remain, till KINGLAKE's prophecy made in *Eothen* is to-day fulfilled: "The Englishman straining for ever to hold his loved India will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful." Lord CROMER, writing as well as he works, has contributed to history one of the most important chapters added during the present generation.

The Chichester Intrigue I've read—
It's writ by THOMAS COBB,
And published at the Bodley Head
(Six bob).

It treats of points that appertain
Hereto:—a maid, though built
Of purest gold, has just a vein
Of guilt.

Chance carries to her suitor's friend
A hint of what's amiss—
Ought he to tell his pal, and end
His bliss?

Should she bring all the facts to view,
And jeopardise the match?
Should the swain, knowing, see it through,
Or scratch?

It's well conceived and deftly done,
And should some deem the plot
Lacking in substance I for one
Do not.



Modern Bluejacket:

"OH, I AM THE COOK AND THE CAPTAIN BOLD,
AND THE 'TIEF' OF THE SPENDNOUGHT TOO;
THE WATCH ON DECK AND THE 'LEATHER-NECK,'
AND A PERISHIN' NUCLEUS CREW!"

* Engine-room artificer. † Marine.

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has written *Many Junes* (METHUEN), and I have had the good fortune to read it. Mr. MARSHALL has not imitated himself, for the novel differs greatly from *Exton Manor* and *The House of Merrilees*. Indeed, it is written in a minor key, for *Hugh*, the hero, is one of those unhappy beings whose

want of character (cleverly portrayed in this instance) leads them from mischance to mischance and denies them any compensating happiness. He engages himself against his judgment to the daughter of a match-maker. By the somewhat holocaustic death, if I may say so, of a whole family of relatives, numbering, I think, seven (one perishes in an Indian frontier war, the rest are drowned *en masse*), he succeeds to wealth and a great estate, but immediately falls in love with a miller's grand-daughter, with whom he carries on a desperate flirtation. His ill-luck, however, again asserts itself, and he has to marry the lady to whom he was engaged, while the lady of the mill marries an old clergyman. Thus he is left with a good deal of quiet unhappiness still in front of him. Mr. MARSHALL's style is always pleasant, as his readers know, and his gift of humour plays agreeably over the pages of *Many Junes*.

I had been meaning to say that GEORGETTE AGNEW's book *The Night That Brings Out Stars* (HEINEMANN) was a pleasant story, written with some charm of style. I was to have remarked that I had rejoiced at the death of Mr. Neill, first husband of *Felicity* ("so called by delighted parents as a challenge to Fate during a temporary lull in a succession of calamities"), because I had not thought that the author was doing him very well; and that I had welcomed the appearance of *Oliver Durdan*, her second, because he really was well drawn. Finally, I should have paid a compliment to that jolly boy *Rinaldo*, a clever study of a child. But just at the end of the story one of the characters condemns lukewarm praise in reviews, and wishes that the Press would have the pluck only to notice really great books. Naturally I want to be thought plucky, so I don't quite see now how I can say any of the above. We shall have to wait till Mrs. AGNEW's next, which, if it has a little stronger plot, we may be able to notice without any lack of courage.

Title for Mr. BELLOC's new novel: "The Man who was Thirsty."

TREMENDOUS TESTIMONIES.

["The Omniscients' Omnium-gatherum" seen through the eyes of its Readers.]

THE proof of the pudding is in the eating, or, as the Roman poet SOPHOCLES used to say, *Experto crede*. The real test of the utility of the *Omniscients' Omnium-gatherum* is that applied by its purchasers, who range from Field-M Marshals to sandwichmen. The opinions which follow, selected at random from billions which have reached us, state in concise yet pathetic terms how helpful our universal *olla podrida* has proved to all ranks, all classes, all creeds, from the king sitting on his crown to the labourer sitting on his cottage.

The chief of a Central African tribe, whose name is unfortunately illegible, has graciously permitted us to make use of the following unique testimonial:—

Literal translation.—"Having devoured your omniscience for the past fortnight I have now renounced cannibalism for ever."

A famous Field-Marshal, whose name we are obliged to suppress in deference to the wishes of the Army Council, allows us to print his opinion of the *Omniscients' Omnium-gatherum*, which he has lately purchased out of his winnings at *Kriegspiel*:—

"I am convinced that the study of these massive and magniloquent volumes cannot but conduce to the inauguration of a pacific millennium. So appalling is the amount of warfare recorded in these pages that if it could only be made compulsory for every private soldier to commit them to memory the fighting instinct would be irreparably atrophied, and the question of international disarmament solved by a universal military strike."

A famous Poet, whose name we are obliged to withhold in deference to his notorious modesty, allows us to print the following appreciation:—

"In the opinion of this writer your work has only one serious drawback. Its attractions are so absorbing that for the last three weeks the fount of his inspiration has been checked, and not a single line has been added to the masterpieces with which he has already enriched the treasure-house of English literature. The loss, however, may be compensated by future gain, as this long abstinence from the Pierian spring can hardly fail to provoke a recurrence of the divine *afflatus* in its most acute form."

A pronounced Vegetarian sends the following remarkable testimony from Pythagoras Mansions, Woking:—



DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

She. "I'M TOLD YOU BELIEVE IN NOTHING."

He. "I NEVER SAID SO. I SAID I BELIEVED ONLY IN WHAT I UNDERSTOOD."

"Your wonderful work is a veritable beanfeast of mental proteids. Since embarking on its perusal I have been able so to reduce my daily diet that before long I hope to be able to subsist on one nut outlet and two gooseberries *per diem*."

A Rural Dean forwards us the subjoined flattering estimate of our universal Brain-feeder:—

"I have only one thing to say against your *magnum opus*, and that is that I find it so fascinating that my work is apt to suffer in consequence. For instance, the other day I was so deeply immersed in your priceless pemmican of fact and fancy that I entirely forgot to prepare my

Sunday sermon. But hurriedly consulting the index under the headings PERICLES, BOSSUET, LUTHER and SWEDENBORG, I was enabled to treat my congregation to such a compendious and illuminating discourse that the parish is still reverberating with the echoes of my eloquence."

A great Pianist sends us the following gratifying letter from the Aeolian Hall:—

"Your *Omnium-gatherum* is colossal. I have not touched the keyboard for five days, but when I do it will be with a reinforced brain power that will stagger humanity and cause THALBERG to turn in his tomb."

IN MEMORIAM.

Spencer Compton Cabendish, Duke of Devonshire.

BORN 1833. DIED MARCH 24, 1908.

If to have held his way with steadfast will,
Unspoiled of Fortune, deaf to praise or blame,
Asking no favour but to follow still
The patriot's single aim:—

If, in contempt of other pride of race,
By honesty that chose the nobler part,
Careless of fame's reward, to win a place
Near to the common heart:—

If these be virtues large, heroic, rare,
Then is it well with him, the dead, to-day,
Who leaves a public record clean and fair,
That Time shall not gainsay. O. S.

WHY NOT?

THE "Grand Guignol" performances by the Parisian company at the Shaftesbury Theatre have so successfully tickled the palates of jaded British playgoers in search of a really cheery entertainment that before long we shall probably see some enterprising London manager providing them with something similar, in a language they understand even better than French. The theatre will perhaps be re-christened "The Grown-up Punch and Judy Playhouse," or "The Snippet Show," and the morning after the opening Mr. Punch anticipates finding in his daily journal some such notice as the following:—

SHRIEKS AND SHUDDERS AT THE SNIPPET-SHOW.

A THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE EVENING.

London has seen "*La Ville Lumière*," and gone one better! With yesterday evening began a brighter, happier era for our long-depressed British Drama. We cordially congratulate the management of "The Snippet Show Theatre" on the triumphant success with which they have assimilated and improved upon the dramatic ideals and methods of our livelier neighbours across the Channel. Every one of the five playlets in their present programme may be relied upon to furnish the spectator's spinal marrow with that peculiar *frisson* of delicious horror which is the infallible test of all Great Art. Last night, indeed, two eminent dramatic critics fainted in their stalls, and another had to be carried out in an epileptic fit, while the tumultuous applause was frequently enhanced by violent hysterics from ladies in all parts of the house.

The first drama, "*The Way He Should Go*," by Miss VIRGINIA JUNKETT and Miss PRISCILLA BUBB, shows us a room in a fifth-story flat, where a momentous discussion is proceeding between a typical Father and Mother (Mr. CHARNELL SCULLY and Miss CASSANDRA STAIR) concerning the education of their infant son. The Father is determined to send him to a Public School "to make a man of him." The Mother, fearing that the boy's individuality would be destroyed and his spirits cowed by bullying, insists on his being brought up at home under private tuition. A wonderful duologue, reminding one, by its strange mysticism and the lurid side-lights it throws on the past and present relations between the pair, of the Norwegian Master himself! The child is

sent for, and the final choice referred to him. The poor little fellow (most pathetically played by little Miss BIRDIE NICKERSON) can only answer that, of the two alternatives, he prefers his Mother's. Whereupon the exasperated Father, in a burst of ungovernable rage, hurls him through the open window. A sickening thud is heard below, followed by confused cries of horror. "The area railings are spiked," shrieks the agonised Mother. "You have ruined our only son." "I have *saved* him," is the Father's grim retort. "No one *now* will ever reproach him for being a milksop!" Then, as the curtain falls, both remember with unavailing remorse that, after all, the boy might have attended a Public School as a day-boarder!

"*The Hydrophobic*," by Mr. ALARIC PAPSEY, was of a somewhat lighter order. A jovial householder, returning late from a fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden, is unrecognised by his faithful hound, which fixes its teeth in his nose. Alarmed by the absence of all sensibility in that organ, which he has read is a sure symptom of approaching hydrophobia, the Master orders the dog to be destroyed, and a doctor sent for. Alone on the stage, his symptoms increase in violence. The extraordinarily humorous effects that Mr. ACTÆON HORNIMAN achieved in this soliloquy—his furious snaps at the furniture, his lips white with *real* foam, his deadly terror of a soda-water syphon, and, finest of all, his dying convulsions—cannot be described here. Suffice it that they are strong enough to draw all London. The doctor, on arriving, removes the dead man's nose, which proves to be merely pasteboard, while the dog is pronounced perfectly sane. "There is a worse disease than Hydrophobia!" he says. "We call it *Imagination*!" which brings the curtain down in a gale of laughter.

The third item on the bill, "*Pinned In*," by Mrs. EUNICE ORRED, is so daringly unconventional and so appallingly gruesome that it requires an iron nerve to sit it out—though that, of course, is not likely to deter the public from thronging the box office. Just before the curtain rises we hear a grinding, deafening crash, with a roar of escaping steam, and heartrending screams for help. Then a portion of a derailed express is discovered, in the wreckage of which a wealthy financier is seen to be imprisoned. He frantically offers half his fortune to the man who will get him out before the flames (for the wreckage has caught fire) reach him. Unfortunately for him, the only person in a position to rescue him is a platelayer, who, having formerly been ruined by the financier's dishonesty, very naturally declines to render any assistance.

The grim humour of this scene was positively electrifying. But we must confess that, before the moment at which the unhappy financier is, by a marvellously contrived illusion, slowly consumed in full sight of the audience, we made a hasty retreat to the nearest refreshment-bar. So we can only record that the curtain had to be raised nine times before the house had grown weary of expressing its enthusiasm.

After this, "*Grandfather's Clock*," by Messrs. JEM JAMIESON and GOTTHEMAR GEHN, seemed comparatively tame. The plot is simple. A collector has just purchased an antique eight-day clock at an auction. It will not go, although it persists in striking thirteen every quarter of an hour, and the local Clock-winder is called in to consult and advise. As he opens the case the corpse of an aged man topples forward in an advanced stage of decay, but the Clock-winder is just able to identify his great-grandfather, who mysteriously disappeared on the Coronation day of the late QUEEN VICTORIA. This little trifle is very slight, but it has the

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 1, 1908.



HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHTS.

JAPAN (to American Eagle). "BUT HOW SWEET OF YOU TO COME ALL THIS WAY ON PURPOSE TO SEE ME!"
EAGLE. "WHY, YES, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE PLEASED!"



SHOW SUNDAY.

Wife of distinguished artist (to departing visitor, who has been tea-ing sumptuously for the last half-hour). "GOOD-BYE. SO NICE OF YOU TO HAVE COME! I HOPE YOU LIKED THE PICTURES?"

Visitor. "PICTURES? THERE! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING I'D FORGOTTEN!"

merit of freshness, and its authors may certainly be encouraged to try again.

The concluding piece, "*The Electrocution Cell*," by Mr. JEREMIAH RIPPIN, was more farcical in character. We are shown the Electrocuting Chamber, with its dread paraphernalia, all prepared for action. The condemned man, never having been electrocuted before, professes his utter inability to understand how the apparatus is worked. So the executioner obligingly illustrates the process by seating himself in the fatal chair. No sooner has he done so than the convict switches on the current and escapes, leaving his victim to expire in acute agony. A smart skit on Capital Punishment which provoked the audience to vociferous merriment.

Next week we are promised Mr. LARRY O'HOOOLIGAN'S scathing exposure of Army Discipline, "*The Last Stand*." We hear that its first scene will depict the pitiable cowardice displayed by a handful of British officers and men, besieged in a stockade by an overwhelming force of savages. The Englishmen offer to betray important strategical secrets if their lives are only spared; but, being unable to express themselves in any foreign language, are massacred to a man. The second scene represents the unveiling of a memorial to their memory, with orators delivering eloquent tributes to the heroes' self-sacrifice at their Country's call.

This mordant satire is certain to delight the growing section of Anti-Militarists.

We should add that a staff of doctors and nurses are kept in readiness at the theatre, and bottles of strong smelling-salts may be obtained on hire from any of the attendants.

F. A.

Mr. Punch gave his readers a few facts about the house-fly last week. Since then, however, an important discovery has been made by a correspondent of *The Daily Graphic*, who writes to that paper as follows:—

"I have found a very effective way to clear a room of the house-fly, and also the blue-bottle, is to use a butterfly-net. When you have caught some put the net on the floor, kill them, turn them out, and commence afresh."

Mr. Punch heartily approves of this plan, which may be adapted with equal ease to an overflow of hippopotamuses, white-mice, or electric-eels—the root idea of "killing, turning out, and commencing afresh," remaining the same.

"Examinations are held in the Senate House (which is comparatively) and in the Guildhall, and (often) in the Corn Exchange (!), a cold, cheerless building."—*The Record*.

This (really) is (!) + the \$*** record!!!?

AN OPEN LETTER TO SPRING.

DEAR LADY,—When I woke this morning to find another damp, dark miserable day I resolved there and then to write to you about it. Is this, I decided to ask you, is this the best you can do? You know, I don't believe you're trying.

It is, of course, more usual to address you in verse at this time of the year; and I should have done so, only I thought you would be tired of verse by now. . . You mustn't think that I *couldn't* do it. I could easily; indeed I began something which went like this:—

"O Muse, who never failed me yet;
Save once—when on some Indian tribe row
A chastely-worded chansonnette
Turned out an epic to an eye-brow—
Tell me, my pretty,
Is this the spring, or not, or what, and where's
NEGRETTE?"

I might have gone on; but the difficulty of finding *any* sort of rhyme to "ZAMBRA" in the second verse steadied me; and, as I say, I knew you would be tired of poetry—even the best. Yet my Muse would have at it again, and we initiated an appeal *ad misericordiam*. Thus:

"I stood in tears amid the flowers,
And waited for you howers and howers."

If I must be truthful, it was really *then* that I saw how much better would be a few stirring words in prose.

My dear, you must do your best for me. Give me a fine April and May, and your sisters shall do what they like with the other months. I am trying to encourage you. Yesterday I took out my bat (the one with which I made that twenty-two last year), and oiled it carefully. She will see I am waiting for her, thought I, and she will come tomorrow. But you didn't, you know.

I don't ask you to think only of me. Think of the flowers and butterflies and birds, and the man who wants to write to the papers to say that he has heard the cuckoo, or caught a tortoiseshell in his library; I doubt if you are being quite fair to them. If I were a gardener I would tell a harrowing tale to bring you to shame. A tragedy of—of dahlias, full of hope and promise, cut off in their prime. Knowing what you do about dahlias you may say that this is absurd; but if I had given you the Latin name you would never have recognised them, and you would have been so sorry. What of the blighted *Frustranea*? Aha, you never thought of him.

You gave us one beautiful day last

week (for which I thank you); and, as I walked through the Park, I heard a ringdove say reproachfully to his wife (as they do on a fine day), "You—*did*—do it—Ruby—you—*did*—do it—Ruby. . . . Yes." I suppose that Ruby had gone out of her way to attract him; had decked herself out a bit; had, perhaps, put herself forward rather—for a bird; and that now he was throwing it in her face. (The cad.) Well, dear Spring, I want you to think of Ruby. She must be feeling now that she need not have been in such a hurry, after all; that she might just as well have waited another month; that all for nothing had she been unmaidenly. Poor dear, you have been cruel to her, have you not?

To leave birds and flowers (for, after all, I know little about them, and I may be misjudging their feelings), and to come back to myself: I have this also against you, Spring—your fickleness. No doubt we all have that against you (as indeed against all your sex); but I fancy that certain of us are affected particularly. The householder steps into his garden after breakfast, takes the morning for a moment, and says: "A warm day, my dear. I will have my light coat." Very good. But have you ever thought of us others, perched on the tops of high buildings, with no means of tasting the day?

I used to think that the bath was a sure test. When at the first plunge a loud cry of "Help!" came unexpectedly to my lips, then I knew that I should want my thickest coat. When I uttered an unstudied "Oh!" something lighter was necessary. But could I rise silent from the waves then I felt that I might venture into the open all unprotected. Lately, however, something seems to have happened to the cistern. They must ice my water; anyhow, I say "Help!" every morning.

So now I have to take my chance. It was not fair to me, Spring, to give us that glorious day after a succession of cold ones, so that I marched round London in two waist-coats and the thickest of ulsters.

Well, my dear, let me beg you once more. Pull yourself together, and give us a beautiful April. Never mind ZAMBRA or the young woman at *The Daily Graphic*. Put on your greenest frock, your sweetest smile; be your own sunny self. I know that the poems addressed to you must make you long to weep; but see—I have spared you mine. Come then, buck up. Be sure that your smallest effort will be appreciated by your admirers. . . .

P.S.—You will get this on April the First. As I look up I see that it has turned into a beautiful day; and I suppose that you will go on like this now so as to make an April fool of me. How like you! You know, I wondered if you would be able to resist the temptation. In fact that is partly why I wrote. So perhaps it is *I* who am making an April fool of you!
A. A. M.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A LEAP-YEAR DANCE.

DEAREST DAPHNE, — My *mi-carême* Leap-Year Fancy Dress Dance was a simply howling success, and has had an *enormously* gratifying result in the shape of HILDEGARDE's engagement to Lord WIDELANDS, of which more anon.

I appeared as "My great-grandmother," after one of our ROMNEY family portraits down at Old Hall. JOSIAH said, "Where do I come in? I can't figure as 'My great-grandfather,' for I don't go back as far as that." "Oh, that's all right," I told him. "Gives you all the wider range. Think what an *immense* choice of characters you can pick from, and *still* figure as 'Your great-grandfather'!" Finally, he decided on Dr. JOHNSON (one of the few celebrities he knows of); but, as he had no Bozzy to draw him out and make him say, "No, sir," and "Hold your tongue, sir," and all those sorts of things that have made the old Doctor famous (and a very easy way of getting famous, I think!) he fell rather flat.

BOSH and WEE-WEE came as a pair of Historical Puzzles. BOSH was that mysterious Man in the Iron Mask who wrote the *Letters of Junius*, you know, and said "Remember!" to somebody; and WEE-WEE was PERKIN WARBECK, who said he was one of the Princes who had been smothered in the Tower, when everyone else said he wasn't. She was got up rather like a Principal Boy, and I will own here that, when I first saw her, I felt a bit cheap, and out of conceit with "My great-grandmother." BABS was the Spirit of the Age. She was all hung with symbolical things. I daresay it was very clever, but nobody took the trouble to stop and learn her.

NORRY rather offended some people by coming as Influenza. He was muffled up in grey draperies with a horrid little black figure on them that he said was the microbe of it, and he had on a sort of crown made of small quinine bottles. He said he didn't suppose anyone would have

the courage to ask him to dance, but plenty did.

LORD WIDELANDS, who, as of course you know, has suffered for some time from eligibility in an *acute* form, and has earned quite a name among the *demoiselles à marier* as a *passive resister*, looked very well as a Court Jester in motley, with cap and bells. It certainly is a dress, I allow, that wants a *particularly* neat figure and straight legs, and LORD WIDELANDS has *not*, perhaps, exactly a neat figure, and is just a *weeny* bit bandy; but still he looked very nice, and was quite a success. He kept up the character with a lot of funniments. NORRY said they were old chestnuts that he'd learned up on purpose. What if he had? We can't *all* be spontaneous. HILDEGARDE was simply a *dream* (everyone remarked on her likeness to me) as Aurora, in clouds of rosy *tulle-de-soie*, with the morning-star on her forehead.

DOLLY DE LACY made quite a small sensation as "Turkish Delight—the Belle of the Harem." He certainly did both look and act the part *à merveille*. Nobody would have guessed that he wasn't a girl, and an Eastern girl at that! He was brought by POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE (she was the cause of her grand-daughter's engagement to DOLLY being broken off, you remember; the girl got so jealous of her granny). POPSY came as *Little Boy Blue*. JOSIAH was furious when he caught sight of her, and said she oughtn't to have been let in, looking like that. I believe he would have liked to turn both her and poor DOLLY out of the house! He doesn't get a *bit* more up to date in his ideas.

And now, my dear, for little HILDEGARDE, and the way she brought off her *coup*!

She and LORD WIDELANDS, who've been rather pals for some time, were sitting out when the rush for supper began.

"Won't you take me in?" said the Court Jester. "I don't mind," answered Aurora, rising. "Well, you ought to offer me your arm," said the Court Jester. "That's correct Leap-Year form, isn't it?" "There it is, then," said Aurora, holding out her arm; "but I can't offer it without its *hand*, can I?"

Wasn't it smart of the child? She's not been under *my* wing for nothing! The engagement will be announced almost at once.

NORTY said rather a nasty thing when I whispered the news to him that night before he left.

"The Court Jester will have to alter the spelling of his front word."

He *must* have his joke at any cost.



"THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR THE PICTURE! ANY ADVANCE? GOING AT THIRTY BOB! OH, I SAY, GENTLEMEN, IT'S WORTH EVER SO MUCH MORE. THERE'S A COPY OF IT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY."

I don't know whether I'm going to be very angry with him about it or not.

Old DUNSTABLE is just mad, I hear, and looks as black at me as she dares. Never mind. My favourite, little Sis, has romped home a winner, while the old Duchess's girls and a crowd of other "probables" find themselves among the "also rans." Peace be with her, poor old dear! I can afford to ignore her and be magnanimous, for it's the *second* time her matrimonial apple-cart has been upset by our family!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

BOAT-RACE PRACTICE.

Unfortunate Incident.

"Cambridge had a row with a Thames Rowing Club scratch eight on the morning's ebb tide." *The Times.*

"Our Berlin Correspondent telegraphs that by order of the Emperor William the trousers of seamen of the German navy are in future to be made about two centimètres wider."

The Times.

The rumour that LORD TWEEDMOUTH has written a letter to the EMPEROR pointing out that the trousers of German seamen are already five times as wide as those of English bluejackets is causing great distress to the Military Correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

"Anything that anyone can possibly require can be obtained as cheaply at the *Observer* Printing Works, and (as our samples will prove) as well *printed* (*sic*) as they could be anywhere."—*The I—Observer.*

The "*sic*" is ours, and we have put it there to call attention to the folly of offering proofs when it is so much safer to make statements.

PADDY.

(With acknowledgments in several quarters.)

Now let me sing of the prowess of PADDY the speedy left-winger,
 PADDY the pet of the crowd, PADDY the pride of his pals.
 No one more skilful than he ever scudded along any touch-line,
 Swift as a giddy gazelle, swift as a bolt from the blue;
 Swift as the ready retort of a cabby that's baulked by a 'bus-man;
 Swift as the flash of my brain weaving you verses like these:
 Ever since he was "induced" to enrol with the Rottenham Roosters
 (Who, to secure such a plum, paid a phenomenal fee)—
 Ever since PADDY, I say, first joined the redoubtable Roosters,
 Donned the uproarious shirt striped with the red-white-and-blue,
 Made his *début* with *éclat* (and *aplomb*) v. the Chippendale Chestnuts—
 Right from that day until this, PADDY's been Rottenham's pet.
 Note the reception he gets as he enters the crowded arena—
 Plaudits and, now and again, little tit-bits of advice:
 "Nah thin, PADDY me boy, give 'em socks"—but why ever not stockings?—
 "Give 'em wot lor, do yer 'ear? Tell 'em they'd better go 'ome!"
 "Nah thin, PADDY me boy, you're a-goin' to be beaten—I *don't* think!"
 (Neat little touch like the last clearly betokens the wag).
 My! how they hang on each twist and each turn of his lithe little body,
 Take in the points of his shirt—whether he rolls up the sleeves,
 How many buttons there are, and whether he fastens the top one:
 All, to the man in the crowd, matters of life and of death.
 There goes a roar of delight as Paddy bowls somebody over,
 Rolling him right in the mud, spoiling the bloom of his shorts.
 There goes another that's louder, for PADDY is sprinting his fastest,
 Swift as—you'll find it above—straight for the opposite goal.
 Now the crowd rises *en masse*—more French, you will notice—on tip-toe,
 Watches that slim little chap going for all he is worth;
 Watches with eyes that are glued and with breath that (believe me) is bated,
 Thrilled through and through to the bone: *points in the League are at stake!*
 See, he has diddled the half—but, oh, will be diddle the full-back?
 Look! he is past in a flash . . . Gad, he has got 'em a goal!
 * * * * *
 So every Saturday aft. he becomes more and more of a hero,
 PADDY the pet of the crowd, PADDY the pride of his pals.

"Cricketers will be glad to hear that — narrowly escaped being killed last week."—*The People*.

Probably he was a very slow scorer.

ALL ABOUT THE CREWS.

THE waterman was standing on the edge of the tow-path near the Putney boathouses, and had just finished shouting something stentorian and (to me) quite unintelligible at the commander of a string of barges that were going up on the last of the flood. The commander, however, had evidently understood him and had answered in similar language with various pantomimic gestures thrown in. The waterman laughed heartily. "I told yer 'e done it—ah, and last Thursday, too! 'E never went back on 'is word. Beg yer pardon, sir; I took you for old JON. My eyesight ain't what it was. Oxford and Cambridge crews? No, you've missed 'em. They went 'ome 'alf-an-hour back, but they'll be out again in about three hours' time on the ebb. Can't wait for it? Well, it's a pity. They're a likely lot, both on 'em; 'andles their oars well and sets up to their work." He accepted a cigar, lit it, and puffed. "Which on 'em's goin' to win? Ah, I've got my own fancy, you know. Can't 'elp 'avin' it when I seen 'em every day. They can't both win. That's what I allus say: one on 'em's got to go faster than tother; and when it comes to that there you are; but they're all tryin' 'ard. There was a bit of work Cambridge done yesterday—no, it was the day before yesterday. I remember the day 'cos it was the same day last year I 'ooked the ole gal out o' the water. It was nine o'clock of a Toosday night, and I was settin' by the path near the pier down there, when I see 'er come along. 'Well, if 'e won't come 'ome,' she sez, 'ere goes,' she sez. 'I told 'im I'd do it.' I 'eard 'er quite plain, same as I sees you, and with that she give a shriek and climbs up the railing and over she goes. She'd mistook the tide, for the ebb was three parts run out, and there warn't more 'n a foot or two of water where she jumped. She stood there 'ollerin' blue ruin, and I got 'old of a skiff by the 'ard there and after 'er I went. 'Don't save me, sailor,' she sez when she see me comin', 'I've sworn to die.' 'So you shall, ma'am,' I sez, 'some other day. You'll die all right, never fear; but you've got to come aboard 'ere now,' and with that I ketched 'old of 'er. It took me ten minutes to 'eave 'er in, she was stuck so tight in the mud. She kep' cryin' out that she wanted to die first; but she never let go o' me, and I got 'er ashore at last. It was only a 'alf-crown job. 'Er ole man wasn't too pleased when I took 'er back to 'im, but 'e paid up."

"Then you think it'll be a good race?" I ventured to put in, just to bring him back to his subject.

"Race? Ah, you'll see a race all right, never fear. There'll be some 'ammer an' tongs work between this and 'Ammersmith; but there's only one in it, same as my little dawg when they set 'im up agin a rat last Saturday at the 'Compasses.' It was one shake and no more wanted. 'E's got some terrier in 'im and a bit o' bull corsed with a spanel; a very game dawg 'e is, but 'is teeth is gettin' a bit loose. It was all along o' the distemper. D'ye know 'ow I cured 'im? Larded 'is nose with a lump o' tar. Stockolloma tar, mind you, not ornery tar. Ornery tar's no good for distemper, but this Stockolloma kind's prime stuff."

He relit his cigar and I brought him round to the subject of coxswains.

"Ah, you may well say coxens. They're little chaps, but they've got to 'ave a big 'eart to steer this course. There's a cruel eddy when you come out through 'Ammersmith Bridge, and Barnes ain't much better; more by token it was at 'Ammersmith I got upset when I went after a dead un. Bobbin' along 'e was, but I



LONG- FELT WANTS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

A MECHANICAL FOX, TO DRAW OFF THE FOOT-PEOPLE.

lorst 'im. 'It's five bob lorst,' sez my missus when I come 'ome to dry myself, and that's all the pity I got. Two year ago that was; and JOE NAGGETT found 'im 'alf-way to Barnes. Some folk gets all the luck. But I never was one to complain. I didn't grudge 'im to JOE. JOE's all right, and 'e's got three more kids nor me. 'Ow many 'ave I got? Why seven: four boys and three gals. They all come to see me when I was in 'orspital last year with the ploral-noomoner, and the nurse she sez, 'Here's a picter show,' she sez, 'comin' along the ward,' she sez. I didn't want any tellin'. I seen 'em all right. There was a pore chap next me coughed mortal bad, and I wasn't too bright, mind yer, but we'd got a bit of a laugh for the kids. Well, good-day, sir, thankee, sir. Pity you can't stay to see the crews to-day, but I've told you all I knows myself, and you might stop 'ere for a month o' Sundays and you wouldn't get to know no more."

GENIUS AND MELODY.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S recent declaration of his preference for the classical composers has prompted our enterprising contemporary *Polyhymnia* to circularise a number of distinguished British authors with a view to ascertain their musical likes and dislikes. Out of a vast number of answers we select the following:—

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, writing on behalf of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, stated that his friend the famous fictionist was much addicted to the compositions of the musician known as CLEMENS NON PAPA. Some excellent photographs of Mr. MEREDITH listening to Mr. SHORTER playing on the pianola have just been published in Dork-

ing, and are bringing visitors in their hundreds to the quaint old Surrey township.

Mr. H— C— playfully confessed to a natural preference for the music of his ancestor TUBAL. For the rest it was enough to say that he had been elected by a large majority to the House of Keys on a broadly progressive programme. Mr. C— added that he thought there was a great deal of insincerity in the cult of WAGNER. At any rate the queue at Covent Garden when the *Ring* was being performed was not a quarter as long as that which attended the production of *The Prodigal Son*.

Miss M— C—, who, it is well known, is proficient on the piano and the mandolin (*Who's Who*, p. 398), and began to compose an opera entitled *Ginevra da Siena* when barely fourteen (*ibid.*), professed her inability to appreciate a good deal of modern music. Still, the name of perhaps her most famous heroine was MAVIS.

The Poet Laureate in a long autograph letter observed: "This writer has always been remarkable for the divided allegiance which he has paid to horticulture and the Muses, and, as the greater includes the less, so must distinction in the service of Apollo *ex hypothesi* involve a complete mastery of all the apparatus possessed by Euterpe and Polyhymnia. It was BROWNING'S entire lack of melody that prevented his making good his claim to be considered a major poet, and thereby earning the privilege of writing to the newspapers in the third person. Moreover, BROWNING'S repute was fatally damaged by the discovery that not only the *Ring* but the book had been written by WAGNER. In conclusion this writer ventures to recall the following couplet:—

Aim at a style banjovial, not Brahmsy,
If you one day would quaff the Laureate's Malmsey."



THE HONEYMOON.

He. "WHEN DID YOU DISCOVER FIRST THAT YOU LOVED ME, SWEETHEART?"

She. "WHEN I FOUND MYSELF GETTING ANGRY EVERY TIME PEOPLE CALLED YOU AN IDIOT."

A PESSIMIST'S LONG VIEWS. THE OPENING OF THE PORTLAND HALL OF VARIETIES.

(From a Newspaper of 1918.)

LAST night saw the formal opening of the magnificent new music-hall, to which the name The Portland has been given. This building, it will be remembered, began its career as the Shakspeare Memorial Theatre of National Dramatic Art, just as some years earlier the Palace music-hall had begun as the English Opera House. It is perhaps well that the early chapters in the lives of such establishments should be chequered, since it thus becomes the more easy for them to be made brilliantly successful when they fall into the right hands. The end, at any rate, justifies the means. A more comfortable hall than the new Portland could not be imagined. The decorative scheme in white and crimson and gold is exceedingly gay and attractive, the seats are

luxurious, and each one is provided with a ledge for glasses and an ash-tray, while the view of the stage from every point is perfect.

The original statues around the walls were fated to be a little out of place, but a few deft strokes on the part of a staff of sculptors put that all right. It is astonishing, indeed, what a clever craftsman can do with a mallet and chisel. For example, the bust of Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who was one of the prime movers in the original disastrous scheme, needed but a very little treatment to be transformed into that of HARRY LAUDER, one of the pillars and glories of the variety stage—in fact, one might almost say its BEN JONSON, if, as is surely only just, we consider DAN LENO as its SHAKSPEARE. Among other transformed busts are those of Mr. GOLLANCZ, now GEORGE ROBEY, and Mr. SPIELMANN, now LITTLE TICH.

The opening programme was of record brilliance. The lion of the evening was unquestionably LARRY

O'CONNOR, the Irish comedian, who sang "What is Whisky?" with all his incomparable humour, following it with "The Green Petticoat" and "Kathleen of Killarney with the wicked black Eye." Among the stars who supported him were TRICKSY TRIXIE, the new comedienne; SOL LAZARUS, the Jewish patter humourist; HUZ and BUZ, back-answer specialists; and the famous Australian dancer and *poscuse* GERTRUDE WATERS, the rage of Paris and Vienna, in a series of Biblical horn-pipes with waxwork effects. Drama itself was not wholly absent, since for twenty minutes Mr. MARRON GLASSIE and Company kept the house in a roar with the comic absurdities of a new sketch entitled "Mother-in-Law's Kippers." The audience was enthusiastic and called for the manager again and again, and it was long after midnight before the curtain was allowed finally to fall. London is heartily to be congratulated on its latest place of entertainment.



COURAGE DEFERRED.

MR. ASQUITH. "THAT'S RIGHT, MY BEAUTY, HAVE A LOOK AT IT. BUT WE'RE NOT TAKING IT JUST NOW. WE'RE GOING ROUND BY THE GATE TO-DAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—Nothing can exceed completeness and weight of gravity with which the House when it pleases can lend itself to what Mr. CARLYLE delighted to stigmatise as a simulacrum. Haven't for long time heard anything of Chinese Labour question. As was set forth to-night, when present Government came into power they found 50,000 Chinamen in Transvaal mines. These have been reduced to 34,000, of whom 25,000 will this year go back to home and beauty, the remaining 9,000 disappearing by January, 1910. Labour Members and Radicals, clamorous in denunciation of Chinese Labour, have accepted this process whilst lamenting the necessity of observing contracts which accounts for its slowness. Suddenly, unexpectedly, on motion for second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill, ALFRED LYTTLETON appeared at the Table with solemn announcement that he has "a very grave matter to bring before the House."

Turns out to be our old friend. It happens that Peckham polls tomorrow. Last time it so disported itself, Chinese Labour question much to front. Many votes filched from Unionist candidate by representation of the Heathen Chinese enslaved in order that the pockets of a class picturesquely described as helots of Park Lane might be filled. An attractive flash of poetic justice if tables can be turned and votes recaptured at Peckham by denouncing Government as false to their pledges, as having climbed into office on back of AN SING, leaving him to his fate when they arrive.

On face of it, in view of figures cited, this a little difficult. But at election times, whether dated 1906 or 1908, elector too busy to bother about facts. What he likes is bold statement tersely put. Accordingly to-night ALFRED LYTTLETON, more in sorrow than in anger, not only denounced Government for breaking their pledges, but was understood to have accused ASQUITH of deliberately intending to do so at the moment when he assented to re-enactment of Ordinance.

A serious matter this. Had such charges been bandied across the dinner-table fisticuffs would have followed. Conveyed in written form, there would have been action for libel. But Lor' bless you, we know each other in the House of Commons. It is the Unionists' little game to-



"WHY THIS SIMIAN LAUGHTER?"

(Quotation from remarks by Mr. Swift MacNeill)

This is how, for some reason or another, Mr. Swift MacNeill (and no one else) saw the Unionist Party on the night of the Peckham Election.

(With a certain melancholy precedent in mind, Our Artist, having the instinct of self-preservation somewhat strongly developed, has discreetly abstained from showing the hon. member himself.)

day. Two years ago the Liberals were ready to start one on same lines. ASQUITH, being, after all, only human, a little restive under personal charge. House, little more than half full, listened as languidly as if ALFRED were stating an abstract case. Had charges been embodied in Resolution on which a division might be challenged, things would have been different. PRINCE ARTHUR knows better than that. Not the man gratuitously to provide opportunity for Government ranks to close up and Ministers to receive vote of confidence in their policy on Chinese Labour question. Peckham didn't want Resolutions. What it hankered after were allegations, and here they were plain and plump. Fraud, Hypocrisy, Betrayal were writ large in indictment of Government.

This done, subject dropped. Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time without further ado. Army Annual Bill passed same stage with-

out remark; House adjourned at twenty minutes past eight.

Business done.—The Heathen Chinese once more; this time under new auspices.

Tuesday.—House of Parliament suddenly turned into House of mourning. News flashed across land and sea comes announcing death of Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Passed away this morning at Cannes, remote from the turmoil of London life. No time to prepare requiem oration. What had to be said and done must be accomplished straightway. Better thus. More fully in accord with the simplicity of the nature of the statesman lamented. In the Commons, Questions over, ASQUITH in a score of sentences voiced the feeling of the silent audience that bared its head in reverent memory. As PRINCE ARTHUR said, "tribute to a great man departed could not have been proffered in terms more exquisitely or more fittingly chosen." As usual on these



STOUT AND BITTER.

Bung. "So much for Mr. Asquith an' 'is little games! 'E arst for the 'bar of public opinion,' an' I've give 'im the opinion of the 'Public Bar' any'ow, an' that 'll last 'im for a bit!"

occasions—alack how they multiply! —PRINCE ARTHUR himself rose to full height. In the Lords a pall appropriately fell over the half-empty Chamber. The shy March sun withdrew behind the afternoon cloud. Lack of opportunity to prepare funeral orations more marked here than in the Commons. It was Lord ROSEBERY who, in unexpected speech, uplifted the level of oratory. No detriment to effect of his speech that, emotion overcoming him as he thought of the lost colleague and friend, there was occasionally difficulty in catching the closing words of his sentences.

The dead Duke had many honest prejudices. One, most strongly marked, was against speech-making, whether he or other were the transgressor. As ROSEBERY said, "no man spoke with so much previous anguish or so much misery at the time of utterance"—a picturesque sentence that recalled the familiar figure, whether at the Table of the House of Commons or the House of Lords.

Observing him at close range through the varying circumstances of thirty-four years of public life, I perceived close resemblance to the third Earl SPENCER, better known as Lord ALTHORP, who to his personal distress filled a large space in State affairs during the first half of the nineteenth

century. Both were men whose innate shyness gave something of clumsiness to their manner. Both loved field sports and desired nothing more than to be left to enjoy them. Both were reluctantly dragged into public life by a sense of duty. Equally devoid of personal ambition, both, to their pained surprise, found themselves exalted to the position of Leader of their Party in the House of Commons. Both won the esteem and confidence of political friends and foes by the simplicity of their manner, the integrity of their mind.

One night whilst ALTHORP led the House he had occasion to make a statement on a matter of fact which he had intended to support by citation of a document. When he reached the appointed place he discovered he had forgotten to bring the paper with him. This would have embarrassed some men. ALTHORP, with the imperturbability we have seen revived in HARTINGTON, explained the accident, and assured the House that if he had only been in a position to cite the particulars they would have found them convincing. His word was instantly and fully accepted. If ALTHORP said so, so it was.

The story is part of the life of Lord ALTHORP. To those who knew him in either House it will be recognised in every detail (not excepting the

omission to put an important document in his pocket) as characteristic of the statesman whose earlier name, Lord HARTINGTON, most readily comes to tongue or pen.

Business done.—Lords adjourn in token of respect to memory of Duke of DEVONSHIRE. The Commons busy themselves with Bill that, had he lived to deal with it, would have had his warm support—the Children's Charter.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Not heard much of late of Young WEMYSS. Silence accounted for. Been hatching a joke. Out to-day in Bill printed and circulated (at public expense), entitled an Act to Transfer all Private Property to a Commission. Lengthy preamble. Only one clause. This sets forth that property of all kinds, private and State, shall at the end of fourteen years be transferred to a permanent Commission, who shall manage and distribute it in the interests of Government and for the public good.

Young WEMYSS not the man to evade consequence of his own creation. Does not forget one of old time of whom it was written "He had his jest and they had his estate." Means to afford practical illustration of working of his proposed scheme. To that end, so SARK tells me, he is prepared, in anticipation of the date mentioned in Bill, to hand over his private property to be dealt with in accordance with its provisions. No. 23, St. James's Place, will shortly be in the market. Gosford House and Amisfield House, both situated in Haddingtonshire, will have new tenants. Closed will be the hospitable doors of Elcho Castle, Perth. Neidpath Castle, Peebles-shire, will go the way of Hayes Lodge, whilst Stanway Hall will, figuratively of course, absolutely as far as its present proprietor is concerned, sink in Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

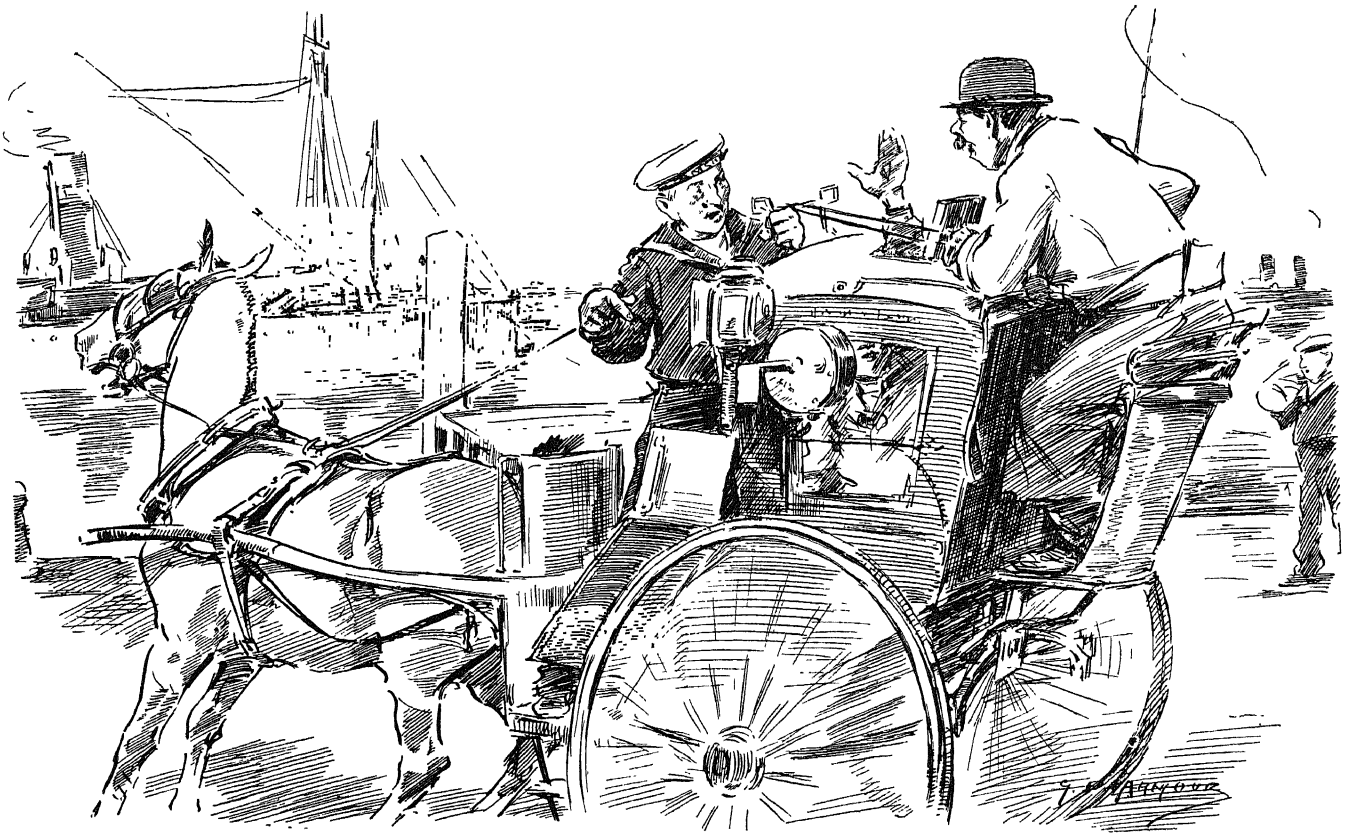
Not often that a Member of either House bringing in a Bill is in position so strikingly to illustrate its working.

Business done.—Cost of Irish Administration discussed.

An indignant correspondent, writing to *The Mansfield Reporter* about the Licensing Bill, says of the present Government:—

"The sword of Demosthenes already hangs over its head, and 'tis to be hoped will soon fall."

DEMOSTHENES, however, only put pebbles, not swords, in his mouth to improve his elocution; the sword swallower of the circus is a later development.



TROUBLES OF THE TAXIMETER.

Jack (stopping taximeter hansom). "OLD 'ARD, MATE! WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO SAIL WITH OUR FLAG 'ARF-MAST. THERE AIN'T ANY OF US DEAD ABOARD 'ERE, NOT BY A LONG CHALK!"

"WHAT IS WHISKY?"

[A Commission has recently been sitting in the hope of elucidating this problem]

Day by day in London's city
Meets a Court of London's best,
Wasting time and (more 's the pity)
Money on a futile quest;
Day by day each weighty sitter
Vainly asks, What Whisky is:—
*Only those whose Drink is Bitter
Comprehend these mysteries.*

Here in old and tempered England—
Still and sparkling, red and white—
All the costliest juices mingl' and
Tempt the connoisseur's delight;
All that brings the soul composure—
All that makes the heart rejoice—
Merely paying (through the nose)
your

Money, you can take your choice.

So to these, with all or any
Lotions ready to their will,
Whisky is but one of many,
Mere result of pot or still;
He that pines for information,
Let him pack his traps and roam,
And he'll get a revelation
That he'll never get at home.

Let him pass to Cancer's tropic,
"Where the best is like the
worst,"
And the one unfailing topic
Is a one unfailing thirst,
There to feel (as often since I'd
Gratefully have felt) the smart
Freez-y comfort down the inside
Which those orient "pegs"
impart:

Out in Quetta let him shiver,
When the mercury has passed
Zero, and the finest liver
Curdles at the cutting blast;
Where, lest aught the frame should
injure,
He may learn what 'tis to quaff
Brave Macdonalds, made of Ginger-
Wine and Whisky, half-and-half!

Thus beyond all other juices
Whisky serves in each extreme,
But when iron need reduces
Baggage almost to a dream;
When we roam through lands un-
trodden
By the aspiring feet of men,
When we're hungry, bored, or
sodden—
Then, by all the gods, oh then—

Caledonia! Caledonia!

Though a climate such as thine
Rather tends to give pneumonia
Than to nurse the tendrill vine,
When the world grows melancholic,
When, instinctively, the mind
Yearns to something alcoholic,
And the grape is left behind—

Though the spoils of sunnier countries
Have their merits not a few,
Nectar to the stricken hunt'r is
Thine unrivalled Mountain Dew!
For, whatever else be lacking
To his comforts, he can fit,
If he's any good at packing,
Whisky, somehow, in his kit.

Thus he sits, and as he measures
Out his dram he learns indeed
That above all costlier treasures
Is the Drink that serves his need;
Ay, and let the grave Commission
Find a better if they can,
Grasps this vital Definition:—
Whisky is the Friend of Man.

University Intelligence.

"The Emperor intimated that Mr. Hill was a
personal non granta."

The Isle of Man Daily Times.

CHARIVARIA.

MID-DEVON, Hereford, Worcester, Hastings, and Peckham have now spoken, and it looks as if the People were proving fractious. Instead of tackling the House of Lords the stupid voters appear to be determined to reform the House of Commons.

Peckham, we hear, still bears signs of the recent contest, many of the victorious side continuing to wear the party's colours on their noses.

The Liberals of Hastings are making a consolation gift to Mr. ROBERT VERNON HARCOURT, their unsuccessful candidate. Thrifty, thoughtful Liberals hope that this will not be taken as a precedent, as it might involve their party in great expense in the near future.

The Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland has appealed to his men to smoke fewer cigarettes. Should his wishes be ignored it is not impossible, we hear, that the scope of the Children's Bill will be extended to include Infantry of all sorts.

It has been decided that there shall be no speeches at the forthcoming Royal Academy Banquet. It seems strange that in the case of such an old-established function it should become necessary to offer additional attractions to guests. For ourselves, we must confess we shall miss (in imagination) the spectacle of tired Cabinet Ministers making long speeches to prove that they know nothing, and care less, about Art.

Richmond estate agents have come to an agreement, *The Globe* informs us, to erect only one "To let" board on houses where formerly there had been as many as eight or nine such notices. This will render it difficult in future to describe a small garden as "richly wooded grounds."

Die Kreuzzeitung is annoyed with us for having passed our new Patent Law. It seems that this measure is creating the deplorable impression in Germany that we love ourselves more than we love the Germans.

"The motor-omnibus is the poor man's motor-car," says Alderman HOWLETT of Lambeth, "and can never be driven from the streets." We think that this statement is unfair. We have seen several of these vehicles successfully mount the pavement, and at least one has been known to enter a shop.

"Mr. H. M'LAREN, M.P., and Mr. ALBERT STANLEY, M.P.," we read, "were proceeding from Stone to

which is signed "Eve." This choice of *nom-de-guerre* strikes us as being rather unhappy. What can Eve know about Dress?

"A picture hat provides a delightfully soothing sensation of restfulness and innocence," says *The Gentlewoman*. "It would be difficult for a woman to commit a crime in a picture hat." And yet how easy for the man who is sitting behind it at a matinée!

To pat a man's back with one hand and to deal him a blow with the other is a curiously un-English proceeding, and Mr. J. WILLIAMS, of Oxford Road, Ealing, has our sympathy. We refer to the following paragraph which appeared at the foot of an article describing a Flower Show in *The Daily Telegraph* last week:

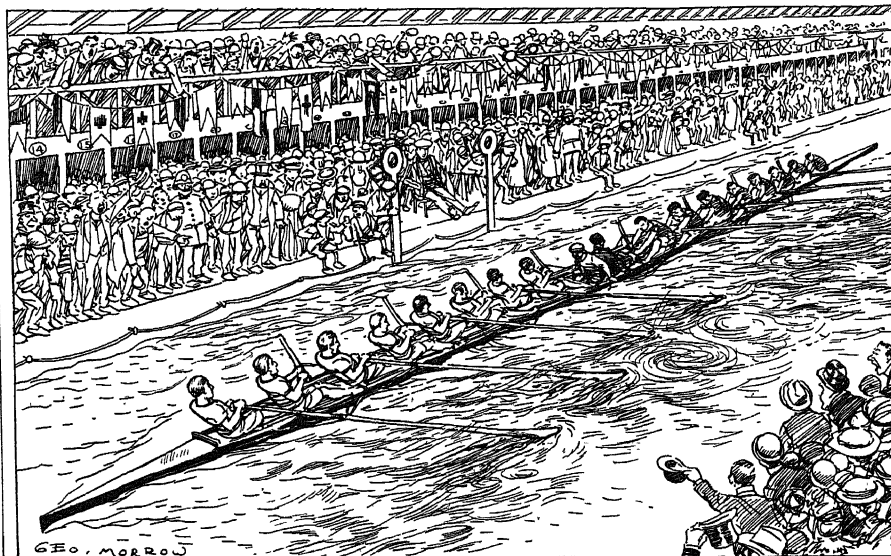
A dainty form of silvered table decoration was sent by J. Williams, Oxford-road, Ealing, and the value of Vall's Bettelcote, a well-known antidote for deposing these pests, so often found in greenhouses, was clearly demonstrated.

Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, speaking at the United Service Institution, appealed for a National War Chest. Given a sensible scheme of compulsory physical drill we do not see why Sir ROBERT's ambition should not be achieved.

Mr. BENJAMIN KIDD, we learn from an advertisement, is delighted with the first number of *The Children's Encyclopædia*. This is highly satisfactory, seeing that the very object of the book is to please the family of which he is an ornament.

"The birth of a camel, and its subsequent christening by Mr. Tree and his daughter, is a comparatively rare event in this country, but it is an every-day experience in countries like Egypt."—*The Sphere*.

In future, however, Mr. TREE wishes it to be known that he will be unable to go south of Khartoum for this purpose on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Camels born on a Friday night should be held over until the following Monday.



WHY NOT HAVE THE BOAT-RACE IN A SWIMMING-BATH, AND LET THE CREWS PULL AGAINST EACH OTHER IN ONE BOAT? IT WOULD BE SIMPLE, AND WOULD SAVE THE PUBLIC A LOT OF TROUBLE.

Stafford when their motor was wrecked at Aston. Both members complained of being hurt and shaken." But surely, if they have accidents, this is the least they must expect.

There are, we all know, cats and Thomas cats. An old lady now writes to ask us whether there are also two sexes among motor-cars, forwarding us a newspaper cutting which mentions that a "Thomas car" is taking part in the New York to Paris race.

The death is announced of a Zoo hippopotamus. No one who saw her will be surprised to hear that she died a spinster.

A contemporary has just inaugurated a special column for ladies,

MY FUR COAT.

(By "Mr. Punch's" Charivariety Artiste.)

A RICH uncle left it me; and I remember we thought it a very mean legacy, and we only went into half-mourning. As for the coat, "I shan't take it," I said. "I hate all wearers of fur coats. I shall renounce the legacy." "You will do nothing of the sort," said my wife. "I don't want to look like a beastly millionaire," I said. "And why not?" asked my wife. "Well, we'll see," I said weakly.

The thing was a long while coming. I imagine that for a time the two executors wore it on alternate days as one of the perquisites of office. Anyhow, they had not taken great care of it. "I think," said I, on viewing the coat, "that my uncle would have done better to present this to the Natural History Museum for research purposes," and I angrily removed a couple of moths with the words, "My coat, please." "Nonsense," said my wife; "it's been neglected a bit, that's all. We'll have it done up, and made to fit you"—my uncle was a very stout man—"and in the cold weather you'll be very pleased to have it. After all, why shouldn't you look like a gentleman?" "Very well," I said; "only I haven't the remotest idea what to feed it on, or anything of that sort, and you had better try and find out what is the best handbook on the subject."

It came back from the exterminators as good as new, and I entered into a compromise with my wife, under the terms of which she was not to insist on my wearing the coat in Town, but I agreed to take it with me on a lecturing tour on which I was just embarking. As a matter of fact I found it extremely useful on my tour. It certainly added to my *prestige*. It undoubtedly made me look almost worth my money. At the same time it was not all lavender. The coat, I should mention, was an extremely valuable one, and, at moments when I was striving to amuse my audience, a pained expression would suddenly cross my face. I would be wondering whether some vile fellow was not, perhaps, making off with my coat from the little room at the back. It was the old tale, so to say, of the clown making merry behind the footlights while his favourite child was dying at home.

However, no one guessed the value of the coat, and it survived my tour.

That was last year.

This year opened with weather of



Guest from Town (who is being shown over poultry farm) "ER—AWFULLY INTERESTIN' AN' ALL THAT. BUT WHAT DO THE POOR BEGGARS DO WITH THEMSELVES ALL DAY?"

exceptional severity. "You'll be a fool if you don't wear your fur coat," said my wife. The implied compliment that I was not always a fool pleased me, coming from such a quarter—and, besides, it was very cold, and I had got over my initial repugnance to the thing. So I took to wearing my fur coat in Town, and I have come to like it. My friends declare that it is exercising a subtle influence on my character, and that I who used to be so modest am becoming arrogant.

Naturally at first I had to run the gauntlet of a number of ill-natured remarks and feeble jests from my acquaintance. The sleeves of the overcoat had a way of working themselves up so that the sleeves of the

under-coat protruded. I pointed this out to a man who I thought could, perhaps, suggest a remedy. He put his ear to my shoulder and listened. Then he turned a grave face to me, and said, "Ah, I thought so!" "What is it?" I cried anxiously. "Why, it's the moths," he said; "I distinctly heard the little beggars crying, 'Now then, all together, pull!'"

Another so-called friend sent his little boy round to me one day with his butterfly net and an insulting request. Yet another acquaintance asked me, "What is the name of your coat—Fido or Dinah?" and another, "I suppose it can catch mice as well as moth?"

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"TOBY, M.P.," was never a dog that cared much for dry bones; and his *Memories of Eight Parliaments* (HEINEMANN) does not pretend to be a work of academic erudition. For chronology, as such, he wouldn't give you a collar-button, and his cheerful contempt for pedantry is reflected in a fluency of style which betrays no sign of superfluous lucubration. Yet his head is a veritable treasure-house of Parliamentary knowledge; for up aloft there, from his vantage-place of looker-on who sees most of the game, he has allowed little that was worth noting to elude his watchful eye. But Mr. LUCY ("for it is he") has also enjoyed, as few other journalists, a personal acquaintance with the best politicians of every shade; and it must be accounted to him for virtue that he has so little to say about himself. He even underestimates, in his title, the length of his experience, which has extended over *nine* Parliaments. And his discretion is such that it would be a hard matter to decide from the internal evidence of his book what are his own political leanings. He appears to be a Liberal-Conservative, with a slight bias in favour of Unionist-Radicalism. His judgment is as kindly as it is catholic; and Lord ROSEBURY, whom he describes as a "tireless worker," should not be the only one to give him credit for erring, if at all, in excess of approbation. So infectious, it would seem, is the atmosphere of geniality that emanates from Mr. Punch.

The Human Boy Again (CHAPMAN AND HALL) has set me wondering where on earth Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS and sundry other less eminent writers of school stories get their raw material. I suspect that they must dig it up from the back numbers of the sixpenny magazines. There, of course, I have often read of the sort of school (where the ages of the boys range from eight to eighteen) which Mr. PHILLPOTTS calls "Merivale." The school-sergeant, "who was old and had seen battle, and had a grey moustache and medals and a fiery expression," is a very old friend. So is the Doctor. I know by heart the sesquipedalian phrases which he will give away with the prizes, and I should feel defrauded if his daughter Milly were not secretly engaged to the rottenest kid in the school. Also, "me being older than her," I know that the boys cannot help themselves. It isn't that they will be boys. They've got to be boys, and go in for keeping guinea-pigs, and fighting, and scoring off the masters, though all these pastimes have long ago ceased to be part of the ordinary public-school curriculum. And their conversation must be an ungram-

matical imitation of the Doctor's stilted language, plentifully seasoned with such words as beastly, frightfully, kids, spiffing, swizz, chouse, blub, curious, decent, and so forth, and in everything that they do or say or write they must unconsciously serve as the butt of their creator, the author's, humour. At least that is the fate of the twelve Merivale boys who tell the stories in what they would call the book of PHILLPOTTS. I am not denying that they are human or that their stories are fairly amusing, but I do wish that the next time Mr. PHILLPOTTS wants to talk about boys he would try to be a little more up-to-date instead of giving us the Magazine Boy again.

While I admire extremely the ingenuity which Mr. A. C. FOX-DAVIES has brought to the making of the series of episodes contained in his book *The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley* (LANE) I cannot quite bring myself to admire Sir John. The story of his financial achievements is that of a number of very daring and beautifully planned frauds by which the baronet, left penniless by a swindling company-promoter, acquires wealth and honour. In several cases he gets back on people who have done him bad turns, and here he has my sympathies, for though the means are questionable the end is made to seem to justify them. Besides, he is on the whole a quite pleasant, well-mannered fellow. But when he annexes the proceeds of a bazaar in aid of the Cancer Research Fund; when he buys *The Times* in the name of an inoffensive millionaire whom chance has put in his way, and, backed by the "Thunderer," juggles mercilessly with the money markets;

and when he deliberately pirates copyright books and resells them to publishers, then I say that he does not deserve the G.C.B. which he gets for a fortuitous service rendered to the War Office. Still, I read every word of the book, and enjoyed nearly all of them. Among the exceptions were those which went to the composition of split infinitives.

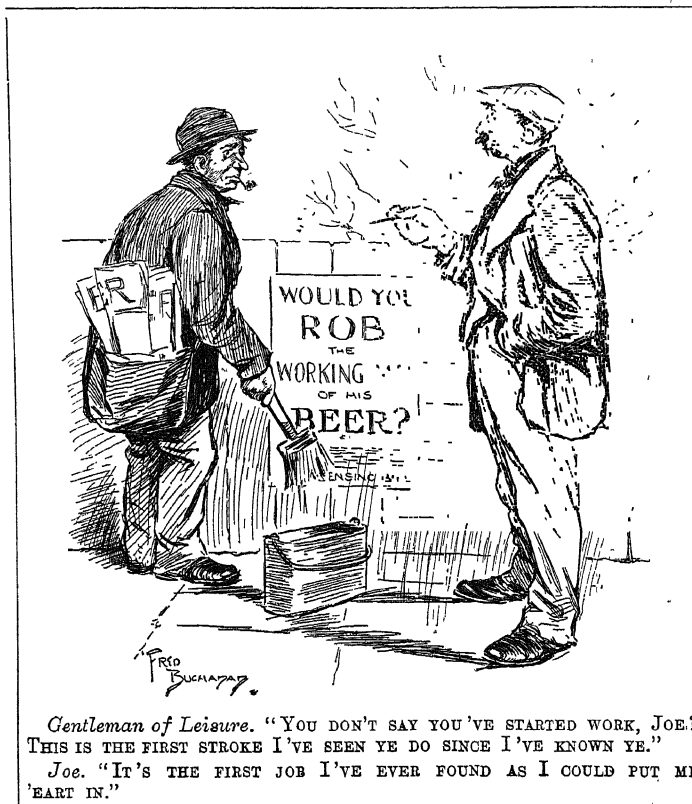
"The Throne" on "Diana of Dobson's."

"Somewhere or other she has read or heard a quotation, 'one crowded hour of glorious life.' She does not know it is Tennyson's."

But she might have thought it was, and that would be almost as bad.

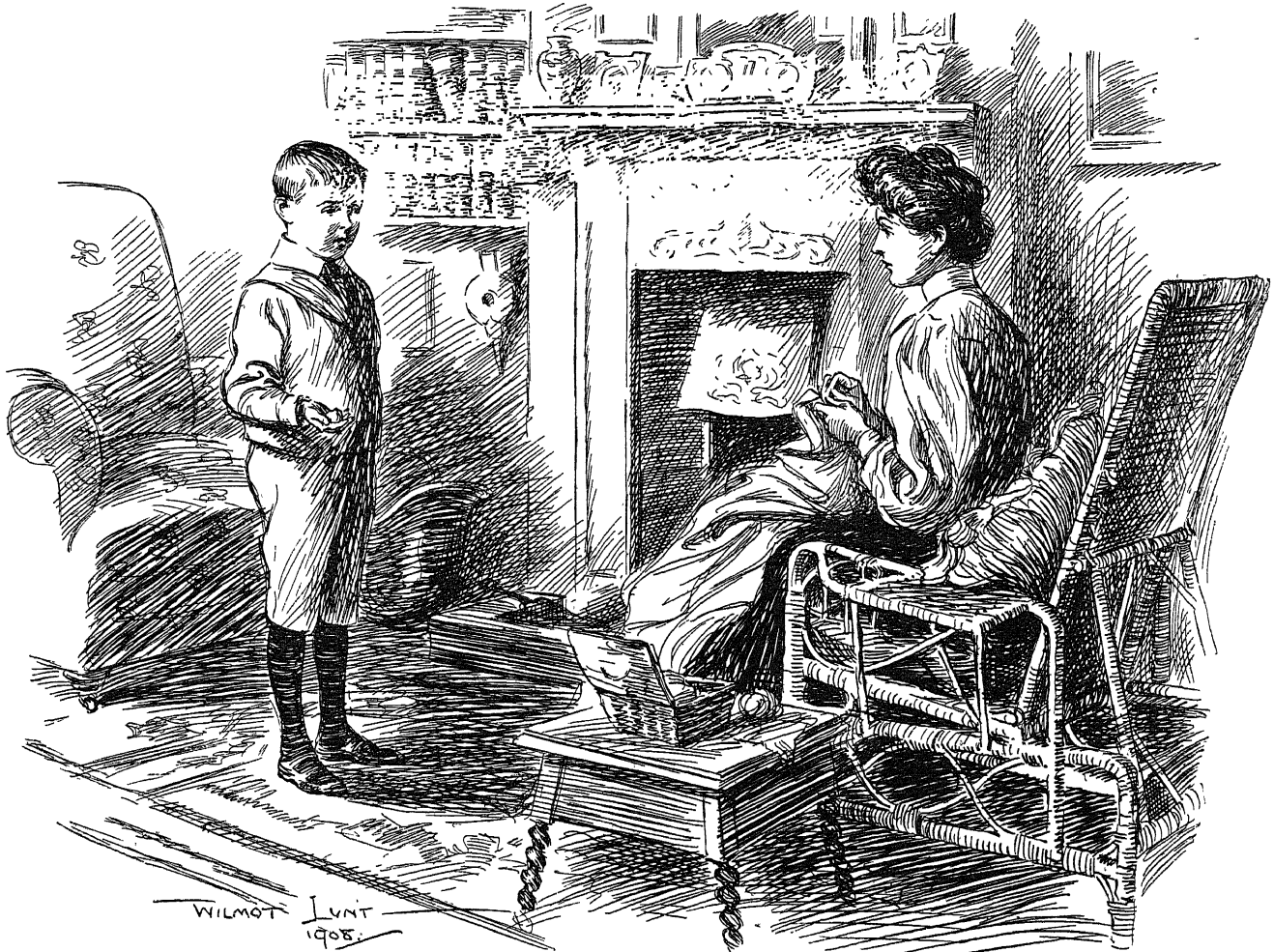
"Upon the removal of the cloths, everything went with an *esprits de corps*, which, notwithstanding an hour's extension, the hour of departure arrived all too soon: toast, song, and recitation so agreeably blending as to form a most pleasant evening."—*The Tonbridge Free Press*.

We are afraid that the *esprits* were too strong for the *corps* in one instance.



Gentleman of Leisure. "YOU DON'T SAY YOU'VE STARTED WORK, JOE? THIS IS THE FIRST STROKE I'VE SEEN YE DO SINCE I'VE KNOWN YE."

Joe. "IT'S THE FIRST JOB I'VE EVER FOUND AS I COULD PUT ME 'EART IN."



Boy (who has been naughty, and sent out into the garden to find a switch to punish him with). "OH, MUMMY, I COULDN'T FIND A SWITCH ANYWHERE, BUT HERE'S A STONE YOU CAN THROW AT ME."

THE SWAINS' REFUGE.

"ENGAGED" recently wrote to a contemporary to complain of the distressing condition of similarly betrothed couples, who have to wander through interminable streets in all weathers or waste money, that they would rather save, at places of entertainment, for lack of a club or institution of unquestionable respectability for the benefit of the matrimonially-inclined.

We are happy to assure such sufferers (and their bereaved relatives) that an establishment of the kind will very shortly be opened. With this purpose in view the Keeping Company, Company (strictly limited) is in process of formation. Already the rush of applicants is so great that prospective shareholders may be seen daily extending in a long coo down Maiden Lane, where the offices of the Company are situated.

The rules of the proposed Club, the premises of which will adjoin the

Tête-à-Tête Gallery, are as follows:—

1.—NAME.

The Club shall be called "The Armshouse, London," with the motto "Between Four Eyes."

2.—OBJECTS.

The Objects embraced by the Club shall be those commonly observed in silent communion in the more sheltered parts of the public parks. These shall be facilitated by the judicious arrangement of screens in the Club-rooms.

3.—QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Candidates shall have proposed and been accepted, in pairs, and shall have become a nuisance to their respective families.

4.—ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

All the other members shall appear original, not to say quaint, to any particular couple. Each pair, however, will constitute a world in itself, and, as far as possible, ignore the rest of the Club.

5.—LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

There shall be no Life-members.

6.—EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETINGS.

All the meetings of any fiancé and fiancée shall be, in their own eyes, of extraordinary importance, and the same shall apply generally.

7.—EXPULSION.

Any member jilting another shall *ipso facto* be suspended from the use of the Club premises. The presence of the party jilted shall also be considered superfluous, as roving or unattached members may cause complications.

8.—RETIREMENT.

Every couple, if and when their banns are published for the third time, shall automatically retire.

ZIG-ZAG.

The Brutal Game.

From an advertisement in a Lancashire newspaper:

"Football Season, 1908-9. To be let, about 100 acres of Slaying Fields."

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

[Being the bitter plaint of a temperate Unionist on the alleged association of his Party with a policy of Beer.]

MID-DEVON, Worcester, Hastings, Leeds,
Beheld the Liberals chew the dust;
Lightly we did heroic deeds,
As men who knew their cause was just;
Good was it then to be a Tory,
Fighting for issues clean and clear;
But now the swelling scroll of glory
Is badly soiled with Beer.

Silent our foemen bore the shock
Like losers in a decent game;
Now Malice gets her chance to mock
A crowning triumph smirched with shame;
Another victory such as Peckham
Is like to cost the Party dear,
And see our hopes—naught else could wreck 'em—
Swamped in a swill of Beer.

I hold no brief for ASQUITH's Bill;
If England wants to cure a vice,
Why then let England have her will,
But let her pay the current price;
I sniff aloud at virtuous robbery,
But most I loathe the easy sneer
That twits us with the taint of jobbery
Which seems to lurk in Beer.

Give me a fighting line that asks
No aid from semi-savage types,
Who, rolling up their reeky casks,
Poison the wells with pungent swipes;
To shift our simile to Ocean—
There's better stuff on which to steer
Straight for the fruity land of Goshen
Than bulging seas of Beer.

God save us from our so-called friends!
I'd sooner miss the shoreward flood
Than use, to gain the best of ends,
Methods that smack of malt and mud;
Sooner I'd lie on sea-weed pillows
In Davy's locker dank and drear
Than bound across the bar on billows
Mainly composed of Beer.

O. S.

"New Age" Pensées.

(From the Editorial Book of Maxims.)

THERE is only one BERNARD SHAW; but there is no end to the articles that can be written by him or about him.

* *

When in doubt have an article on BELLOC.

* *

When in doubt again have an article on CHESTERTON.

* *

When in grave doubt have an article on the CHELLOC.

* *

When in still graver doubt have an article on the BELLERTON.

* *

"Charge, BELLOC, charge! On, CHESTERTON!
Were the last words of BARMION."

* *

When neither CHESTERTON nor BELLOC can be drawn
have an article on WELLS.

* *

Having had all these articles have them all over again.

* The crumpet.

HOTEL STATISTICS.

WONDERFUL as have been the new London hotels during the past few years nothing has been done hitherto to compare in magnificence, luxury and splendour with the new Pall Mall Hotel, now rapidly approaching completion. In mileage of electric wires alone it is more remarkable than any other, while if its myriad chimneys were placed vertically on end they would, it is conjectured, go some distance towards reaching the moon. This curious and unparalleled fact should of itself fill the hotel throughout the season. The bricks used in building the Piccadilly hotel would, it has been stated, if placed longways in a straight line, extend from London to Buda Pesth—that is, of course, if the direction was right, although how the difficulties of the Channel are to be surmounted is not said. But the bricks used in building the Pall Mall hotel would (if sufficient space were left between them) put a girdle clean round the earth, or, without any intervening space, reach not only to Buda Pesth but back again! These facts have only to be known to have the proper result.

The decorations of the Pall Mall Hotel are also of the most sumptuous. In every bedroom will be a wash-hand stand supplied with real water, thus rivalling some of the most famous and realistic effects of the melodramatic stage. The furniture of even the cheapest bedroom, if we may use so common an adjective, is Louis Quatorze or Quinze, the latter being a sovereign more. Everything that art can do has been done.

There are so many bedrooms that if all the carpets were made into a patchwork quilt and spread over London it would extend from Hampstead Heath to Sydenham, and East Ham to Putney. Fact. The passages are so lengthy and numerous that it would take a man walking at the rate of four miles an hour a week to traverse them completely.

Who could choose to go to another hotel after that? Moreover, special interpreters for the use of American visitors are to be stationed on every floor, with plovers' eggs and iced "watter" always ready. Plovers have been engaged by the tens of thousands in Scotland and elsewhere, and are at the present moment laying eggs as fast as they can against the opening of the hotel.

Other alluring peculiarities of the Pall Mall Hotel will be its *cuisine de luxe*, special receptacles for every article of food having been designed by some of the first artists of the land. Thus its salt-cellars are of pure gold, and into every finger-bowl will be dropped Attar of Roses at a guinea a drop. It has been well said that the Pêche Melba dishes and Cantaloupe melon-bowls will be of more than passing interest to its clients—so much so, indeed, that a large staff of trained detectives will be always in the vestibule.

But we have said enough to convince Londoners that their interests are being well looked after by the hotel proprietors of the present moment. No one who has a few bank-notes in his pocket need ever starve, or sleep on an Embankment seat.

"Thus the rats at the docks are responsible for nearly £60 worth of damage a day, or, in round figures, £3,000 a year."—*Daily Mail*.

Even leaving out Sundays and Bank Holidays, and giving them a week at the seaside, we get rounder figures than that.

An artesian well is being bored in Shorter's Court. This is good news for temperate readers of *The Tatler*.



A COUNTER-ATTRACTION.

BRITISH WORKMAN. "BEG PARDON, MR. ASQUITH, BUT COULDN'T YOU SPARE A BIT SO AS I CAN GET INTO THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF A SUNDAY ALL THE YEAR ROUND—SAME AS THE PUBLIC 'OUSES?"



Local Oracle. "WELL, GENTS, IT'S LIKE THIS 'ERE. THERE'S THINGS AS IS, AND THERE'S THINGS AS ISN'T; AND THERE'S SOME THINGS AS NEITHER IS NOR ISN'T. AND, TO MY THINKING, THIS 'ERE NOO REGULATION O' THE PARISH COUNCIL COMES SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE LAST TWO."

CAN SCIENCE END WAR?

WONDERFUL NEW INVENTIONS.

THE marvels of the new SIMPSON gun, expounded by Colonel MAUDE in the current number of *The Contemporary Review*, have already attracted considerable attention in military circles. But the invention is vitiated at the outset by the fatal objection that its efficacy rests in the last resort on its purely destructive power. We are glad to be able to announce that various alternative methods of attaining the same desirable end by purely pacific means have already been devised, and will shortly be tested by a Select Committee appointed by the War Office, and consisting of Lord ROSSLYN, the Marquis TOWNSHEND, Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., the Countess of WARWICK, Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, and Mr. WIGGLESWORTH D'ARCY.

Recent developments in the pro-

gress of wireless telephony have suggested to an eminent novelist, who for the present desires to remain anonymous, the happy thought of reciting select passages from his most famous works to audiences in all the most turbulent storm centres of the world. By means of an auxetophone attachment he is enabled so to magnify the tones of his voice that it can be transmitted to a distance of 30,000 miles, and on arrival will be distinctly audible at a radius of 200 miles. Tentative experiments on the savage Chunchuses in Mongolia and the ferocious clans on the North-West Frontier of India have been attended with the most gratifying results. Seventeen of the most desperate Chunchuses fled precipitately into the depths of Lake Baikal, and a large bevy of intransigent Afridis committed hari-kiri with unanimous enthusiasm. Emboldened by these preliminary triumphs the inventor now proposes to try the effect of his method on the Amazons

of Dahomey, the insurgents of Misispanca, the dacoits of Burmah, and other irreconcilable tribes. A remarkable feature of the new invention is that by the employment of a sound-proof chamber at the transmitting station the operator does not lacerate the tympanums of the surrounding population.

Hardly less epoch-making than the Manx telephone is the new Improved Astral Body Projector which has been recently perfected by Messrs. GOSLING and QUACKENBUSH. This astonishing instrument, which has no recoil, and causes no explosion whatever, enables the operator not merely to project his astral body to unheard-of distances, but to expand and inflate his cranium and features to an altogether exorbitant extent, causing the assembled spectators at the receiving station to fall into a state of obtuse apathy. A detailed account of the apparatus, from the talented pen of Major COLNEY HATCHAM, will shortly appear in the *Wapping Lyre*.

The May number of the *Earlswood Review* will contain an electrifying article on his new musical instrument the Jumbophone, by the inventor, Captain WOOLLEY DODDER. The Jumbophone, which in appearance suggests a combination of a bombardon and a theodolite, is composed entirely of fluorescent brown paper, with a kedgerie mouthpiece and vulcanite valves. Its timbre is singularly luscious, and the inventor confidently expects that his instrument will finally supersede the kibob, the balalaika, and the octoroon. We understand that a concerto for the Jumbophone, by Herr JAMRACH, will shortly be included in the programme of one of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts.

A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WHEN you played at Bridge with me,
When I saw you lightly make,
As my smiling *vis-à-vis*,
Every possible mistake,
I forgave you, though I paid
Dearly for the slips you made.

When you played at Golf with me,
When your efforts made the ball
Through the green or from the tee
Into every bunker fall,
I forgave you, though it cost
Many a pang each time we lost.

When you played at Love with me,
Ah! what science then, what skill
Drew me to your feet, to be
Now discarded at your will;
Shall I still forgive you? Yes!
Nothing ever grieved me less.

"Dog found, probably fox terrier.—Apply at once, Eaton Terrace."—*Morning Post*.

Mother: Oh, what a sweet little St. Bernard!

Father: Don't be silly, dear, it's a spaniel.

Ethel: More a Pomeranian, isn't it?

Tom: Good old Ethel, not to know a greyhound when she sees one.

Ernest: Most dogs are fox-terriers, aren't they?

Father: Well done, Ernest. It probably is a fox-terrier. [Exit to write advertisement.]

From the prospectus of a certain Musical Society:

"Fees from £1 11s. 6d., according to length of lesson, instrument, and professor."

Only a spendthrift would take lessons on the trombone from an ex-Guardsman. The wise man would study the penny-whistle with quite a little fellow.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

FOR days and weeks the cloud
Was always growing bigger,
MIRANDA's head was bowed,
And trouble bent her figure.
Her courage all was cowed,
The crisis grew acuter,
For she must tell the wedded pair
Who kindly cooked our homely fare,
And made the beds and brushed the
stairs,
They really did not suit her.

Thick lay the lurid dust,
The rugs were brown and muddy,
The tongs were red with rust,
The very grates were ruddy;
And oh! the thing called crust
That filled the sodden pie-dish!
Few, few the things that we could eat;
Impossible the blackened meat!
MIRANDA lived on bread and beet,
While apple-sauce was my dish.

Yet how were we to part
With all this imbecility?
MIRANDA had a heart
Compact of sensibility.
Some mistresses are tart
In their domestic dealings,
Some treat their Abigails as dirt,
Are rough, abusive, crude and curt—
But she would rather die than hurt
The meanest mortal's feelings.

My wife, I may explain,
Requires but small incentive
To exercise a brain
Incredibly inventive.
Again and yet again
MIRANDA started planning:
"Let's swear you've been appointed—say,
Prime Minister of Mandalay,
Or that we're off to Hudson Bay
To practise walrus canning."

Then, after days of thought
And nights of deep dejection,
A plan MIRANDA caught,
A counsel of perfection.
"I'll say the post has brought
Some news that's very grievous:
My mother thinks of coming here
To settle down with us—poor dear!—
She brings her maids, which means,
I fear,
That you will have to leave us."

At lunch and dinner we
Discussed the tale and plotted,
We crossed with care each t
And every i we dotted.
But soon we were to see
Love's labour lost. Next morning
Our wedded pair appeared in view
And crudely gave us notice. "You
Are not what we're accustomed to,
And so we give you warning."

CHARIVARIA.

THE French Minister of Justice has appointed M. SILVAIN, the actor, of the Comédie Française, to teach young lawyers how to use their natural gifts to the best advantage. Evidently they have no more objection in France than we have here to a Court of Justice being turned into a theatre.

The Registration of Clubs (Ireland) Bill was introduced into the House of Commons last week. It is receiving the support of the Irish party on the understanding that the word "Clubs" does not include shille-laghs.

In an article in *The Century Magazine* Dr. PERCIVAL LOWELL, the American scientist, expresses the opinion that the world will eventually die of thirst. This view has been held for some time in this country by those pessimists who fear that the Licensing Bill will pass.

In the House of Lords last week a lady let her muff drop from the gallery to the scarlet benches below, "where," according to a Socialist contemporary, "it took its seat among its peers."

"Drawings by Guys" is the title of an article in *The Daily News* on an exhibition at the Baillie Gallery. We cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that personal remarks of this kind are in deplorable taste, especially at a time when artists are showing a tendency to discard long hair and art-bows.

English theatre audiences, it is said with a certain amount of justice, are the least intelligent in the world. It certainly makes one blush to read that even a Bosnian audience objected to "The Merry Widow," and that its production at Serajevo caused a riot.

Mr. R. B. MARSTON's statement in Court last week to the effect that collections of short stories do not sell well is disputed by the editors of several halfpenny newspapers.

The April issue of *The London Magazine* is described on its cover as a "Fiction Number." This seems a little bit hard on Mr. DONALD MORRISON, who contributes to the number in question an article entitled "A Modern Robinson Crusoe," which purports to be a veracious

description of the writer's experiences on a desert island.

* *

The Family Doctor declares that it is a fallacy to imagine that fat persons are less susceptible to cold than thin ones, and says "Notice how fat people wrap up in winter." But surely this is only due to natural secretiveness.

* *

In an interview granted to a correspondent of *The Figaro*, Sultan ABDUL AZIZ of Morocco signified approval of the French military operations in his country, and expressed a wish to have some photographs of the war. This proof that the war is being carried on under really distinguished patronage has given the keenest satisfaction to all concerned.

* *

The Daily Mail alleges that doctors do not practise what they preach in the matter of leaving windows open at night-time. The complaint is no new one, and letters, we hear, are reaching our contemporary from burglars in every part of the kingdom urging it to persevere in its crusade.

* *

A propos of the Licensing Bill much satisfaction has been caused in certain quarters where drink restrictions were feared by a fact that came out in the Society Dentist's case last week, namely, that it is possible to have a bar fixed up in one's mouth.

* *

Gradually all our open spaces in London are disappearing. Building operations are now being projected even in Aldwych.

W. I. I., OR WALLERING IN IT.

TRULY, the stage has its terrors. *The Daily Mirror* of April 2 has unearthed at Streatham a society of some fifty young lady-enthusiasts, who are banded together every Monday evening to discuss Mr. LEWIS WALLER and all his works. They recognise each other by a badge containing a photograph of their idol and a shield emblematic of three of his most popular plays *plus* the pansy, his favourite flower. They are further distinguished by the mystic initials K. O. W., which stand for "Keen Order of Waller-ites," or, according to another interpretation, "Keen On Waller." These devoted ladies, however, are pledged never to speak to the object of their admiration, which, they are careful to explain, is for the actor and not the man, nor to embarrass him by



"WHAT, BEGGING AGAIN? I'M PERFECTLY SURE I GAVE YOU SOMETHING THIS MORNING IN THE CITY, AND NOW I MEET YOU IN BOND STREET."

"QUITE CORRECT, LADY. THIS IS MY WEST END BRANCH!"

hugging the stage-door, but they "don't think anything of waiting four hours in the queue for Mr. WALLER." If these suburban theatrical cults extend we shall expect to see other symbolical adornments on feminine bosoms in the various pit crowds. For instance, T. T. T. will, of course, stand for "True To Tree," and A. S. S. for "All Smart Shavians." G. O. G.'s — i.e., "Gush Over Georges" — will haunt the gallery of the St. James's; and in other directions will be noticed the Wild-On-Wyndhams, the Dotty-On-Du Mauriers or the Hysterical Hicksites. Lastly M. A. M. — i.e., "Mad After Maud(e)" — will do

double duty at the Playhouse or the Palace.

From *The Evening News* feuilleton:—

"His praise was a taunt to her. She turned away, biting his lips, feeling a little ashamed. She wasn't really brave at all."

Brave indeed! We should think not. It was a most cowardly attack.

Fresh Light on the Time Limit.

"The Church of England Temperance Society decided to give the Licensing Bill in general a hearty support, with an open mind on the question of extending the lime-light."—*The Wrexham Advertiser*.

The co-operation of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE should now be assured.

MY IDEAS FOR A SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL.

No one, I am perfectly aware, has expressed the least desire to hear my views on this, or any other, subject; but, after all, if I waited for *that!* . . . And, in this particular instance, I have some ideas which I really do think are worth considering. You may not agree with me there, but I hope that at least you will not decline to listen to them.

I gather that, at present, although all the distinguished persons whose opinion has been consulted are in favour of a National Memorial, they differ considerably as to the precise form such a memorial should take. Some approve of a Statue, on condition that it is erected on a spot more frequented by SHAKSPEARE, when alive, than Portland Place—such as the Embankment. Others object to any effigy in human semblance, preferring something symbolical—which I suppose would be in the nature of a gigantic swan. Others again will not hear of anything but a National Theatre, in which all of SHAKSPEARE's plays could be presented in their entirety. While a fourth section will only consent to a Theatre, provided that it has a statue of SHAKSPEARE in the vestibule.

Now *my* plan combines the advantages and avoids the drawbacks of all these schemes.

First, I think we are all agreed on one point. If as a nation we are going to do the thing at all, we must do it *well*. We must go on as we mean to begin. After calling in all the Intellect and Culture of the United Kingdom, and appealing for contributions to the whole civilised world, we cannot be content with some such compromise as a SHAKSPEAREAN Cycle (for subscribers only) at the Royalty Theatre, or an unobtrusive drinking-fountain in Finsbury Park. That would be almost an anti-climax. No, our memorial should be grandiose, imposing, sublime; something to strike the imagination of the ages to come. If we can't rise to that we should do very much better to leave it alone altogether.

Very well, then. The next point is the site. This should be as high as possible. I first thought of Primrose Hill; but that possesses a SHAKSPEARE Tree already. It is unnecessary to pamper Primrose Hill. There is Tooting Bec, but we have no records showing that SHAKSPEARE had any intimate associations with Tooting Bec. And it is not nearly so high as Campden Hill. That is the site I should select. It is true that it is not mentioned by SHAKSPEARE, but it must have been there in his time, and he could have gone up it if he had felt disposed. If he was fond of exercise he probably did. There are Waterworks with a lofty tower on it now; but these could surely be removed. It would cost something, no doubt, but if we are really sincere in our determination to do honour to the World's Greatest Dramatist, we shall not allow any sordid questions of expense to stand in our way. You agree to Campden Hill, then? Thank you very much. Then, after clearing the ground, we will proceed to erect our Memorial. And, before doing so, we must make up our minds what it is to be. I see it myself as a Statue. But no ordinary statue. A figure immense, so colossal as to dominate the whole Metropolis, and be seen from all points beyond the six-mile radius—even the *chauffeur* of a "Taxi" will know his way to it! Bronze, of course, and at least 500 ft. high. I haven't worked it out, but I calculate roughly that if every British subject in our dominions were to contribute a copper the sum total would amount to quite a handsome figure. And this without counting all the pfennigs that would flow in from Germany, where SHAKSPEARE is regarded as a Teutonic discovery.

This statue should, I think, be easily recognisable as the Bard, though it need not resemble either the Stratford bust or the effigy in Leicester Square. I wouldn't have the legs crossed. I should represent him seated, the chin supported by the left hand, while the right (which would hold a pen) lies loosely on the table before him. This would show him engaged in thinking out the plot of his finest play, which of course each spectator would be at liberty to imagine was his or her own particular favourite. The features could be idealised—that could be left to the sculptor—but with one restriction, which is absolutely essential if *my* plan is adopted. I mean, there must be no hair on the top of the statue's head. Not so much because we know, if the evidence of contemporaries can be trusted, that SHAKSPEARE, even in his prime, was never in much danger of incurring the fate of ABSALOM, as for another reason that will be apparent later on. If you *must* have your swan it could be sitting at his feet under the table; but this is by way of concession to the symbolists. Personally, I am against a swan. I think it superfluous. I doubt if SHAKSPEARE himself could have composed in any comfort with a swan so close to his ankles. I know I couldn't.

We've got our statue. Now for the pedestal. This need not be more than 150 feet high. I should treat it in the Elizabethan or Jacobean style, with Renaissance *façades*, and the interior would form the National Theatre. Let the design be severe, rather like the *Prinz Regenten Theater* at Munich, with plain tip-up seats in Austrian bent wood, and a marble proscenium.

From the theatre-lobbies visitors would ascend by hydraulic lifts and spiral staircases to the first floor of the statue, which naturally would be hollow. This floor would be on the level of SHAKSPEARE's waistband, and contain the Library, furnished with a complete collection of all the volumes that have ever been written about him in any language, also MSS., including (I hope) the original MS. of the late Mr. CURDLE's celebrated essay "On the Character of *Juliet's Nurse's Deceased Husband*." (I was so fortunate as to secure this the other day at SOTHEY'S, and am open to offers.) There would also be a platform, on which readings, in morning dress, could be given of all the less known dramas. The Library would be lighted not only by electricity but from windows pierced through the slashes and buttons on the statue's doublet.

A corridor through the right Arm would communicate by an exit in the palm of the hand with the table. This platform would serve as a spacious promenade, and might be provided with a Summer Theatre (for Elizabethan masques or variety entertainments), a band-kiosk, and an open-air restaurant. Returning to the Stomach, a lift would enable the visitor to reach the Chest, which I should reserve as a School of Elocution, where pupils could be instructed in the art of delivering Blank Verse precisely as if it were Prose.

We then ascend to the Head, where there would be a luxurious Winter Garden under a lofty glazed dome. Now perhaps you will understand why I insisted upon keeping the Statue bald. Think of the effect at night. When illuminated, that mighty brain would be visible for miles, apparently glowing with luminous fancies. No city in the world, not even Rhodes or New York, could boast a more majestic and impressive landmark! British sailors far out on the German Ocean might see it, and bless the Bard that provided them with so noble a beacon!

Altogether, I should expect my Colossal SHAKSPEARE to rival the Great Wheel and Eiffel Tower as a public



A QUESTION OF FORM.

Golfer. "SHE'S A FINE WOMAN, ANDREW!"

Andrew. "AY, SHE'S FINE THE NOO, BUT SHE GANGS A' TO PIECES IN THE RAIN."

attraction, especially on Bank Holidays, when it might serve as an incentive to the study of his works for many who are now content to witness them at the Lyceum at popular prices. While, what with a shilling charge for admission, booking for the theatre, pupils' fees, and the sub-letting of the restaurants, refreshment bars, and Shakspearean side shows, I am greatly mistaken if the Statue does not pay for its own upkeep, and perhaps even return an occasional dividend on the subscribed capital.

It is very possible that this scheme may fail to commend itself to the Provisional Committee. They may have something even better up their sleeves; but I shall be surprised, as well as pleased, if they decide on one which would be anything like so popular. F. A.

THE LONG GUN AND THE MAN BEHIND IT.

It is really very hard on Mr. HALDANE that, just when his Territorial Army comes into being, publicity should be given to the fact that a Mr. SIMPSON has invented a wonderful gun with a range of 300 miles, which ought to render armies of little use. It has not yet been tried, however, and there is some discussion as to where the test should take place, and on whom. Certain enthusiasts think the gun should be mounted in the Highlands, and pointed at Burton-on-Trent, while another view is that from the latter place it should try and find East Fife. In Ireland, again, there is an opinion that, fired from Waterford, its projectile might, with a favour-

ing wind, reach the House of Commons, and a trial is solicited.

In any case we feel that the firing of the gun should be entrusted to a thoroughly capable person. Surely among our eminent journalists there are many whose mastery of the art of "firing the long gun" would qualify them for the work. What about the military correspondent of *The Times*? Or there is Lieut. COULSON KERNAHAN, First V.B. Royal Sussex Regiment, whose hair-raising adventures as an officer and a gentleman have recently been appearing in *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Chronicle*—might he not be told off for the daring experiment?

"Do the Poles move?" asks *The Daily Mirror*. If the inquirer had studied history with any care, he would know that the Poles have frequently risen.

"To estimate the weight of sheep. Kill a few and take the average when dressed."—*The Field Service Pocket Book, issued by the War Office.*

So never ask a soldier to guess your weight. Or if you do, run before he has finished his toilet.

"Take the Radical party itself. Its right and left wings are morally wide as the polls asunder."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Yet, according to *The Daily Telegraph*, recent polls have all pointed the same moral.



Betty (convalescent from appendicitis). "AND NOW I CAN EAT ALL THE GRAPE-PIPS, CAN'T I?"

LETTERS WHICH WILL MAKE HISTORY.

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—I have been a life-long supporter of the Liberal Party. It must be nearly forty years ago that I first recorded my vote against the Tories, and it has been recorded against them ever since. In the dark days of the Home Rule split, when he was deserted by many of his oldest friends, I remained loyal to the great GLADSTONE. When the Boer war burst upon us I was content to be upon the unpopular side; I laboured unceasingly for the cause during those dreary days of opposition; and I had my reward later in the knowledge that I was one of those who had triumphantly returned the present Government to power with the greatest majority on record. But now I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that I can support them no longer. I can be no party to a system of organised robbery such as is this Licensing Bill. At the

General Election, which cannot be long delayed, I shall for the first time in my life vote for the Conservatives.

I am, etc.,

DISGUSTED LIBERAL.

II.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—For fifty years I have been in the habit of contributing freely to the various charities which have been brought before my notice. I need not specify them here, but I may say that the total sum of such subscriptions would amount to a considerable figure. Moreover, on attending a place of worship I have invariably given with cheerfulness my mite to the offertory. I regret that, owing to Mr. ASQUITH'S unauthorised campaign of plunder, I, as a life-long holder of Brewery shares, shall be unable to continue these subscriptions.—I am, etc.,

DISGUSTED SHAREHOLDER.

III.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—As a life-long Temperance

Reformer, Teetotaler, and Minister of the Gospel, permit me to record my disgust at the present Licensing Bill. If I could see in it the smallest attempt to deal courageously with the Drink Traffic I should be the first to support it. But having considered the terms of it carefully I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that if it passed into law it would actually increase intemperance rather than diminish it.

I am, etc.,

DISGUSTED MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

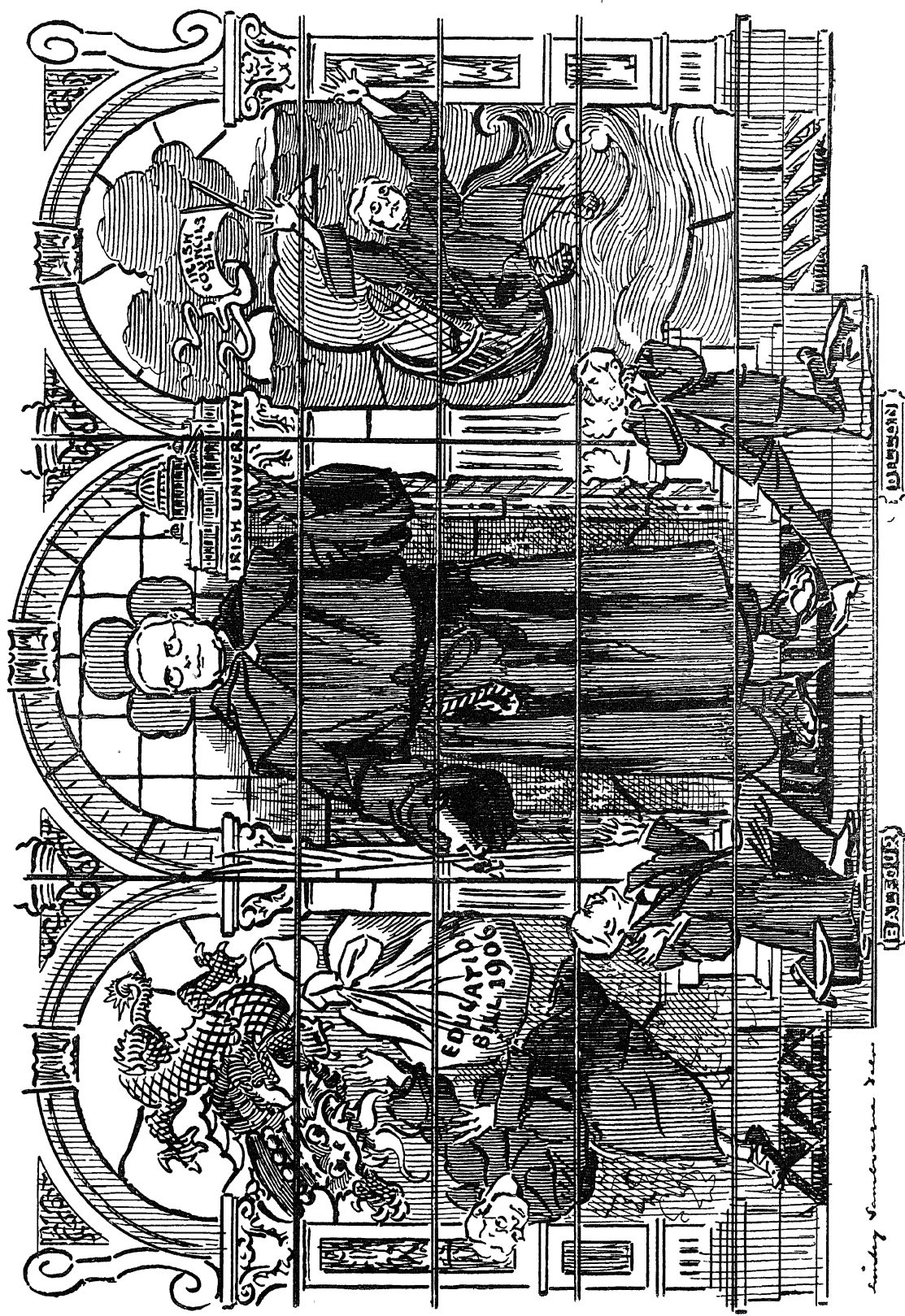
IV.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR,—As a life-long Brewer I would welcome gladly any honest measure of Licensing Reform. Though an ardent Conservative I was prepared to support such a measure, and, if necessary, to vote and work against my own party in order that it should become law. But Mr. ASQUITH'S Bill is frankly ridiculous. Is it a joke, or what?

I am, etc.,

DISGUSTED BREWER.



ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

(Design for a stained glass window depicting his trials and triumph.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 30.—Members never so relieved in their lives as when they saw Long JOHN O'CONNOR walk out of the House without having GEORGE CLARK, shipbuilder and engineer, tucked under his right arm. As everyone knows, it is a little Parliamentary mannerism invented and cultivated by Long JOHN. It's his way of moving the Closure. Earl WINTERTON knows all about it. Last Session, having raised Long JOHN's dander (whatever that may be), he was himself uplifted, packed under a muscular arm, and carried forth kicking. At least I've seen a picture in a veracious weekly paper describing the scene. Anyhow, it is a remarkable coincidence that the Member for Horsham, up to that period known as Viscount TURNOUR, immediately after changed his name, and now meekly confronts the Ministerialists under the style Earl WINTERTON.

CLARK contributed to Home Rule debate an interesting study of Irish character. In the north, where they make ships and things, the people are, he said, thrifty and prosperous. In the south and west they are lazy. This too much for Member for Kildare. Lifting his tall figure till its monumental six feet eight and a-half brought his head in dangerous contiguity to the overhanging gallery, he casually observed that Mr. CLARK was a coward. Captain CRAIG, having recovered from physical exhaustion following on effort earlier in the sitting to envelop St. AUGUSTINE's reluctant figure in the folds of the Union Jack, appealed to Deputy Speaker to say whether such remark was in order.

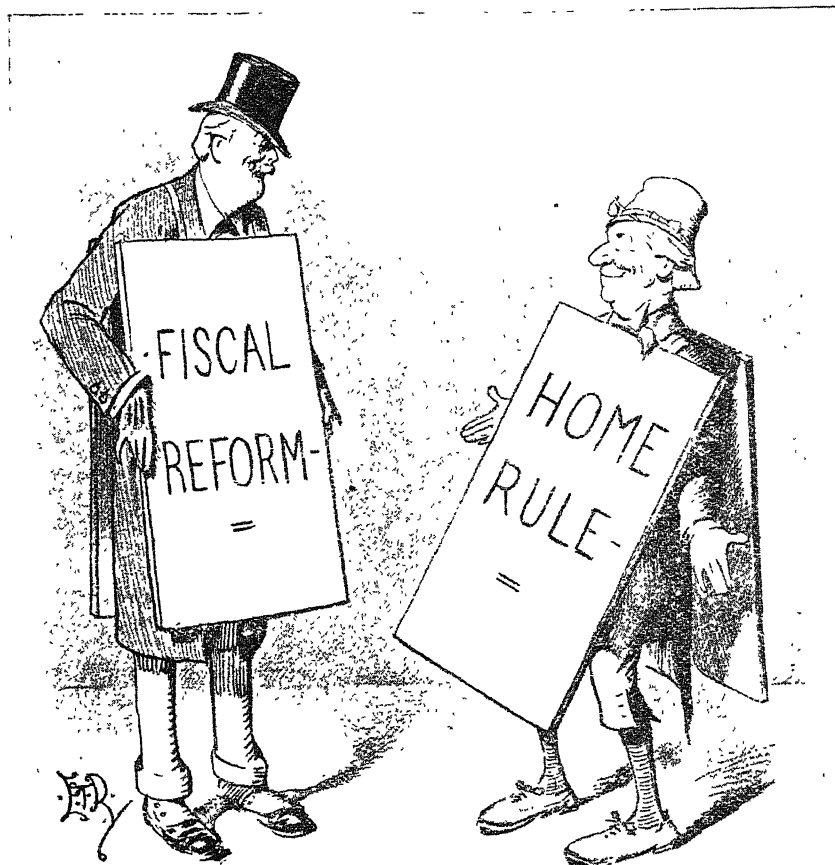
Long JOHN gloried in his iniquity. "I admit it," he shouted.

Mr. REDDY's shrill voice led storm of cheering from Irish camp. When Deputy Speaker succeeded in getting a look in he ordered Long JOHN to withdraw the offensive expression.

"No," said the Monument, shaking its cupola more in sorrow than in anger (for everyone likes Mr. EMMOTT, and would in ordinary circumstances hasten to oblige him), "I will not withdraw."

"Then I must name you, Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR," said the Deputy Speaker.

Customary procedure in such circumstances is for Leader of House to move rule suspending the offending Member from further attendance. Motion to that effect would be put,



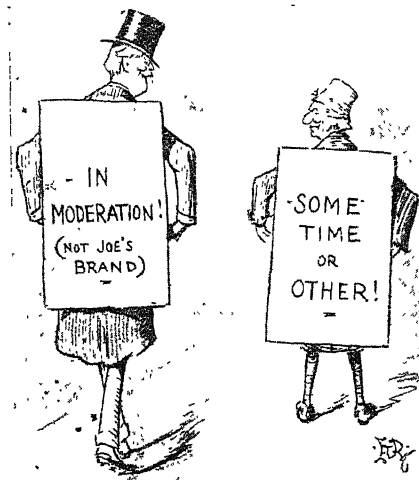
Balfour. "Don't you feel awfully embarrassed carrying that horrid thing about? Mine's bad enough, but that's *simply beastly*!"

Asquith. "Never felt less embarrassed in m'life, dear boy! Have you seen the board at the back? That's where the fun comes in!"

House would divide, and twenty minutes would be lost. Whilst ASQUITH was hurriedly hunting up the text of rule, Long JOHN arose in his might and strode towards the gangway, above which GEORGE S. CLARK, shipbuilder, sat wishing there was a tug in sight.

Was he literally "going for" him? WINTERTON secretly wished he might be. Friendly and nice that another fellow should know what the method of locomotion towards the door was like. Captain CRAIG, late of the North of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, instantly took command of the defence. He threw out MOORE (the term is used in its military sense) on the right front, directly in the path-way of the advancing force. For himself he took up a position in the rear whence, as he remarked, he could obtain a more undisturbed view of the situation.

These manoeuvres proved unnecessary. Long JOHN, having reached the gangway, wheeled sharply to



Balfour. "Same he-ah!!"

the right, bowed to the Chair, and walked out of the House unaccompanied.

Business done.—JOHN REDMOND moved resolution designed to pledge Liberal Party afresh to Home Rule. PRINCE ARTHUR gleefully regarded ASQUITH as being in what he described as a tight place. Warned him would be no use meeting situa-

tion with "a nebulous exposition of things in general."

"Embarrassed!" cried CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "On the contrary never so comfortable in my life."

Of course, with due safeguarding of supreme authority of Imperial Parliament, Ireland will some day get Home Rule. But not to-day, or during existence of present Parliament.

Tuesday.—Just a quarter of a century since GLADSTONE, then in the prime of power politically, physically and intellectually, brought in an Irish University Bill. Rejected on second reading, it dealt, in boom-rang fashion, a fatal blow to the tottering edifice of one of the strongest Ministries of the century. Mr. G. resigned office, and Dizzy refused to accept it.

This page of history comes back to the mind as ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL walks up floor of House bringing his sheaves with him in shape of another Irish University Bill. A general cheer greeted him. Only Black Ulster sat in ominous silence. Since the historic failure of 1873 other Ministers have attempted to deal with thorny question of University Education in Ireland. The latest was BRYCE, who immediately after indicating his scheme fled to sanctuary in Washington.

One is never sure of anything relating to Ireland, more especially in respect of legislation. Really it does look as if this time ST. AUGUSTINE had come by his own. On conclusion of his speech explaining details of the scheme, a strange thing happened. In succession PRINCE ARTHUR, JOHN DILLON, BUTCHER, WILLIAM O'BRIEN, WYNDHAM and CARSON rose up and called the Bill blessed.

Only Ulster grim, implacable in opposition. Its hostility was voiced by MOORE, after rapid survey of bench below gangway where Long JOHN sits. It is not usual to oppose introduction of a Bill. Members, assuming a virtue if they have it not, admit it will be just as well to know exactly what they are fighting before opening fire. Accordingly they allow the first reading as a preliminary to having the Bill printed, thus securing opportunity for studying its detail. Ulster knew all about the Irish University Bill without wasting time upon its text. Regarded it as a surrender to the Roman Catholic Bishops, and would have no dealing with the accursed thing. It went into the Lobby against the first reading, and came out twenty-four strong against a muster of 307.



"He threw out Moore on the right front."
(Mr. Wm. M-re.)

As in 1886, "Ulster will fight." GRANDOLPH, if he were still with us, would not continue quotation of his famous distich, "and Ulster will be right."

Business done.—Irish University Bill introduced amid chorus of approval, varied by one note of discord.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"Suppose," said Mr. Pecksniff to Martin Chuzzlewit on the introduction of the new pupil to the office, "suppose you were to give me your idea of a monument to a Lord Mayor of London; or a tomb for a Sheriff; or your notion of a cow-house to be erected in a nobleman's park."



UNDILUTED VITRIOL.

(A sketch of Tim H-ly walking into Asq-th.)

There is no point of resemblance between LORD DARTMOUTH and the architect and surveyor of Salisbury beyond the attitude of interrogation and a habit of suddenly submitting posers. Noble lord came down bristling with a sort of Shorter Catechism designed for searching the mind of Under-Secretary for War. In the catalogue queries were numbered up to five. Actually, with subsidiary questions they ran up to a score, covered the whole field on which is bivouacked the new Territorial Army. The Catechism, nearing in length the proportions of Speech from the Throne, covered more than page of folio paper. At end of fourth group of questions DARTMOUTH, with possibly unconscious echo of the directness and brevity of a query that has come down through the ages, suddenly asked—

"What is a unit?"

PORTSMOUTH gasped for breath, as indeed DARTMOUTH had done when he worked off the penultimate volley leading up to this heavy round shot, "What is a unit?" He might, quoting the dictionary, have replied, "A single thing or person; the least whole number; one."

That would have been a mean way of slinking out of a quandary. PORTSMOUTH is not Hereditary Bailiff of Burley, New Forest, for nothing. Feels he must live up to his reputation.

"In its ordinary military sense," he answered, fixing DARTMOUTH with gleaming eye, "unit is a somewhat elastic term, depending for its precise significance on the context with which it is used."

DARTMOUTH'S turn now to display emotion. If he had been in the House of Commons it would have been suspected that he was suddenly smitten with gooseberry mildew. Limp he sat and speechless, what time PORTSMOUTH ambled on to the end of his reply. The collapse is, however, only temporary. He is thinking of an impromptu retort. We may have it next week. If not, it may be looked for after Easter.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates.

The Dearer Sex.

"The following are some of the most notable prices at the sale:—

	£	s.
Mrs. Dorothea Morley (Romney)...	2,887	10
Mr. Morley (Romney)	315	0
Mrs. Anne Poulter (Romney)	1,575	0
Mr. Poulter (Romney).....	420	0

Daily Express.



LONG-FELT WANTS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

(A Suggestion for next Season.)

WHY NOT HAVE A STARTING-GATE FOR THE THRUSTERS?

KILLED IN THE OPEN.

PULL 'im an' worry 'im! Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!
Wanderer, Wisdom an' Watchman an' all!—
Thowt 'e'd a-beaten me over the plough:
Lifted 'em onto 'im, clever knows how:
I 'ad the run of 'im:
I 'ad the fun of 'im:
Lorst 'im an' coursed 'im an'—look at 'im now!
Eighty-five minnits, an' well it may be:
Biggest ole dog-fox what ever I see!
Ah, the ole plunderer!
Ah, the ole blunderer!
Nobody up but the Master an' me!—
Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!—Talli-o!—Talli-o!
Romulus, Rhymer, an' Ringwood an' all!
Pull 'im an' worry 'im! Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!
Dancer an' Dexter an' Dryden an' all!—
Think of 'is lordship be'ind in the drain:
Think of the tommy-tits ridin' the lane:
We'll 'ave the laugh of 'em:
We'll 'ave the chaff of 'em:
Swankin' an' clankin' an'—not seen again!
Fourteen-mile point, Sir, as near as can be:
Pity the man that's gone 'ome to 'is tea!
Ah, the ole wheezy ones!
Ah, the ole greasy ones!
Nobody up but the Master an' me!—

Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!—Talli-o!—Talli-o!
Ganymede, Gamester an' Guardsman an' all!
Pull 'im an' worry 'im! Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!
Paladin, Pilot an' Pilgrim an' all!—
Think of 'em rowstin' 'im out by the mill:
Think of 'em screamin' up over the 'ill:
They'd 'ave a seet of 'im:
They'd 'ave the meat of 'im:
Stoopin' an' swoopin' an'—look at 'em still!
Runnin' like smoke since a quarter to three:
Gamiest gallopers ever I see!
Lor', 'ow they sung to it!
Lor', 'ow they clung to it!
Nobody up but the Master an' me!—
Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!—Talli-o!—Talli-o!
Rifleman, Roland an' Raglan an' all!

The Yellow Car Mystery.

“On the road home I was seated on the chauffeur's right hand. All at once a car brushed by my left arm, missing it by less than an inch.”—*Daily Mail*.

The Nature-Journalist.

“The ponds are now full of toads and, I suppose, when the sun shines quite genially, their song is heard in the land.”—*Daily News*.
At a shilling a word, and they couldn't pay him less, that comes to £1 3s.

MY FUR COAT.

II.

OF course I did not wear my fur coat with absolute confidence all at once. That came gradually. At first I suffered cruelly from self-consciousness, and I imagined that every passer-by was trying to solve the problem: Is he a Nobleman, or a Fraudulent Bankrupt? I dared not smoke a big cigar with it. And when, in accordance with my custom, I read my *Daily Mail* in the train, I imagined the thought of everyone seated opposite to be, "Fancy that wealthy man reading only a half-penny paper! He's one of those mean millionaires, I suppose." Sometimes this idea got on my nerves to such an extent that I would buy two copies of *The Daily Mail* instead of one. But now I have grown out of all such silly fancies, and realise that the wearing of the fur coat means for me increased respect with all classes except the unwashed.

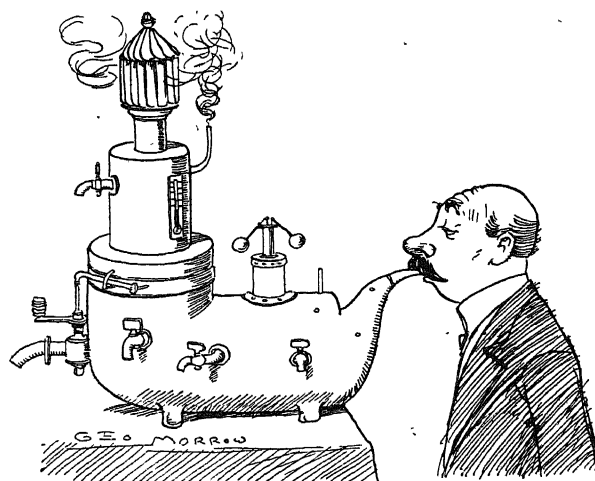
The Stationmaster, because he wore grander clothes than I, used always to cut me. Now he says "Good morning" to me, even when it isn't. And a pleasing incident took place only yesterday. A respectably dressed woman said to her little boy who was asking for his ticket at the booking-office when I arrived, "Let the gentleman take his ticket first, JOHNNIE." And a dear friend of mine who has seen better times through no fault of his own asked me the other day whether he might walk a little way with me in the City, as it would improve his credit. Naturally I consented, as I love to do these little acts of kindness.

The coat undoubtedly does improve one's credit. I had a striking example of that not so long ago. I went up to a newspaper vendor who has a shop round a lamp-post, and asked for an evening paper. When I came to pay for it I found that I had—as befitted me—nothing smaller than half-a-crown, and the man had not sufficient change. "Never mind, guv'nor," he said, "pay me next time you pass."

But the wearing of the fur coat is also a shockingly expensive business, and I sometimes wonder whether I shall be able to keep it up. One has so constantly to remember "*Noblesse oblige!*" The other evening when I

gave the functionary who helped me on with my coat at the Savoy a shilling, he looked so glum that I had to say, "Sorry, but I've got no gold with me." And then there are the cabbies! And one windy morning my new silk hat blew off. Now a man in a fur coat cannot be seen running after a hat. I had to let it go, and to pretend that its loss was a mere bagatelle to me, and that I usually bought two or three of them in the course of a day.

If only I could gain the respect of the unwashed! This is the one class to whom the sight of my coat seems unpleasing. It appears to arouse their worst passions, and I have even been called "a blurry haristocrat." They refuse to realise that as honest a heart may beat beneath a fur coat as beneath a dirty corduroy jacket.



THE LATEST HYGIENIC PIPE—NOT SEEN AT THE RECENT TOBACCO EXHIBITION.

How different is their bearing to that of a hardworking class for whom I have the greatest regard. I refer to servant-girls, who eye all wearers of fur coats admiringly. We are, I fancy, the heroes of their novelettes. In fact, when ruin faces me I shall, I think, hire myself out to them for walks at a shilling per hour, like a soldier.

Meanwhile, as regards the unsatisfactory attitude of the mob, this has led, I think, to a feeling of solidarity among wearers of fur coats. When we meet, even though strangers, we eye each other in a sympathising manner; and, if the Revolution ever breaks out, we shall, I fancy, be found standing shoulder to shoulder, and I dare swear that we shall give a good account of ourselves when the evil-smelling throng closes round us.

P.S.—An unpleasant dream which has recurred night after night re-

cently troubles me somewhat. I dream that I am kidnapped by gipsies who, after roughly manhandling me, strip me of my fur coat, and drive me forth to rejoin the ranks of the Middle Classes. It is absurd how this trifle worries me.

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT EXPERIMENTS.

IN common with all thoughtful men we have been deeply moved by the progress of that great enterprise, *The Daily Mail Farm*. We have followed with breathless interest the story set forth day by day of the heroic tenant, selected in the face of overpowering odds for his high mission, who was destined to leave behind the pigs and daffodils of his back-yard for a wider sphere. We have read of the fourteen acres and the great

ash-tree that were to be his on Lady-day. We have debated within ourselves the wisdom of his decision in starting with two cows. We have mourned with him in spirit over the two stepsons who refused to go. We have rejoiced with him over the son in the chemist's shop who has resolved to share his fortunes. Above all, in tender moments our eyes have filled with tears at the contemplation of the two "*tiny girls*" who will feed the hens. They *will* do it. They are determined not to leave it to father. They have already been practising in the parlour.

For by these humble instruments *The Daily Mail*

will solve at last and for ever the whole mass of tangled questions concerning agricultural economics that have baffled our legislators for a century.

But there are other problems. Now that *The Daily Mail* has shown the way it seems a pity to waste the time of Parliament in fruitless discussion, when by the new method the whole thing can be done in the course of a three years' lease. Why all this talk about Education? What need of this worry over the Licensing Bill?

Let the nation look to us, and it shall know the truth.

We have started a School.

For many weeks a large staff of clerks has been at work sifting and arranging the van-loads of applications which arrived every morning at our door, and we have selected our Schoolmaster. We feel that we



"Now, my good man, you mustn't bring your wheelbarrow through here. You must go round the other way. Aren't you aware that this is consecrated ground?"

"Well, zur, I didn't know but what the barry warn't consecrated too. I borry'd it o' the sexton."

have found in him a thoroughly representative man. "I have always longed for a school of my own," he said when our decision was communicated to him. "I used to be at school myself, you know, when I was a kid." We hope that in the course of the experiment the religious difficulty will be attacked simultaneously from every side. Our Schoolmaster is a Roman Catholic, and his wife is an ardent supporter of the Methodist cause. His son early threw in his lot with the Plymouth Brethren, and there is a great divergence of religious opinion among his five tiny girls who will conduct the kindergarten branch. One of them is said to be interested in Christian Science. The two stepsons—to their father's deep regret—have emigrated to America. Our representative called upon the Schoolmaster yesterday. He found him in his shirt-sleeves—a good sign in any man. He was busy waxing the business end of his cane. We hope to publish, down to the smallest detail, the progress of this family day by day.

We have also opened a Public House.

In this case we had more than half a million applications to deal with in the two days during which our offer remained open. But we have finally selected our Landlord. We feel that we have in him a thoroughly representative man. "I have always longed for a pub of my own," he said, shaking us warmly by the hand when our decision was communicated to him. "Ever since I was a little lad I've always longed for a pub. It's been a sort of dream of mine." Pressed to give some reason for this laudable ambition, he replied that he hated going out of the house on wet nights. Our Landlord is a father. His son, we are told, is actively at work practising with a corkscrew, and has already almost mastered that instrument, while his nine tiny girls are eagerly reading the papers to discover if Mr. ASQUITH is going to allow them to come into the bar. His two stepsons—to their father's great regret—have signed the pledge. Our representative called upon the Landlord yesterday and

found him with his boots off—a good sign in any man. He was engaged in painting his sign.

Detailed reports of the progress of this venture will be published in our columns.

MORE ENTENTES CORDIALES.

[Lord CROMER states that Free Traders may in time come to some agreement with the Tariff Reformers]

We learn that a *modus bibendi* is to be arranged between the Licensed Victuallers and the Temperance Party on the Licensing Bill.

Dramatic authors have been very reasonably met by the Censor. Forbidden plays may in future be performed, but the fireproof curtain will have to be kept down throughout.

At a friendly dinner given to the M.C.C. before they sailed it was agreed to divide the ashes in equal parts, and in future to play four matches per annum, two to be won by each side.

Negotiations have been re-opened by the KAISER and Lord TWEEDMOUTH relative to abolishing both the German and English navies.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Too often, when novelists carry us back to the studied graces of a century ago, their characters lose in spontaneity what they gain in courtliness, but CLEMENTINA BLACK has provided a very charming exception in *Caroline* (MURRAY)—a lady who, defying her date, which is 1780 or thereabouts, seems to step straight in from the spring sunshine. And indeed she could never have known a cloud at all, I suppose, had it not been for that fatal tendency to eavesdropping which heroines find it so difficult to resist—a tendency traceable, I think, more to their innate charity towards the plot than to any laxity in their code of morals. *Caroline* overhears an apparently damning confession from the lips of *Gilbert Hardy*, and so accepts *Lord Pevensy*, whom she does not love a bit, though he is a very great gentleman all the same. Then a rather uncouth "detrimental," with a taste for smuggling on the sly, conceives the idea of a forcible abduction, and *Captain Hardy* has his chance. He comes to the rescue post-haste, but in so compromising a manner that he is charged with the very crime he is trying to frustrate. So the book ends in a trial, which would perhaps be more exciting if we were not certain that a lover who has rescued a horse from a burning stable when only a boy, and subsequently helped to relieve Gibraltar, is bound to be acquitted by a jury that knows anything about novels at all. However, nothing can detract from the sweetness and freshness of the story, qualities which, it is pleasant to remember, are still permissible in romance.

An Amateur Adventuress

(From HUTCHINSON), by FRANKFORT MOORE, is
Void of that wit which I confess
Is what I look for in his stories.

A maid of modest means it shows
Who, since her life has little lustre,
Draws her small capital, and goes
A gloriously reckless buster.

Forthwith she's pestered with a rout
Of sisters who compete with mothers
In calling up and trotting out
Their eligible sons and brothers.

Here, surely, is a theme of themes
To move a reader's ribs to laughter,
But that's no longer, so it seems,
An end the author hankers after.

I do not happen to have read any of Miss ELLEN GLASGOW's earlier novels. If they are as good as *The Ancient Law* (CONSTABLE) I regret the oversight. The scene of the story is laid in the United States, and is redolent of that country alike in its urban and its rural aspect. The canvas is large, peopled with many figures; but whether light sketches or elaborated studies they are all real personages, if we except the unworthy people. The villain of the piece, the ex-convict who dogs the steps of *Daniel Ordway*, is tiresomely melodramatic. The rich City man who runs off with *Ordway's* daughter is conventional. But delightful is *Beverley*, whose airy manner and gay selfishness are reminiscent of *Harold Skimpole*. The interest of the story is kept up to the last page. There were three possible endings. *Ordway* might have married the girl he fell in love with; he might have become reconciled to his frigid wife; or he might have died of the fever caught in his last effort of expiation. These would have been commonplace conclusions. With artistic instinct Miss GLASGOW finds a better way, which the reader will do well to search out.



CUPID AT THE HELM.

A SPRING FANCY.

The problem presented in your ordinary murder-story is, of course, a much more elaborate affair than the classic Cock-Robin case. Still, the intelligent reader can generally spot the murderer long before the author has finished his little game of fastening suspicion upon everyone but the right person. But I confess that the mystery of *Garianni*, the foreign blackmailer, as set forth in *The Virgin Widow* (published by METHUEN, and invented by Mr. RANDAL CHARLTON), is beyond me. At first I thought, greatly against my will, that the widow herself was the culprit, in which view I was backed up by *John Bulmer*, and by *Bramwell Moore*, the unresponsive object of her love. But we were all wrong. Then we—that is to say, the widow and Mr. John and I—agreed with the law in suspecting *Bramwell Moore*. Wrong again. Finally, for one moment, I wondered whether *Moore's* second guess had hit the mark. Perhaps Mr. John, who tells the story, had been pulling my leg all the time, and had fired the fatal shot himself. But I was obliged to acquit him. There wasn't a shred of evidence against him, and he, like the other two, left the Court without a stain on his character. After that I gave it up, as I rather think the author meant me to do. All the same I am very glad I read the book, which is clever and entertaining, and does not lose in verisimilitude because it is unconventional enough to leave the mystery unsolved.

Almost ready—by an anonymous author well-known in Berlin Court circles—The first volume of "The Letters that Should Not have been Written."

CHARIVARIA.

To judge by a puzzle which is being hawked about entitled "Find the KAISER," that august personage is very much cut up, and it is easy to believe the rumours that he has decided to bring his career as a Man of Letters to an end.

PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES is now completely recovered, and we are somewhat surprised that it did not occur to a certain ultra-loyal newspaper to publish a photographic enlargement of one of the royal measles.

At the recent fire at the house of Mr. SOMERVILLE, a master at Harrow, a number of the boys, it is stated, lent a hand in saving the furniture "and articles of value" from the burning building. It would be interesting to know how many school-books were rescued.

There has just died, the newspapers tell us, at the age of eighty-nine, a gentleman who never slept out of his own house. We trust this does not mean that he never went to church.

"A pure milk supply would be a great aid to temperance," says *The Essex County Chronicle*. This confirms an opinion we have long held that toppers would at once give up the nasty beer and spirits if we could only guarantee the purity of the glass of milk we offer them.

"There is many a quack who is as good as a doctor," declared Mr. Justice RIDLEY last week, and the quacks and the doctors are not quite sure for which of them the compliment was intended.

A project is being considered for the transference of the celebrated *Jardin des Plantes* to a site three miles outside Paris, where it is intended to create a "Zoological Oasis," in which the animals can have comparative liberty. One feature of the "Oasis" is to be a large hot-house in which all kinds of butterflies would be reared. It is to be hoped that due precautions will be taken to prevent these fighting with the lions.

A wave of excitement is passing over theatrical circles. Actors and critics alike can scarcely live for pleasurable anticipation. "Fluffy Ruffles," the great American success, is to come to London.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

"VERY WELL. I ENGAGE YOU AS HOUSEMAID. ER—HAVE YOU ANY FOLLOWERS?"
"NO, 'M; BUT I CAN SOON GET SOME."

Mr. JUSTICE JELF visited the Oxford Music Hall last week in order to decide a question about a sketch and a cinematograph picture. To turn a music-hall into a Law Court is reversing the usual procedure.

The swing of the pendulum? London's latest novelty is a Clothing Exhibition. The other day it was MAUD ALLAN.

The birth of a boy with three hands is recorded. He is to be trained as a ticket-collector for the Central London Railway.

At length the Near East is waking up to modern ideas. A bomb weighing 22 lbs. has been found in the

harem of the Palace at Constantinople.

In future a charge is to be made for programmes at Mr. TREE's theatre. It is thought that this return to sound financial principles is the result of playing *Shylock*.

The De Beers Company is now being urged to reduce the price of diamonds "so as to bring them within the reach of the masses in Europe and America." We cannot help thinking, however, that when everyone wears them the effect of the constant glitter and sparkle will have a deplorable effect on our eyesight; on the other hand, as Mr. ASQUITH would say, your De Beers will cost you less.

SELECTIONS FROM MR. ASQUITH'S LETTER-BAG.

No. I.

DEAR SIR,—Though years have passed since we met, I venture to recall myself to your memory once more, though my former letter, written when you became Chancellor of the Exchequer, has remained unanswered. Of course you remember TEDDY TOMPKINS at school—the small boy who used to walk along the desks on his hands. Well, that was I. Since then I have done a good many things, been in America, Brazil, New Zealand and South Africa; but it hasn't come to much. What I want to say is that I have invented a new food, in which the common nettle is the chief ingredient, and I want to bring it before you. It only needs to be put forward influentially to be universally adopted. Will you, therefore, kindly grant me an interview on an early date? Three-quarters of an hour would probably be enough. I shall bring specimens of the food with me. It is made in small square cakes and can be carried in the pocket. A prompt reply to the Post Office, Balham, will find me.

Congratulating you on your elevation to the office of Prime Minister, I am yours truly,

EDWARD HOPKINSON TOMPKINS.

No. II.

SIR,—I am instructed by the Mannington Branch of the "Votes For Women" League to forward to you the following Resolution, which was unanimously passed at a largely attended meeting of the Branch:—"That this Branch of the V.F.W.L., whilst refusing to join in the disgusting congratulations which have been offered to the Right Honourable H. H. ASQUITH on his acceptance of the post of Prime Minister, reiterates its solemn determination to pursue him through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom until he recognises the right of women to the suffrage, after which the Branch will combine to support him."

I am desired to add that ten of our members have formed themselves into a doorstep brigade and propose to begin operations shortly.

Faithfully yours,

EDITH PETHINGTON PANKTHORPE.

No. III.

SIR,—Is there a place for an honest man in the ranks of the miserable aggregation misnamed a Government, of which, if the daily Press may be trusted to have deviated from its customary mendacity, you are to be the chief? I have spent a long life in exposing the iniquities and subterfuges of party politicians. I am still *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*, and am prepared to continue as I have begun. Still, the battle against ignorance, rapacity, and injustice is a tiring one when waged by a single pair of hands. I should be content to accept any post in which I should be able to influence the decisions of the Government in the right direction, but it must be understood that the acceptance of a salary however large is not to constitute a claim upon such blind support as is unbecoming to one whose watchword through life has been *sic semper tyrannis*.

Yours obediently,

DONNISTHORPE BOTT.

No. IV.

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—Our Social Debating Society is going on Tuesday to discuss a motion that Liberalism is on the whole of greater advantage to the Empire than

Conservatism. I thought that as you have just been made Prime Minister you might be able to give me some hints about proposing this. When you write please don't bother about writing too much. Two or three sheets of notepaper will do, and I shall be most awfully obliged to you, and I should like to smash the other side, which I shall easily do if you will do what I ask. My father heard you speak once. Would you mind writing by return of post? I am sorry I could not let you know before.

Yours truly, ARTHUR MINCHIN.

No. V.

DEAR SIR,—The Peddlington Tariff Reformers wish me to say that they have unanimously passed this Resolution that the perormances of the Government entitles them to no credit.

Yours obedient W. SMITH.

[Besides these there are 2,500 applications for posts in the Post Office, Docks, Government Offices, the Police, the Corps of Commissioners, and the Staff of the House of Commons.]

HINC ILLÆ LACRIMÆ.

[It is said that an antiseptic property has been discovered to exist in tears]

HEARKEN, my friends, to the last therapeutical
News, that may save you your medical fees;
Listen, and drive from your tissue and cuticle
Any attack of infectious disease;
Learn how the mumps and the measles and scabies
Straight from a lachrymal drop disappear;
Chicken-pox, atrophy, fever, and rabies
All of them run at the sight of a tear.

Had but the Greeks, in the days of THUCYDIDES,
Scented the use of a blubbering eye,
Then had they lived in a slightly sore-lidded ease,
Never lain down in their thousands to die;
Had the Florentines dreamt of the properties,
So prophylactic, of weepings and wails,
Then they had started to weep and to mop hurt eyes,
And we had wanted Boccaccio's tales.

Germs are concealed in a penny or halfpenny;
Therefore at shops, when receiving your change,
Shed on the coppers a tear, and escape any
Perils of eczema, struma, or mange.
Yes, and 'tis probable too that a germ 'll lie
Hid in a handshake, a kiss, or a touch;
Weep then when shaking the hand of a firm ally,
Weep when you kiss your inveterate "Dutch."

Pollen brings fever that troubles your ocular
Organs, and darkens their luminous ray;
Weep then, however internally jocular,
When you are looking on barley or hay;
But, that the cure may not ruin your eye, oh, be
Careful to shed but a modest amount;
Lest, like the recklessly sorrowing Niobe,
You should entirely dissolve to a fount.

From an account in *The Cambridge Daily News* of the College Servants' races on the Cam:

"The winning crew 'caught crabs' rather badly, but maintained their speed . . . Trinity No. 2 lost his oar, which probably materially affected their time."

No wonder Cambridge does so well at Putney, so long as this dauntless spirit prevails among her gyps,



Bernard Partridge.

WINSTON THE GIANT-KILLER (?)



AND YET THEY EXPECT THE VOTE!

Caddy. "SAY, MISS, WE'RE JUST GOING TO DRIVE ON TO THAT GREEN."

Aunty. "OH, THANK THE GENTLEMAN SO MUCH FOR SENDING YOU TO TELL US! THEN WE SHALL HAVE A BEAUTIFUL VIEW!"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S POSITION.

(From a wholly untrustworthy correspondent.)

WILL MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL join the Labour Party? (This is our own original question, and is not borrowed from any halfpenny paper.) He is nearly sure to have the offer of a Cabinet appointment, and his acceptance (which, we understand, has already been given, requiring only the offer to complete the arrangement) will entail his re-election for North-West Manchester. But his majority there was only 1,241, and if he fails it is a question as to how he can get back. A few of his friends have offered to retire in his favour, but there is no one among them whose majority was more than 3,000. We understand that Mr. CHURCHILL considers Sir JOHN BETHELL (Romford, majority 8,855) his best hope; but Sir JOHN has been invited to dinner, and has been talked to about possible peerages, without effect. Liberal Members feel an especial pride in their position in the House, and knowing

that if they once relinquish their seats they may never recover them—at any rate for thirty or forty years—they are naturally slow to offer help.

Thus, should Mr. CHURCHILL fail at Manchester, he stands a good chance of not sitting on the green benches for a very long time to come, as a Liberal. Knowing what a disappointment absence from the House would be to him, the Labour Party has approached him (I am informed) with a view to winning him over to their ranks. Having changed his political views once, they argue, he may be prepared to change them again, and certainly the conversion of this brilliant young aristocrat into a Labour Member would be a great accomplishment. Of course, as has been pointed out to him, the red tie is quite optional. If Mr. CHURCHILL agrees, the proposal is that Mr. FENWICK (Lab., Wansbeck, maj. 7,176) and Mr. W. HUDSON (Lab., Newcastle-on-Tyne, maj. 6,927), should toss, the loser to retire in Mr. CHURCHILL'S favour. Mr. CHURCHILL would make a most popular Labour

candidate, with a little preparation. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is quite willing to lend him the necessary clothes, including a hat; Mr. WILL CROOKS has volunteered to give him lessons in the vernacular any time Mr. CHURCHILL cares to step down to Poplar and look in for a cup of tea with him and Mrs. CROOKS; and Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON has offered him the loan of his private vocabulary in the hope that in a few years Mr. CHURCHILL may be persuaded to go a step further and become one of the Socialist group.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has not yet replied to the suggestion, but there is every possibility of interesting developments taking place.

Table of Precedence.

(For licensed victuallers who really don't care for Mr. Asquith.)

2 pins	= 1 button.
2 buttons	= 1 straw.
2 straws	= 1 brass farthing.
2 brass farthings	= 1 twopenny dam (small Indian coin).
3 brass farthings	= 1 ordinary ditto.

THE OLD BLUE-PYE.

I'm a lean old, mean old sight in a street
 With a foolish, ghoulisn glare at a man,
 And my kennel-mates look grand at a meet,
 With a bloom on the Belvoir tan;
 And they sneer who gape on my colour and shape
 And my veteran, villainous, bloodshot eye,
 For the crowds that swarm round fashion and form
 Pass over the old blue-pye.
 But the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
 And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
 He knows my voice on a fox is true,
 And the blood of a fox my joy;
 So I clear my way thro' the thick of the pack
 To where he sits on the bay mare's back
 With his, "Poor old Vagabond—Vagabond—Vagabond!
 Poor old Vagabond, boy!"

I'm a hard old, scarred old, quarrelsome brute,
 I'm a peevish, thievish bundle of bone,
 But I'll sing to a fox when the rest are mute
 On a line as cold as a stone.
 Oh, the Belvoir blood is gallant and good
 On a scent you could eat, when it hangs breast high,
 But the casting vote on a doubtful note
 Is left to the old blue-pye.
 And the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
 And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
 He knows my voice on a fox is true,
 And the blood of a fox my joy;
 So clear the way for the pick of the pack,
 When he waves us in from the bay mare's back
 With his "'Leu-'leu, Vagabond—Vagabond—Vagabond!
 'Leu-'leu, Vagabond, boy!"

I'm a slinking, blinking beast on a bench,
 I'm a sulking, hulking bully at home,
 But I'm king of the sport of kings as I wrench
 Thro' the woods where the red rogues roam;
 And my fine sleek mates must bury their hates
 And gather and gallop to get to the cry
 When the brushwood rocks and the word is, "*Fox!*—
 On the faith of the old blue-pye."
 For the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
 And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
 He knows my voice on a fox is true,
 And the blood of a fox my joy;
 So cleave your way to the pick of the pack,
 When he wakes the woods from the bay mare's back
 With his "Huic, to Vagabond!—Huic, to Vagabond!
 Yoo-ick, Vagabond, boy!"

I'm a creepy, sleepy slug in the straw,
 But endure as sure as fate on a line,
 And a fox must make the most of his law
 When the set of his mask is mine;
 And the riders troop to the shrill *who-hoop*
 On staggering horses and steeds that sigh
 As the word goes round that the fox was found
 And killed by the old blue-pye.
 For the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
 And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
 He knows my voice on a fox is true,
 And the blood of a fox my joy,
 As he fights his way to the thick of the pack,
 Where my jaws are crushing a wet red back,
 With his "Leave him, Vagabond!—Vagabond!—
 Vagabond!
 Leave him, Vagabond, boy!"

MORE AIDS TO AUTHORSHIP.

ANXIOUS as ever for the encouragement of genius in distress, we have now pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following circular:—

TO NOVELISTS, LITERARY ASPIRANTS, AND OTHERS.

MESSRS. MADDER, BROWN AND MADDER, LTD.

Universal Describers and Local-Colour Men.

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To illustrate the wide scope and practical utility of our assistance, we append a few extracts taken at random from recent correspondence. Originals can at any time be inspected on application.

(1) "*Bow Belle*" (a novelist with one of the largest circulations in contemporary fiction) writes:—

"The second chapter of my new romance begins thus:—'Three days later they were in Florence. There, standing together before the mighty masterpiece of . . . perhaps the most supremely magnificent and moving canvas in the whole realm of art, they, etc.' Kindly fill in title of any really first-class picture to be seen in this town, with not less than four lines of expert appreciation. On the way back to the hotel I want the heroine to be run over by a bullock-waggon and carried into an adjacent catacomb. *Is this all right?* If not, please suggest suitable alternatives. Shall probably be writing you again in a day or two."

(2) "*Recluse*" (Devonshire) is under the distasteful necessity of introducing one powerful sensation scene to liven up his forthcoming volume of philosophical reflections, *The Vicarage Spare-Room*. His idea is that the leading female character should be decoyed to a lonely portion of the South Lancashire coast, and there murdered. A cursory inspection of the map has suggested Blackpool as a spot possessing an appropriately sinister name; he would therefore be obliged if Messrs. M. B. M., Ltd., would favour him with a description of the locality, enclosing height of cliffs, tide-table, and all similar details likely to be of assistance. Are there any houses near?"

Also inquiries for a geyser, a Zulu impi, a Patagonian broncho-buster (two applications), and the purlieus of a mango-swamp.

We have helped others. Let us help you.

Write to-day.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

[N.B.—This is not an extract from the Home & Colonial Stores Price List, as it might seem at the first glance, but a by-election speech guaranteed to win any seat at the present moment.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—In addressing you—the enlightened and intelligent electorate of the Peckish Division—I ask you, in the first place, on what cry did the conglomeration of ravenous brigands which calls itself a Government—on what cry did it come into power? You know, gentlemen, the cry of Free Food. Two years have passed away. I ask not whom have they done—for they have done everybody—but what have they done.

The Big Loaf of which they bragged costs the careworn housewife a penny more. The Butter, with which the honest toiler renders his dry crust more succulent, has risen from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.

The Margarine, which the profligate expenditure of a dishonest Cabinet often compels us to use as a substitute, has also risen from 6d. to 8d. per lb.

Bacon—Gentlemen, my emotions will hardly allow me to dwell on bacon—suffice it that from many a humble home the smell of the appetising rasher is absent.

Meat—whilst the jester BIRRELL drives cattle in Ireland his Socialistic colleagues drive up meat prices in England.

Nor with such an Admiralty—indifferent to England's interests on the high seas—can we wonder that the pleasing Winkle grows scarcer and dearer?

So, gentlemen, I can go through the entire catalogue of your domestic needs—the sugar that sweetens your bitter cup, the appetising pickle, that poor man's joy the kipper, the bullseyes which your stalwart lads suck, the chocolate creams which delight your winsome daughters—all, all have risen through the baleful influence of a Government which came in on Free Food.

And Beer—Gentlemen, I tremble when I think of Beer. In that delightful melody which you sang at the opening of this meeting with such religious fervour are these stirring lines—

"Up with the sale of it
Down with a pail of it."

The motto of this Government—the infamous Cabal which will soon be swept away by a free and intelligent people—is "Up with the price of it."



Boy. "SIXPENN'ORTH O' COD LIVER OIL, PLEASE, SIR. AN', I SAY, DON'T GIVE ME TOO MUCH, 'COS IT'S ME WHAT'S GOT TO DRINK IT."

In that profligate Act, of which TITUS OATES would be ashamed, there are provisions which will inevitably raise the price of Beer to 4d. a glass. What will be the hideous consequences? The working-man will be deprived of that pure nut-brown beverage which is his natural drink, and drunkenness will be multiplied tenfold.

Now, gentlemen, this is my programme. By the imposition of light taxes on imported food, which the foreigner will pay, the prices of food-stuffs will be instantly decreased. On

the other hand I will resolutely oppose all increase in the duties on beer or the imposts upon publicans—for it is an ascertained economic fact that whilst any tax on food falls on the producer, not the consumer, a tax on beer falls solely on the working-man.

Will you endure for a moment longer, gentlemen, the existence of a Government under which your army, navy, colonies, homes, wives, religious faith, and alcoholic refreshment are imperilled. Will you? (*Thunders of interested negation.*)

LONDON LETTERS.

I.

DEAR CHARLES,—I saw a sad thing last Monday outside the House of Commons. A dozen sandwichmen were parading the street with boards on their backs, imploring us to notice which way Members voted on the second reading of the Licensing Bill. Of course the second reading had just been postponed for a month, so they will have to come out again after Easter. This means that a whole day was wasted, and I don't know how many shillings of the widows and orphans. A sandwichman, you know, gets one-and-six an hour (or is it a day?—anyhow I know it's one-and-six); and if you multiply that by a thousand, or whatever the number of them was, you get a lot.

Talking of the Licensing Bill, I know a man called Bass who writes fiery leaders against it in one of the Unionist papers. He isn't really one of the Bassy Basses, being more of a Baritone, and of course his leaders aren't signed; but still, I don't think he ought to do it, do you? He is bound to be prejudiced. I am quite disinterested about this. If his name were COCOA or AERATED I should object just as much to his writing for the *Westminster*. A journalist, dear CHARLES, must be above suspicion. ("Like CÆSAR's wife," as we say in the profession.)

Oh, I say, I've just had a nephew! (Uncle doing well.) Did you know? Look here, we'll arrange a sporting match between him and your son over hurdles for 1922. Your boy will still be a year older, but, bless you, I don't mind that. My nephew is so ugly that I feel he *must* be good at something. Probably hurdles. Of course if either of us perishes in the meantime the nominations become void. ("The nominations become void"—did you notice that? Quite the sportsman.)

What sort of weather are you having? I ask because the weather differs according to the locality, and down at Castle Bumpbrook it may be quite fine, while it is raining here, and *vice versa*. Why is this? Why shouldn't the weather be the same everywhere? Something to do with the solstices, I believe. What is a solstice? (I have asked you no end of questions in this letter, and I don't suppose you will answer one of them.)

Have you ever thought—

Oh Evans, oh the Dickens and Jones—I've just remembered that HILDA is staying with you! So you

did know I had a nephew, and you've observed him for yourself. Look here, you simply mustn't let her see this letter. Or if, following a distinguished precedent, you have to leave it about, just block out the bit about the "ugly," as they do in Russia. And I'll put in a P.S. on a separate bit of paper, which you can show to HILDA. See?

I seem to have stopped, rather unfortunately, at "Have you ever thought?" I was going on—Have you thought how awkward it would be if the weather were the same everywhere? Like the stars. Whenever I go away for a week-end to a strange place I arrive at tea-time, and break the ice by saying "And what sort of weather have you been having *here*?" I can then help myself with some distinction to muffins, and by the time I have eaten the last muffin everything is going on very nicely. Now, if I had said, "What sort of stars have you been having *here*?" that wouldn't have led to anything, least of all (probably) to muffins. You see what I mean? But I don't suppose you do. You never think of things like that in the country. What do you think of at Castle Bumpbrook? Tell me.

Do you grow oranges at Castle? (Forgive the familiarity.) I have just eaten about six. I get through quite a dozen a day. The fact is I heard a doctor say the other night that they were awfully good for the complexion—or else awfully bad, I couldn't quite catch which. He spoke very indistinctly. It was a pity that I missed what seems to have been the important word; it wouldn't have mattered so much about the "awfully." However, I go on eating them, and if one day you turn up in town and find me a full-blown mulatto, you will know that the word *was* "bad." I shall become a sort of test case, like "*Wreford v. Partington* (1883)." Eminent people will refer to me. How nice to be referred to—not that it would be the first time. "Refer to drawer," I remember on my cheques at Cambridge. That, sir, was *me*.

Do you know, I made up the names *Wreford* and *Partington* on the spur of the moment. The names are simple enough, but I think the combination is wonderful. There *must* have been such a case in 1883. Who do you think *Wreford* was? I fancy he was a small chandler, and he fell down the coal shoot of *Partington's* in Cannon Street. *James Partington*, the senior partner, said (fairly enough) that a great firm like his,

which had branches all over England (including Norwich), *must* have coal some time, if they were to cope successfully with increasing foreign competition, which, owing to the present Gov—Oh no, this was 1883; I forgot. Well, anyhow, he said they must have coal. *Wreford* retorted that he didn't mind their putting coal down their shoot, but when it came to including respectable citizens of London—

You remember the excitement when the case came on? We were only babies then, but I have a recollection that my nurse was a pro-*Partington*. *Wreford* won, but as he was heavily fined for having knowingly caused a crowd to collect it did him little good, poor man.

Good-bye. I have written you a long letter. Write back at once, on one side of the paper only, pinning your sheets neatly together, and marking them "Elephant" in the top left-hand corner. Ever yours,

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

P.S.—Have you heard about my nephew? He is the dearest baby you ever saw. His face I should call interesting and clever, rather than handsome; but it is one that grows upon you. A. A. M.

VER VERECUNDUM;

OR, NATURE'S GENTILITY.

O SPRING-TIME, how can I express
The coyness of your gradual
coming,
The caution of that first address
So different from the loud caress
That bards are bent on thrum-
ming?

They see (with Eros at her side
Affixing to his bolt a new barb)
A corybantic lady glide,
And all the woods about her pied
With red and green, like rhubarb.

They sing how at a glance she stirs
The seeds that slumbered during
snow-time,
Till all the conquered dale is hers,
And on the bough the catkin purrs
In practically no time.

I fail to see it. Calm and slow
(A patch of rain and now a dry bit)
A proudly proper gait you go,
And, as I said, I do not know
What words can well describe it.

Not with a sudden rosy stamp
That sends a flush through fields
and fences,
But dim and delicate and damp
With large goloshes and a gamp,
The English spring commences.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Visitor. "I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, TELL ME, WHAT IS ABOUT THE AVERAGE PRICE OF AN OLD MASTER?"

ANOTHER HUSTLER.

AN INTERVIEW.

HANDING him my card, I awaited his words, note-book in hand. It was in the smoking-room of the Astor Hotel, amid circumstances of peculiar grandeur and the smell of the very last thing in paint.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I am Mr. CYRUS K. DEXTER, at your service for ten minutes. I can give you till a quarter of six."

"Is it the case," I asked, "that you are in London in connection with a recent change of fashion here?"

"Yes, sir, I am. That is so. The news came that the British aristocracy were giving up frock coats, and I took the next boat across. I caught it by twenty-five seconds and a bigish jump. I came on the *Torymania*. She is a great ship. Fine."

"What was your idea?"

"My idea, sir, is to make a corner in the best English frock coats for American wear. In our country, sir, we have a liking for the frock coat, but our tailors are inferior. In your country you have good tailors, and are tired of the frock coat. Do you see?"

I said I saw.

"My idea, sir, was to buy up the classiest frock coats that had so suddenly gone out of fashion, and take them back with me carefully marked."

"But how?" I began.

"I go, sir, not to the master but to the man. I go to the valet. At the present moment I have in my possession four hundred and eighty-two frock coats in good condition, all once the property of noblemen. Others are continually arriving. I shall return to New York on Wednesday next with the complete haul; and I promise you the scene on my arrival will be worth witnessing.

There is a demand for these coats among our leading citizens such as you cannot imagine. I am receiving cables on the subject every few minutes. Here is one I have just had with regard to the Earl of ROSSLYN'S, with satin facings.

"But," I said, "supposing they don't fit?"

"Fit, sir," said Mr. DEXTER, "will come not first; nor will it come second or third. Before fit will come the shape—the frockiness, as I may put it, of the coat; before fit will come the tailor, the builder of the coat, with his London label; before fit will come the guarantee of genuineness, the certificate signed by a reputable valet, as to its previous owner's connection with it. . ."

"But the fact that the coat is second-hand?"

"Sir," said Mr. DEXTER, "it is a quarter of six. I must bid you a very good evening. You evidently do not know our people."



CIVILIAN AND SOLDIER TOO.

"Hallane Terrier" (a little late for parade) "I WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THEY WANT TO BOTHER ME ABOUT NOW?"

THE INDISPENSABLE INFORMANT.

BIARRITZ.

OF brilliant Biarritz, which has just become the centre of the universe, too much cannot be known. All eyes have been turning that way and every ear strained for news from the French Brighton, as it has never before been called. For Biarritz, you must know, is on the sea: to be exact, it is on the Bay of Biscay; and not the least of its many attractions is the sound of voyagers in agony on the numerous vessels which cross that uneasy portion of the uneasy Atlantic. Breezes blown in from the sea add to the healthiness of Biarritz. There are occasional gales; rain sometimes falls, and sunshine varies with cloud. In summer the sea is bathed in. In winter, not.

Brilliant Biarritz, so called because it was there that His Majesty received Mr. Asquith in audience, is, like other French towns, whether maritime or inland, divided into

streets. It has an "hotel de ville" and a railway station, or "gare," as these places are wittily called by our lively neighbours. (Hence the English word "guard"—one who is found at a "gare.") Biarritz has shops ("magasins de nouveautés") and visitors often buy things in them. The visitors are not only French but English, and American too, who stay for the most part in the hotels, walk out on fine days, and seldom pluck up enough courage to complain of their bills. Nothing can exceed the uniqueness of Biarritz or the brilliancy is indeed its keynote.

Such a town naturally has its lions, chief of whom is ARNAUD MASSY, the golf champion, who was born at No. 4 Rue de Fer, where his aged mother still resides. Few indeed are the young golfers who do not visit the old lady in the hope of acquiring a tip or two. Mrs. MASSY, who has not only discarded her Dolly Vardon bonnet for the season, but has now given up Taylor-

made clothes, is herself no mean practitioner, and can wield her "cercles," as clubs are called in France, with the best, and with them make rings round even the most formidable opponents. With pardonable pride she refers always to her mashie as her massy. Dear old soul.

At present the fares to this charming resort are not excessive, nor is the price of living there too high; but if the new French Licensing Bill passes it is conjectured that your Biarritz will cost you more.

Letting them down gently.

"One of the most essential points in rifle-shooting is to lead a somewhat temperate life."—*The Rifleman*.

"Be your motto therefore 'Moderation,' or, in simple Latin, In medus tubissimus ibis."

Cheltenham Chronicle.

"You will get there immediately by the Tube" is perhaps a better translation of this simple Latin phrase.



ASQUITH'S GREAT CABINET PUZZLE.

(With acknowledgments to the "Answers" Elephant.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 6.—House met at usual hour amid customary observances. Perhaps benches were more than usually crowded for a Monday. Strangers' Galleries thronged. Thin black line of Peers occupied Front Bench of gallery to right of clock. Amid murmur of conversation ordered business went forward. There were new writs to be moved—one for Kincardineshire, in the room of J. W. CROMBIE, whose taking off whilst still in the prime of life as years count has been partly overlooked in public record occupied with the sickness and death of more prominent Parliamentarians. The House knows it has lost a man of gentle nature, rare intellectual gifts, a speaker who touched the chord of pathos or humour with equal sureness, who, handicapped by constitutional physical frailness, bravely made light of his burden.

Over four-score questions on the paper, of something more than usual nothingness. Three were addressed to the PRIME MINISTER. Members turning over the pages were conscious of the fact that there was not any more a Prime Minister, nor in truth

any Ministry at all. This morning official proclamation flashed through the country that C.-B. had resigned. In accordance with constitutional usage, simultaneously with his withdrawal disappeared the fabric of the Ministry he had created. Yet here were Secretary of State for War, Under Secretary for the Colonies, Home Secretary, Secretary to the Treasury, Attorney-General, and the rest, all answering questions addressed to non-existent Ministers.

As the long process went forward

anxious eyes scanned the Treasury Bench, wandering off to the passage behind the SPEAKER'S Chair whence Ministers enter upon the scene. ASQUITH still tarried on the way; or was he not coming?

At twenty minutes to four a cheer rose from the Ministerial benches; not high or exultant, just warmly welcoming. A slight passing incident testifying to the fine instinct that ever underlies the House of Commons, whatsoever may at the moment be its political or social predominance. Here was the Premier-

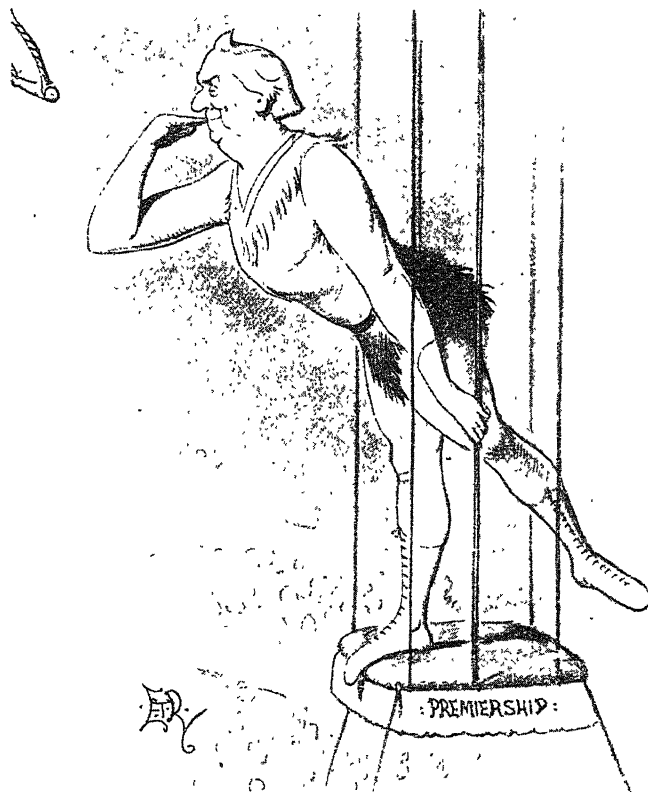
designate making his first appearance on the scene of a triumph won by sheer ability. It would be ungracious not to cheer him. To indulge in jubilation would be disloyal to the memory of C.-B. Accordingly the cheer, though hearty in tone, was low in note.

ASQUITH, above all things, a man of business. Occasion historic. To himself, momentous. But there was work to be done. As soon as Questions were over he stood at the Table, greeted again by the low murmur of cheers. As usual went straight to point.

"Since the House rose on Friday," he said, "his Majesty the KING has been pleased to accept from the PRIME MINISTER the resignation of his office, and the Government is now without a head."

With passing reference to "our revered and trusted chief," made in voice trembling with rare emotion, he came to business. In the circumstances impossible for the House to carry on its work. Accordingly moved adjournment for a week, during which Committees will have power to continue their sittings upstairs.

Members intently following slowly spoken words noticed peculiar phrase



MR. ASQUITH "KISSES HANDS" ON APPOINTMENT.



"OUR REVERED AND TRUSTED CHIEF."

Henceforth a Happy Memory only.

(In respectful farewell to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister.)

in which Chancellor of the Exchequer alluded to probable condition of things to-morrow week when Parliament will reassemble for despatch of public business.

"When that has been transacted I should imagine," he said, "though I have no authority to speak, that the House will then be asked to adjourn for the Easter recess."

Five hours later, bidden by the KING, he was journeying to Biarritz, whence he will return with the authority he now punctiliously disclaims.

Business done.—Announcement made of C.-B.'s resignation of the Premiership. Both Houses adjourned till Tuesday week.

FULSOME FARE FOR RADICAL READERS.

(With grateful acknowledgments to "The Daily Chronicle.")

SIR JULIUS SCHLOSS returned from Mentone last Friday, and for the first time slept in his new mansion, Mosel House, Arlington Street. The work of preparing the mansion for its owner has occupied a considerable time, upwards of 500 workmen being employed day and night for the last nine months, but the final touches were given about ten days ago, since when the major-domo, Lord SANDOWN, and the entire staff of servants (numbering 167) have been anxiously awaiting their eminent master.

Mosel House is now a positively Sardanapalian palazzo, and contains old masters, plate, bijouterie, tapestry, and first editions of priceless value. . . The lighting of the classic servants'-hall is one of the most striking features of this magnificent apartment. Old Roman lamps of antique bronze are suspended, like the sword of Damocles, from the ceiling, but the illumination is supplied, not by the oil flame, as in the pitifully primitive days of HELIOGABALUS, but by electric torches fitted to the lamps. The servants'-hall, it may be added, is furnished with a sumptuous musicians' gallery, from which SIR JULIUS's private orchestra of 100 performers, conducted by Herr BOLOSSY BAMBERGER, discuss symphonic music to the assembled menials four times a day. Plain living and high thinking is, however, the rule enforced by SIR JULIUS, who only allows his domestics good sound claret & *discretion* on week-days, and the driest champagne on Sundays.

Before leaving England on the occasion of his last visit, and when

SIR JULIUS SCHLOSS was in Abyssinia, the GERMAN EMPEROR paid a visit to Mosel House, his Imperial Majesty having previously expressed a desire to Lord SANDOWN to view the wonders of what is undoubtedly the most sultanic and miraculously gorgeous residence in London. Lady GOLDWASSER received his Majesty in the absence of her brother, and conducted him through the numerous rooms, of which there are seventeen more than in the Vatican. The KAISER was particularly fascinated by the Pompeian pantry, and above all by the superb Turkish baths, which are constructed of porphyry and platinum, the cork mats being studded with fine emeralds. The KAISER could hardly tear himself away from this superb temple of ablution, in which the soap is scented with attar of roses, and caged nightingales, trained to sing directly the taps are turned on, mingle their seraphic strains with the dainty plashings of the luxurious bathers. The water used in this bath, it should be added, is conveyed in gold pipes all the way from the Bosphorus in order to give the correct local colour to the scene.

On taking possession of his new home SIR JULIUS SCHLOSS hands over his old residence, 390, Park Lane to his niece, Lady COSHERLEY, who already possesses one bijou dwelling in Berkeley Square, one in Palace Gardens, and a third in Grosvenor Gardens. The Park Lane mansion is second only in splendour to Mosel House, and has been perhaps more often honoured by Imperial, Royal and Grand Ducal guests than any other private house in town. On the other hand, Lady COSHERLEY's bijou Berkeley Square "band-box"—as it was wittily called by the late Hereditary Hospodar of PODOLIA—had grown altogether too small for the requirements of Lady COSHERLEY, whose dinner parties have for many seasons struck the top note in the gastronomic gamut. Lady COSHERLEY shares her uncle's love of the beautiful, and her Mixo-Lyidian boudoir was almost, if not quite, one of the most unique things in its way in London. The walls and ceiling were ornamented with wonderfully lovely paintings by SIGISMUND GOETZE, HERBERT SCHMALZ, and other incomparable artists, and the Turkey carpet was of so astonishingly thick a pile that Lady COSHERLEY's pet Schipperke used to disappear from sight when walking across the room. It is hardly likely, however, that Lady

COSHERLEY will take up residence in Park Lane before the end of May. She has felt the death of her famous Borzoi intensely, and her husband, Sir JOSHUA COSHERLEY, is so fully occupied in handicapping the competitors in the putting competitions organised by the Grand Duke MICHAEL at Cannes that he will be unable to return to London for several weeks. Sir JOSHUA, it will be remembered, was recently elected an honorary member of the Kitchen Committee of the National Liberal Club.

Many well-known faces were at GARRIDGE's for tea yesterday when Dr. FILLINGHAM BRIDGER's lecture on "Royalties whose teeth I have crowned" proved very interesting. Lady MARGERY MOLAR was picturesque in terra-cotta, and Lady MATLASKE in pastel shades, with a floral toque, was sitting at tea with Lady ZERBOA PILAFF and the Hon. AZIMUTH BLANDAMER. On the same evening the restaurant was very full for dinner. Sir JASPER SAISIFY and Count PIMENTO were dining together, and Baron von GULP of the German Embassy was also entertaining.

The reference in a recent issue of *Madame* to a feat of strength of KING EDWARD, who in his early days made and won a bet that he would carry a small pony up a flight of stairs, has set the fashion of "athletic luncheons," at which the guests are all expected to give proof of their physical prowess. A charming example of this form of entertainment was recently held at Lady DURDLE's beautiful house in Grosvenor Square. Sir HUGO BURLEIGH carried a baby elephant from the ground floor to the attics without stopping; but the first prize was awarded to Lord LUNDY, who poised on his head a tank containing a small sperm whale kindly lent by the Prince of MONACO, and walked with it three times round the square.

Health and Strength.

"LADY Advances £5 upwards daily; any distance."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch*.

Mr. Punch, too, advances 5 lbs. upwards daily (after his bath), and to a considerable distance.

Many papers nowadays try to brighten their leaders by giving them a catchy headline; but we still think it was a mistake of a Sussex contemporary to call its weighty article upon the dissolution of the VEDRENNE-BARKER partnership "The Excavation of Memphis."



THE POINT TO POINT SEASON.

Excited Countryman (to Huntsman, who is keeping the course). "THERE'S ONE OF 'EM IN THE WATER! IT'S THAT GENT WHAT RUNS THE TEMPERANCE CLUB. 'ADN'T YOU BETTER GO AND 'ELP 'IM?"

Hun'sman (not an abstainer). "OH, 'E'S ALL RIGHT. 'E'S IN 'IS HELEMENT!"

AN UNSPEAKABLE CALAMITY.

SOME tragedies there are that teach
How powerless is human speech
To comfort or relieve,
When at some sudden stroke of fate,
Hopelessly inarticulate,
In mute despair we grieve.

Bitter is unrequited love;
Grievous the split of new-bought
glove;

Cruel the broken gut
That lets the biggest fish go free;
The careless gulp of scalding tea;
The fozzled six-inch putt;

The heavy hammer on the thumb.
But, though for some brief moments
dumb,

In accidents like these
The sufferer in time can turn
From thoughts that breathe to words
that burn
And find in language ease.

But ah! no adjectives avail,
Verbs in all moods and tenses fail
To soothe such grief as mine,
Splashed, by a hansom passing by,
With mud on collar, shirt and tie,
When driving out to dine.

Licensing Note.

"Premiers are weak in Diamonds."

Money Market Report.

Then why not have a go at Clubs,
Mr. ASQUITH?

"Henry VIII. was less of a lathe painted to
look like iron than Mr. Hueffer makes him."

Sunday Times.

It had never occurred to us (some-
how) to call HENRY VIII. a lathe.

"By means of geological specimens and
shells elementary botany is taught."

Manchester Evening News.

And, *vice versa*, a primrose by the
river's brim was just geology to him,
and it was nothing more.

From a column in *The Southend Echo*, entitled "Bright and Brief":

"Mrs. — was obliged to keep her bed
yesterday in consequence of a sharp bilious
attack."

We hope it was brief, but it cannot
have been bright.

"The hon. member for Merthyr was arrayed
in the old brown tweed jacket which has
always been his only apparel at Westminster,
and one cannot help wondering whether it was
in this garb that he made the acquaintance of
'Afric's burning fountains and India's coral
strand.'"—*Manchester Courier.*

Probably. But think how cold he
would have been on Greenland's icy
mountains.

"Mr. Asquith left Paris for London at ten
minutes to ten this morning."

Westminster Gazette.

On any other occasion he would just
have caught the 9.50 like an ordinary
person.

THE JEW OF VENICE.

WHILE Mr. TREE was about his business of remodelling *The Merchant of Venice*, I rather wonder he did not think to improve its title as above. For *Shylock*, at His Majesty's, has the pick of the lime-light, of the curtains, of the dramatic pauses and delays. He dominates the Ghetto, and for his sake this obscure *quartier Juif* becomes the fashionable resort of carnival. He appropriates an extra episode (not in the book) that he may have the opportunity of reversing SHAKESPEARE's estimate of him as a man who thought more of the loss of his ducats than of his daughter, and so appealing to emotions which the author never proposed to excite.

But Mr. TREE justified himself to all but the pedants. His *Shylock* was a very subtle study of character, marred only by its noisier passages. Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE had a far harder task with *Portia*. She elected to be consistent with herself rather than to attempt to follow the inconsistencies of the character that SHAKESPEARE drew. For it is difficult to conceive of *Portia* as the "great lady" that some of the critics would have her to be, and at the same time capable of just any girlish devilment that occurs to her. Miss CARLISLE's youth has been made a charge against her; yet, of course, one of the chief virtues required (and not always found) in an actress who plays *Portia* is that she should enjoy that "lack of years" for which *Beltrio* apologised when he recommended her to the Duke's notice. This gift of nature Miss CARLISLE supplemented by a very charming vivacity, tempered with enough of dignity to support the magnificence of her establishment at Belmont.

The rest of the cast did not shine too conspicuously, though I liked the contagious gaiety of Mr. QUARTERMAINE'S *Gratiano*. Mr. ANSON played the blind *Old Gobbo* very carefully; and Mr. NORMAN PAGE made the most of the indifferent fooling assigned to *Gobbo Junior*.

The trial scene was an illumination. In reading the play one fails to appreciate the extraordinary licence permitted to spectators in a mediæval Venetian Court of Justice. Every moment I expected Mr. PLOWDEN (who was in the stalls) to intervene and remind *Gratiano* that if there were to be any plessantries in court they must emanate from the Bench only.

Another thing that impressed me was the astonishing discretion shown

at Belmont in the matter of the secret of the caskets. When one suitor after another had failed with the gold and the silver, everybody, from the major-domo downwards, must have made a shrewd guess as to the whereabouts of the hidden portrait, yet nobody gave the answer away. I do hope that the household of the ex-Premier at that other Belmont, N.B., has always been equally reticent about any state secrets that it may have overheard.

The music was a very notable feature of Mr. TREE's production; but the beautiful old Hebrew melody, *Kol Nedrei*, was drowned in the cackling of the audience during an *entr'acte*, and the adorable song, *Tell me where is fancy bred*, was no sooner begun than it was obliterated by the deafening bark of Mr. BASIL GILL over the caskets.

Both scenery and costumes were of an amazing beauty, but the gondolas annoyed me; their motions, as usual on the stage, being most condemnably sticky. O. S.

THE OTHER SIDE.

ANOTHER GREAT RESTAURANT STRIKE.

REMARKABLE scenes took place at a West End teashop the other day. At the stroke of 1.30 p.m. every customer in the place dropped his knife, fork, or spoon, and left off trying to eat the alleged food before him. No matter where they were or what they were doing, on the stroke of 1.30 the customers stopped. The waitresses were thunderstruck, and tried all they could, some protesting, some cajoling, to induce the customers to go on with their lunch, but in vain.

On the arrival of the manager, who had been fetched from a neighbouring hotel, where he was getting something to eat, the ringleader of the customers, a small, fair-haired, vivacious man who is known to his friends as "Ben," handed him a document written in chalk on the bottom of a tea-tray. This document contained the demands of the customers, among which were the following:—

That all customers shall be guaranteed to be served with their lunch within fifteen minutes of giving their orders (matinée days, twenty minutes).

That the eggs served shall be eggs, and the beef beef.

That waitresses shall be occasionally reminded by the management that they are there to earn their living, not to confer favours.

That no breadstuff more than ten days old shall be put before customers.

That no customer shall be poisoned or have his digestion ruined for a period of three months from the date of the document.

The Managing Director of the Company was telephoned for, and on his arrival he took in at a glance the seriousness of the situation, and at once signed the document with a chocolate éclair. Thereupon the customers cheered, and quietly went on with their work.

"Ben," interviewed by our representative, said, "For fifteen years I have come here to lunch and sat at the same table; and every day my lunch has been two half-scones and two pats of butter, with a cup of cocoa. Yes, I should prefer variety, but I feel that by having nothing but scones I ensure the supply being at least moderately fresh. Were I to change my meal, even for a single day, my food the next day would be some twenty-four hours older than usual. I have observed the troubles of my fellow-customers for some time, and have long felt that something ought to be done—as a rule it is either underdone or burnt to a cinder. Yes, I am prepared to go on with this great work if the management do not abide by their undertaking"—and he flourished the tea-tray proudly.

TO LUNA.

O MOON,

All poetasters have to croon
A song to thy refulgent rays.
Hast thou observed that nowadays
Our harps are somewhat out of tune,

O moon?

O moon,

The nigger or the octoroon
Addresses thee whenever he sings,
And lightly twangs the banjo strings;
But that's because thou rhym'st
with coon,

O moon!

O moon,

The months of April, May and June—
When Spring grips poets in her clutch—

I think must try thee very much.
But, courage! They'll be over soon,
O moon!

O moon,

The fountain pen is such a boon,
But mine has run completely dry,
My inspiration too, so I
Had better say good afternoon,

O moon!

A TIP FOR PRESTWICK.

["France will be well to the front at the Golf Championship. Massy is already at the top of the tree, and there are great possibilities in Gassiat and Baptiste Bomboudiac."—*Daily Paper*]

SOME prate of BRAID and TAYLOR,
And eke of HARRY V.
(Admittedly a nailer
At driving from the tee),
But of all the golfing heroes
Whom common punters back
There 's none to me so dear as
BAPTISTE BOMBOUDIAC.

A GASSIAT or MASSY
May do distinguished things
With iron or with brassy—
But *his* the name that rings.
Daylong through all my fancies,
Nightlong my sleep I lack,
Through sizing up your chances,
BAPTISTE BOMBOUDIAC.

To drive, and pitch, and hole-out,
With skill satanical,
Wears an opponent's soul out
And sends him to the wall;
The "influence" called "moral"
Will ward off such attack,
Awarding thee the laurel,
BAPTISTE BOMBOUDIAC.

We need not be affrighted
To meet a WHITE or JONES,
Whose Christian names are cited
In quite familiar tones;
But diffidence comes o'er us
When driven to attack
Polysyllab-sonorous
BAPTISTE BOMBOUDIAC.

PARS ABOUT THE PREMIER.

(With apologies to ALL our contemporaries)

MR. ASQUITH owes his present exalted position in no small measure to the fact that he was born a boy. Had Fortune ordained otherwise it is possible that to-day he might have been the trusted leader of the Suffragettes. He is, as everyone knows, a Balliol man.

* *

MR. ASQUITH is a man of purpose. Watch him as he leaves his office and steps boldly down Whitehall. His object is to reach the House, and he does it by his sheer ability to overcome difficulties. He is, you see, a Balliol man.

* *

It is often said that "Asquith is a born speaker," but from what we have heard from those who knew him personally during the first few weeks of his career the word "speaker" would seem to be merely a corruption of "squeaker" (q.v.). There is no doubt, however, that he is a Balliol man.



POINTED.

Policeman. "So I'VE GOT YER THIS TIME, 'AVE I?"

Burglar. "GARN! IT TAKES SOMETHIN' SHARPER 'N YOU TO KETCH ME!"

Popular tradition represents Mr. ASQUITH as an austere politician with no particular love for his fellows. This is not so, however; he is, on the contrary, a genial kindly man, with (in spite of the Licensing Bill) a distinct sense of humour, and he is very popular with his Tennants. JOWETT predicted great things for Mr. ASQUITH, which seems to show without doubt that he is a Balliol man.

From an advt. in *The Pioneer*:
"FOR SALE, OWNER GOING ON LEAVE.
1 Sandow's Obesity Reducer, never used . . .
118-ft. Fishing Rod . . ."
These two items seem to explain each other.

"With no desire to be hypercritical, and this is a soldiers' book, but Capt Gilson does not always write correct English."

Westminster Review.

With still less desire to be hypercritical, and this is the tenth of April, but the reviewer can't talk.

In fear lest some confusion follow upon the production of the American play *The College Widow* at the Adelphi, Mr. A. C. BENSON writes to remind us that it is not a dramatisation of his sparkling pasquinade *From a College Window*, although at first sight it looks like it. This being so it is a matter for extreme gratification that the new play is not being performed by the BENSON Company.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE civilian reader will probably complain that in his *Memoirs of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman* (SMITH, ELDER) Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER has been too generous with military details. In reading the chapters recording the assault and capture of Delhi, one cannot see the wood for the trees. This is not the biographer's fault, save inasmuch as he is responsible for the marshalling of the material placed at his disposal. Sir HENRY NORMAN was a soldier—to be precise, an Adjutant-General—and in his diary and letters there appear a wealth of particulars of men, armament, movements, and consequences, admirable in an official report, a little repellent in a book for general reading. There comes within the story, for example, the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate, one of the finest feats of heroism in the record of war. Sir HENRY NORMAN's pulse does not seem stirred by the episode, which he reports in the bald style proper to noting a change of sentries. Nevertheless, from the accumulation of detail unassisted by literary art, the reader is impressed with the peerless courage, endurance and self-denial crowned by the recapture of Delhi. Under fire night and day the little band of Europeans and natives suffered sunstroke alternating with pitiless rain, in many cases finishing off with cholera. On the day of the assault 66 officers, including the two NICHOLSONS, fell, and with them over 1,100 men. NORMAN had a charmed life. Bullets fired point-blank at him missed fire, shells exploded at his feet, carrying havoc to those who stood by. Save for a shot which, after killing his horse, grazed the rider, he came out of the Mutiny scatheless. When *The Delhi Gazette* appeared distributing crosses and promotions his name found no place in it, much to the indignation of comrades who had watched his strenuous efforts through the siege. Later in life honours were showered upon him. He rose to the rank of Field-Marshal, was appointed Governor of Jamaica, and was offered the Viceroyalty of India, which on reflection he declined. A gallant soldier, a tireless worker, a modest man, of such are the makers of Empire.

The principal theme of *The Weaning* (WERNER LAURIE) is calf love, of which a violent case is described in detail. Secondary, and more interesting, is a picture of the

motor industry in the act of wrecking the country's manners and morals. The book is, I believe, the fifth which has come from Mr. JAMES BLYTH during the last fourteen months, and he is perhaps to be congratulated on bearing the strain of production without showing signs of wear. I have read four of the five, and this seems to be as good as any of them. There are the usual number of disagreeable people, the usual rather insincere-sounding outbursts on various social questions, and the usual amount of unctuous elaboration of the obvious. One of the outbursts is brought to a close with words which reveal an attitude of mind that the author should be urged to cultivate. "But avaunt! I am on a pet subject, and though it will ease me to let fly, it will bore my readers ineffably."

It is a pity that Mr. ALBERT DORRINGTON took the scene of his novel *And the Day Came* (HUTCHINSON)

away from the Australian Bush. Of Bush life he writes with both simplicity and strength, and he emphasises its influence over his heroine, *Nora Hastings*. "Sadness, of course, was the keynote of the Australian Bush. The men laughed, but they seemed always to be laughing at the wrong thing: they laughed at a bewildered dog But never, never had she discovered them laughing at themselves." The sadness and loneliness drove *Miss Hastings* straight into the arms of the *Hon.*

Manton Belstrade, a man who broke the seventh commandment so habitually that little sympathy could be felt for him when he died—very abruptly—through someone else breaking the sixth. Perhaps Mr. DORRINGTON would do better to leave the aristocracy alone altogether, and to write a novel of Bush life plain and simple, for I am sure he would make good stuff of it. The Bushman who could laugh at himself might be the hero.

Mr. CHARLES E. HANDS, *The Daily Mail* Special Correspondent at Biarritz, had a stirring interview with Mr. ASQUITH on his arrival, in the course of which the Premier remarked that he had nothing to say. Our contemporary, however, was not content with this unique triumph on the part of its correspondent, and urged him to further efforts; the result being that on the next day all the papers came out with large headlines:—
"MR. ASQUITH KISSES HANDS."

THE NEW WRESTLING STYLE.—"Scratch as Gotch can."



HOUSE-AGENT DEMONSTRATING TO PROSPECTIVE CLIENTS THAT THE VILLA IS WITHIN A STONE'S THROW OF THE RAILWAY STATION.



LONG-FELT WANTS.

"SUBJECT" CARDS, OR "WHAT I CAN TALK ABOUT." TO BE EXCHANGED BETWEEN NEWLY-INTRODUCED DINNER-PARTNERS. FOR EXAMPLE:—
MISS WINIFRED BROWN-SMYTHE—PAINTING, POETRY, ITALIAN LAKES. CAPTAIN A. B. DE C. JONES—POLO, SIMLA, HUMOROUS ARMY CHESTNUTS.

INVINCIBLE HANKY-PANKY.

[Medicated wool dabbers are suggested as substitutes for handkerchiefs, which, according to a medical expert, should never touch the eye, as handkerchiefs, however clean apparently, are stated to be infected with germs.]

WHEN times are hard and husbands harder,
And quite convinced that woman's mind,
To nursery, needlework, or larder,
Must be exclusively confined;
Another blow we have to face,
For now the very latest crank is,
To ban those scraps of lawn and lace
Our eloquent embroidered hankies.

Robbed of their pitiful appeal
The problem facing Miss and Mrs.,
Is how to bring our lords to heel
And change their coldness into kisses.
Down well-worn ways of sobs and sighs
May we without effect go plodding,

If forced to dab our welling eyes
With bits of medicated wadding.

For instance, when my Benedick
Is proof against caress or pouting,
My handkerchief will do the trick,—
Inscribe the cheque or fix the out-
ing.

It cures his churlish words and looks,
Referring to a lacking button,
His grumbles at the tradesmen's
books,
His discontent about the mutton.

It draws a dainty veil at will
O'er eyes that brim with lachryma-
tions,

As well as eyes that fail to fill
In spite of pumping operations.
Then leave our handkerchiefs, we
plead,

For though they carry germs about
them
They are to us a crying need,
And married life's no fun without
them.

A Club for Poets.

We notice that a good deal of fuss is being made in the Press over a club for minor poets, as if that were something new. But such a club, as everybody should know, has been for many years a necessary article of furniture in every newspaper office in Fleet Street. We ourselves have one—not much to look at, somewhat dented and stained, yet a really lovable implement, which proves itself a good friend at least three times a week.

Family Reasons?

"Motor Bicycle; 6-h.p. Matchless; good reasons for selling; £18; or take mail-cart, cot or bassinette in exchange."—*Kentish Independent*.

"L. O'C. began as a private soldier, and now resides in London."—*Pearson's Weekly*.
Yet to his friends he still remains the same simple unaffected man.

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.

SCENE—A railway carriage, first smoking, on a suburban line. TIME—9.20 A.M. There are five passengers of the usual City and Suburban kind.

First Passenger (addressing the world in general from behind a halfpenny paper). What's all this fuss about?

Second Passenger. What fuss?

First P. Why, all these elections.

Second P. (in amazement). My dear chap! Where have you been?

First P. (hurt). Same place as you, worse luck.

Second P. (to the rest). Here's a chap who doesn't know we've got a new Prime Minister; he's never heard the name of ASQUITH; he thinks WINSTON CHURCHILL's the name of a chest protector; and he believes LLOYD-GEORGE is a golf pro. Good old BILL! Isn't he a daisy?

The Rest (appreciatively). Good old BILL! You're the limit.

First P. (indignantly). Oh, none of your rot. I know all that rubbish. What I want to know is—

Second P. (interrupting amiably). Give him air. Don't crowd him. Somebody ought to undo his collar. Now then, look out for it. He's opening his mouth. He's going to speak. Listen, everybody.

First P. (sternly). Funny dog. You'll hurt yourself if you don't watch it. (To the rest.) Can't one of you tell me? You're not all out of your minds, are you?

Third Passenger (compassionately). Right, BILL, I'm sane. I'll give you a chance. What is it?

First P. What do they want to have all these elections for? There's WINSTON CHURCHILL in Manchester and RUNCIMAN in Dewsbury. I thought they were Members of Parliament already.

Third P. (benignantly). So they were till yesterday.

First P. Well, why aren't they now? What's happened?

Third P. (in a superior way). They've accepted office under the Crown. It's an old Act of Parliament.

First P. (suspiciously). What's an old Act of Parliament?

Second P. (breaking in). That's right, BILL. Don't you spare him. Make him tell you.

Third P. (beginning to realise he is in a tight place). It's this way. If a chap takes office he's got to fight an election. It doesn't matter his being an M.P. In fact it makes it worse.

First P. (triumphantly). Oh, but that's rot.

Third P. (coldly). What do you mean?

First P. Mean what I say. (Refers to his paper.) They've made SEELY Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and a fellow called MASTERMAN has got a job too. They're both Members of Parliament, but there's not going to be any election in their places.

Third P. (incredulously). Where do you find that?

[The paper is handed over and the statement is verified.]

Third P. (defiantly). Well, all I can say is that they ought to have an election. (A light breaks in on him.) I've got it. Of course. Didn't I tell you it was an old Act of Parliament?

First P. (grudgingly; suspecting a trap). Yes, you did.

Third P. (with determination). Well, then, there it is. When that Act was passed these jobs that SEELY and MASTERMAN have got hadn't been invented. They're new jobs, and so they don't come under it.

Second P. HARRY's got it. Isn't he a red-hot wonder? Now then, BILL, your turn again.

First P. (unconvinced). It's all very well for him to

think he's found it out; but what I want to know is, why the other two chaps have got to be elected again. It's no good jawing about old Acts of Parliament. Any fool can do that. But none of you philosophers can tell me why an Act like that was passed, and why it should get hold of WINSTON and t'other chap and leave out SEELY and his pal. (Silence prevails.) Ah, I thought not. Well, you are a jolly wise lot. Public school and university education, and all that. Bah!

[The train arrives at the terminus and the passengers disperse.]

TO PRISCILLA, F.G.S.

[A poll is being taken as to the advisability of admitting ladies to Fellowship of the Geological Society.]

PRISCILLA, knowing, as you surely do,

That in my eyes it's altogether shocking
To hint that you wear open-work of blue—

Or hint at all about a lady's stocking—
Why have you put aside your recent craze
For hockey (which you played with courage stoic)
To spend, monotonously, all your days

In search of fossils that are eozoic?

It pains me to remark that you won't find them;
And, if you do—what good is there behind them?

You once were troubled if the smallest hint

Of horny-handedness should come upon you;
But now you hammer beastly chunks of flint,

Despite resultant blisters; and, anon, you
Will bid me put aside my studies classic

To tell you all I know of trilobites,
Or what's the proper way to spell "Jurassic,"

And how cretaceous fossils rest o' nights.

What would befall, my dear, if you mistook them,
And questioned me about the way to cook them?

Think you that life its dreariness will lose

If you become a LEIBNITZ or a HUTTON,
And yet ignore the proper way to choose

A juicy, tender joint of Cymric mutton?
If mesozoic mysteries distress you,

Dismiss them, dear PRISCILLA, from your mind;
And don't let metamorphic rocks impress you

With their stupendous value to mankind.

It may, of course, be very nice to know them;

But what's the use?—you'll never learn to throw
them!

A PLATFORM NOTE.

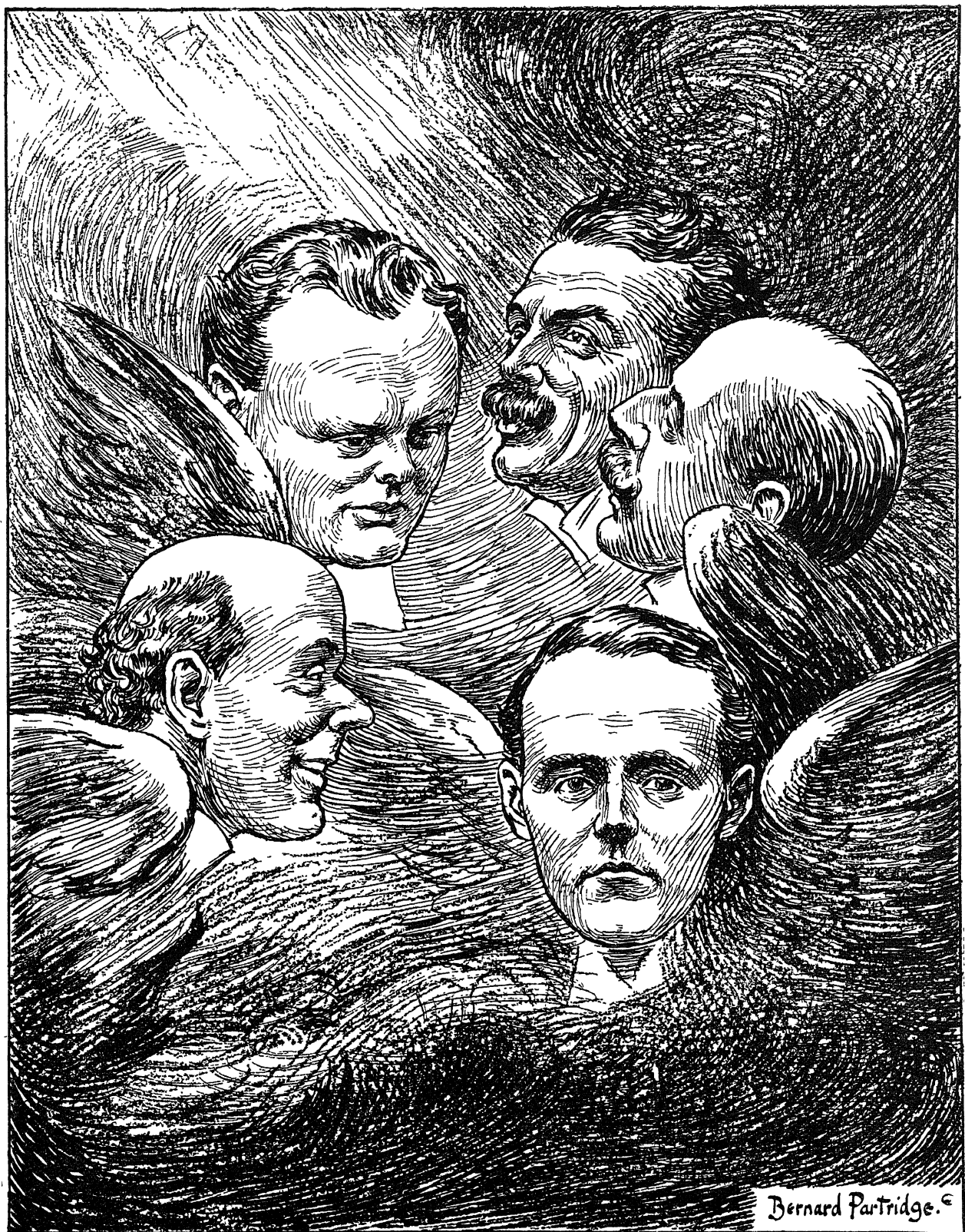
It is bad enough to be turned out of almost every train between High Street and South Kensington to wait for another to take one through to Charing Cross or the City; but it is worse when the only advertisements on each side of the track are obsolete. All refer to the lamented *Tribune*. "Gives the news while it is news," says one notice several times repeated. "If you see it in *The Tribune*," says another, "you can trust it"; while the third, plaintively, and obviously with its tongue in its cheek, asks, "Have you got your copy today?" Then the train at last comes in, with standing-room only.

Modesty.

"He was surprised that his learned friend, Mr. Marnan, got up so excitedly to protest.

Mr. Marnan: I don't think the adjective is necessary at all."

Westmeath Guardian.



THE CABINET CHERUBS.

(After REYNOLDS.)



"WHIT WAY HAE YE GI'EN OWER SMOKIN', DONAL'?"

"WEEL, IT'S NO SICH A PLEASURE AFTER A', FOR YE KEN A BUDDY'S AIN TEBACCO COSTS OWER MUCKLE; AND IF YE'RE SMOKIN' ANITHER BUDDY'S, YE HAE TO RAM YER PIPE SAE TIGHT IT 'LL NO DRAW."

ANOTHER RANK POET.

(FROM OUR VERY OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

A GOOD deal of fuss has lately been made over SETTIMIO DI VICO, the cabman-poet, who plies for hire in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. It seems only fair, therefore, to tell you of a similar case that has come to my notice in the person of WILLIAM SCROGGS, a London cabman, whose rank is in the Tottenham Court Road. Although originally the driver of a hansom, he is now the chauffeur of an auto-taxi; and it was while riding in the latter that I made the discovery of which I am about to give you the particulars.

I was nestling back in the cushions, thinking how well they do these things nowadays, when I suddenly caught sight of a small volume, neatly bound in grey cloth, stuck in a lappet at my side. Drawing it out, I read the title-page, "Between

Fares—a Collection of Lyrics in the five-line Metre, by WILLIAM SCROGGS." On the frontispiece was a photograph of the said SCROGGS, which I had no difficulty in identifying with the gentleman at that moment occupying the box-seat. The book (gracefully dedicated "To my Mews") proved to be nothing more nor less than a collection of successful and unsuccessful Limericks, which the author had evidently been in the habit of sending in for the different competitions. He explained to me how his success in those competitions had enabled him to give up his hansom and take a three months' course of lessons in motor-driving, which had led to his present more lucrative position. He has himself summed up the situation in characteristic style:—

There was a young fellow called SCROGGS,
Who steadily went to the dogs,
Till a Limerick prize
Of exceptional size
Put a new set of spokes to his cogs.

The racy metaphor of the last line is a good instance of the happy allusiveness that permeates all SCROGGS's work. A noteworthy feature of the volume is the Foreword by a well-known Limerick judge. SCROGGS sells his book personally over the mud-guard at the absurdly low price of one shilling; but, of course, he expects a *pourboire*.

It should be added, in conclusion, that W. S. (initials of good omen!) hopes shortly to publish another volume of verse, in which the tacksy metre will be largely employed as the vehicle of his poetic fancies.

"Young Man wanted, twelve or fifteen years old, knowing both languages and bookkeeping, one with experience in a lawyer's office preferred."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

It would be a tragedy if an accomplished linguist and book-keeper with a lifelong experience of a lawyer's office, were rejected merely because he was thirteen or fourteen years old.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING.

A MEETING of influential Scotsmen and others has just been held at the Argyll Rooms to come to some decision with regard to a testimonial to Mr. HARRY LAUDER for his services in bringing before the English public the more alluring side of Scottish life. Among those present were Mr. A. J. BALFOUR (in the Chair), Lord TWEEDMOUTH, Mr. ANDREW LANG, Lord ROSEBURY, Miss ANNIE SWAN, Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, Mr. CROCKETT, etc.

Mr. BALFOUR in opening the meeting said that although he had never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. LAUDER in person—(cries of dismay)—yet he took his place at the head of that meeting without misgiving. (Cheers.) He had heard him on the gramophone—(renewed cheers)—and he had read his life. (Applause.) He could confidently say that no one had done more to make the Scotch popular.

Lord TWEEDMOUTH, speaking in his capacity as a Knight of the Thistle (which, he said, he found very good eating) supported Mr. BALFOUR. He had received, he said, a telegram on the subject from an illustrious personage which it would be no impropriety to read aloud. (Panic.) It said, "Wish LAUDER all joy, and may his porridge-bowl never know low tide." (Cheers.) This he, the speaker, need hardly say was signed WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN.

Lord ROSEBURY said that he entirely concurred in the object of the meeting. It was a great thing that a Scotsman of genius had at last risen to tell the world what Scotsmen really were like: not dour, commercial-minded, censorious folk, but a rollicking, convivial, tickling, dancing people, full of jest and fun, with great loving hearts and nimble feet and voices of exquisite timbre. Too long had the world been thinking the contrary. Not since Sir WALTER SCOTT had any one man done so much as Mr. (he wished he might say Sir) HARRY LAUDER to turn southern eyes to the land of cakes and the leal. (Terrific applause.)

Messrs. COOK AND SON here rose *en masse*, and testified to the effect of Mr. LAUDER's songs on the tourist business. Thousands of Englishmen, they said, who used to go to Ostend and Paris and other gay continental resorts for their holidays now go to Scotland in the hope of meeting with Mr. LAUDER's heroines.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL opposed the testimonial. Mr. LAUDER, he said, neither took in *The British Weekly* nor had he taken any active part in disapproving of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Miss ANNIE S. SWAN cordially supported Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. The songs of Mr. LAUDER, she contended, lacked the true domestic note, and were aggressively instinct with what she might call the *joie de vivre*.

Mr. ANDREW LANG said that the success of the great patriotic *Minnesinger* whom they were met to honour was a striking example of the vitality of apolaustic hedonism—(cries of Help!)—amid a Puritanical environment. He added that he hoped to develop in an appendix to the next volume of his History of Scotland an interesting parallel between the songs of Mr. LAUDER and those of RONSARD.

In conclusion he moved that funds should be raised to present Mr. LAUDER with a gold-mounted sporran engraved with the motto "*Lauder a laudato*." The motion was supported by the Master of ELIBANK in a pathetic speech, and carried, Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL and Miss ANNIE SWAN alone (as ever) dissenting.

THE GIRL, AN ODD RHYME OR TWO, LOVE, TOBACCO,
AND THE POET WHO WAS A BIT OF A BOUNDER.

[For the purposes of reviewing, indexing in albums, reciting, setting to music and quoting enthusiastically to one's friends, this article may be referred to briefly as "The Girl, &c."]

HER name was DELIA, just the sort of name
No girls would stand outside a silly poem;
Or, if they would, their parents are to blame,
I'm glad to say that I at least don't know 'em;
But, if they would or not, it's all the same
And makes no sort of difference to this proem.
Whatever else her name was in the flesh,
It wasn't DELIA. Let us start afresh.

Her name was DELIA. There I go again!
I've said it was, it wasn't and it was,
And yet it wasn't. Let us have this plain,
I want to have it very plain because
I think you ought to know her name was JANE,
As nice a name as anybody has.
(I don't much care what sort of rhymes I use,
But "was," "because," and "has"! . . . My dear
old Muse!)

Her name being JANE, and not, as you'd have thought,
Being DELIA, I kissed her pretty face,
Then asked her if she'd marry me, and brought
Some argument to bear upon the case.
She hum'd and ha'd, and said I didn't ought,
But, as I had, she'd like a little grace;
So might she have five minutes, say, to think?
I said she might. I'd go and get a drink.

Now beer is good, and beer is furthermore
Extremely good. I know a man, my dear
(Tis not because I love you, Reader, or
Because I hate you that I say "dear" here,
But knowing "beer" was coming soon), who swore
He loved his wife but better loved his beer.
But even so the time was hardly ripe
For beer just then. Instead I smoked a pipe.

A coarse, a black, a noisome-looking growth,
Having a smell cross-bred of glue and tar;
Its proper name (I would not take my oath
Upon the wherefore) "Tawny Yellow Star,"
Once called "The Dustman's Pride" (or "Joy," or
both),

When dustmen weren't the faddy men they are;
And costing roughly half-a-crown a sack (Oh,
Beshrew these rhymes!); such is my . . . yes, tobacco.

With that dank weed I filled my pipe withal,
My only pipe, a frayed but chubby fellow
That you'd have loved, short in the stem and small;
Without—a greyish-reddish sort of yellow;
But, oh, within!—what ladies always call
Most vilely foul, but we divinely mellow.
I sat and smoked, the strictest silence keeping.
What wonder that I ended up by sleeping?

* * * * *

Her name was DELIA. "DELIA? DELIA What?"
'Twas DELIA Nothing, dear but stupid friend,
For I have told you once, or have I not,

Her name was JANE? JANE SMITHSON. I intend
To fix upon this most convenient spot
To bring my poem to its tragic end.
But how to gild that bitter, bitter pill? . . .
Her name is JANE (not DELIA) SMITHSON still.



Old Lady (to Conductor—her first drive on an electric tram). "WOULD IT BE DANGEROUS, CONDUCTOR, IF I WAS TO PUT MY FOOT ON THE RAIL?"
Conductor (an Edison manque). "NO, MUM, NOT UNLESS YOU WAS TO PUT THE OTHER ONE ON THE OVERHEAD WIRE!"

POLITICS IN MUFTI.

[The Tariff Reform League is being accused of disguising its lecturers as tramps and labourers.]

SCENE—Tap-room of the "Brindled Cow."

Election Agent (disguised as labourer with a smock-frock, clay pipe, and purple cheeks) to farm-hand. Huv 'nuther pint, mate! (*Continues argument.*) What I sez is, we woan't get our rights till this yur Turiff Refarm cums in!

Farm-hand (suspiciously). Turiff Refarm! I doan't see as how Turiff Refarm'll do us wurking men any good. We—

Agent. Look ye 'ere, me man; you uv an intelligent face, you listen to me. And if any of your friends over thayre'll uv a pint w' me—(*here large numbers of yokels, hitherto invisible, evolve spontaneously from darkened quarters of the room.*) Look yur. Last year, twelve millyons five 'undred and—

The crowd of yokels (murmur).

They was good sheep, they wur, and fower bobs' worth o' wool on each of them.

Farm-hand. Statistics! We've got statistics—heaps uv them! Wy, seven millyons three 'undred and fifty-four—

Agent (raising his voice and looking anxiously towards the crowd outside). No, they didn't! Look yur. What a wurking man wants is wurk. If we 'ad a Turiff Refarm—

Farm-hand. Ah, I never 'eerd good of Turiff Refarm! They do say as 'ow 'e 'ain't enny better 'n 'e ought to be. They do say 'e drinks and—

Murmur in the crowd. Leicester sheep's no use yurabouts; we want Romneys yur, w' a touch of the Lincoln.

Agent (getting desperate). Huv 'nuther drink, mate. What I sez is, a open-handed gentleman like Sir WILLIAM's the Member fur us yur—takes a hinterest in the wurking man and knows what 'e wants. (*Lowers his voice.*) And uf it was a shilling

or two in a man's pocket to voat fur 'im at the 'lection—

Farm-hand (softening). Wull, mebbe Turiff Refarm's not such a bad chap after all—eh, mates? (*Turns to crowd.*)

Mates. They'll be wantin' turnip feed this weather, sheep.

Farm-hand. Mebbe you're right, mate, an' if I can do ennything—(*strokes his face and accidentally brushes off two false side-whiskers.*)

Agent (startled). Here, you—Why, blamed if you're not TAYLOR, our lecturer! Why, you're on our side all the time. (*Accidentally knocks off his own hat and discloses his identity.*)

Farm-hand. JONES, our agent, by Jove! Dash it all, I was only playing up to you to get up a discussion among those wooden-headed idiots! [*Exeunt hurriedly, exchanging winks.*]

Agent (outside, indignantly). And I've fuddled myself with that poison, and spent five shillings trying to convert you! Bah!

CHICK-FOOD.

AUNT SLOPPY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

(With homage to the ingenious conductors of "The World and his Wife.")

THE NEW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

DEAR CHICKS,

This is the beginning of a scrumptious new serial, a sequel to *Alice in Wonderland* by the delightful Lewis Carroll. Lewis Carroll, chicks, was one of the kindest men living, and he would have adored both this magazine and *The Children's Encyclopædia*, especially Mr. BEBBIE'S revised Bible. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to know that we were re-writing his famous work, which we can do what we like with now, as it is out of copyright.

Your loving

AUNT SLOPPY.

Just as Little Alice had decided that she'd never—never—never get in a temper again, she suddenly found she was in one—and a very bad one, too! But, really, I don't wonder, for someone trod right on her very "littlest" toe; and if there's one thing more than another that puts most people into a bad temper, it is having their toes trodden on!

"You—you—CLUMSY thing!" she cried, giving a violent push to the person who'd stumbled.

"I—I—really beg your pardon," said a very humble voice, "but I'm in such a hurry to get to the match. Are you coming?"

"No, I'm not!" snapped Little Alice, though in her secret heart she meant to follow this very clumsy person, and see what the match was, and where it was to be held.

Looking up when she thought his head was turned away, she saw—whom do you think? The Mad Hatter. Just as Little Alice looked up he was busy changing the label on his hat. He'd had one on saying that the hat was ten shillings and sixpence; now he stuck one in the band saying "For Tennis."

"Now I'm ready," he said with a contented sigh. And Little Alice decided that he evidently thought people would call his tall hat a tennis-cap now that he'd changed the label.

(To be continued.)

TID-BITS.

Here, chicks, are some riddles for you, and some interesting facts.

AUNT SLOPPY.

Lightning comes before thunder. If you count after seeing the flash you can tell how far the storm is away. It is just so many miles as you can count before you hear the thunder.

* * * *

When is a dog in a dairy like a clever traveller?

When he noses (knows his) whey (way).

* * * *

Common grey marbles are made in Germany of pieces of stone left over in the marble quarries. Little boys break these pieces into small cubes, and afterwards these are rounded and finished by workmen. How did you think they were made, I wonder?

* * * *

What great Roman Emperor's name would a man say to a policeman who was running after a female thief?

CÆSAR (seize her).

THE NEW "ROSE AND THE RING."

DEAR CHICKS,

The old "Rose and Ring," which everyone, alas! has now forgotten, was written by a writer named THACKERAY, who lived at Kensington (not very far from the present home of the Duke of ARGYLL, who by a strange coincidence is an author too). Some day, chicks, when you are grown up, you will read more of this great man's writings, of which no one can ever tire.

Your loving

AUNT SLOPPY.

The royal pair had one only child, the sweet Princess ANGELICA. It was said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in all Carmelitia. She could play the most difficult pieces at sight, and she knew *The Children's Encyclopædia* by heart.

Her nursery governess was Mrs. GRUFFANUFF, who would not let her go to *Peter Pan*, but kept her at her lessons all day. This was because Mrs. GRUFFANUFF did not believe in fairies and disliked to have them mentioned, while as for waving her handkerchief to save one of their trumpery lives, never!

But how about the Fairy Blackstick?

(To be continued.)

THE NEW "CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES."

DEAR CHICKS,

This month I give you another great treat—a modern version of a very delightful book by dear old ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the great writer who loved you all so much (as who could help doing!) that he made a book of poems on purpose for you. But as his cruel publishers won't let me give it to you free, as your kind AUNT SLOPPY would love to, I have had to get a clever young man to write it a little differently, although just as well. See, chicks?

Your affectionate AUNT SLOPPY.

THE KIND COW.

The cow we meet along the lane
I love with all my soul.

She gives me milk with might and main

To fill my china bowl.

'A THOUGHT.

The world is so full of jam tarts and
NOAH'S Arks,
I'm sure we should all be as merry
as larks.

SYSTEM.

The child who is not clean and smart,
With many things to please his heart,
Is either naughty, or his sire
Has failed great riches to acquire.

ANOTHER THOUGHT.

A child should be extremely good,
And speak so's to be understood,
And try at table still to sit—
As far as he can manage it.

LOOKING FORWARD.

When I'm grown a man to be
I shall behave most haughtily,
And tell my playmates not to dare
To meddle with my toys, so there!
(To be continued.)

AUNT SLOPPY HERSELF.

(A Character Sketch.)

DEAR CHICKS,

Knowing how much you want to know all about me I have at last acceded to your request, many times expressed, and have given leave for a description of me to appear in *Chick-Food*. I could not, of course, write it myself, for that would not be nice, and so it has been written by another. I hope, chicks, you will like it.

Your faithful AUNT SLOPPY.

Picture to yourselves a beautiful old lady with a kind pink face and the sweetest eyes beaming through her gold-rimmed glasses. Picture her seated in her high-backed chair in her charming drawing-room surrounded by happy children as she bends towards them and in her soft and soothing voice tells them one of the old, old stories. Do you think Aunt SLOPPY is really like that? Do you?

"Japan's mission is in the word of one of its greatest statesmen, 'To lead sia.' This is an intelligible programme, there is no deception about it."—*The Week* (British Columbia).

Yet, perhaps, just for a second or two some really dull mind might not leap to it.

From an advertisement of a Norfolk hotel:—

"The view of the surrounding country is a realistic ideal of the mountainous scenery of Switzerland."

Explorers are flocking into Norfolk by every train.

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



AS THE DÉBUTANTE MIGHT MAKE HER FIRST ENTRANCE INTO SOCIETY.



AS SHE DOES. (THE DÉBUTANTE IS MARKED WITH A +.)



QUALIFIED RAPTURE.

Lady Bountiful. "I HOPE YOU ARE COMING TO OUR 'PLEASANT EVENING' TO-NIGHT AT THE COFFEE-TAVERN, GILES?"
Giles. "WULL, I S'POSE I SHALL HEV TO!"

ODE TO A "MINERAL."

(Inspired by the prospective dearth of alcoholic "refreshments.")

HAIL to thee, blithe fluid,
 "Drink" thou never wast,
 That with æther brewèd,
 Upward still art tossed,
 Until thine airy heart in nothingness
 is lost.

Higher yet and higher
 Leap thy frothy gases;
 When I loose the wire
 Out they come in masses,
 Milder than ALLSOPP'S own, and
 more refined than BASS'S.

When the vault is shining
 Then thy praise is sung;
 I have seen men dining
 Roll thee round their tongue,
 Like a full-bodied port laid down
 when they were young.

Even millionaires,
 Dukes and such, a-loll

Soft on silken chairs,
 Thy renown extol,
 And drink thee when their doctors
 veto alcohol.

What dost thou resemble?
 Snowflakes on the breeze,
 Gossamers a-tremble,
 Gardens full of bees?
 I do not greatly care; take which you
 like of these.

Anyhow, thy joyance
 Leaves no after-pain;
 Subsequent annoyance
 Shadows not its train;
 One drinks and only feels a mild
 internal strain.

Others have preferred
 Beer in time of drought;
 I have never heard
 Cork of ale or stout
 Expelled with such a cry of rapture
 from the spout.

Ah, if men would scorn
 Wine and malt and hops,

If the globe were shorn
 Bare of baleful crops,
 Who knows what England might
 become on sparkling pops?

Better than all treasures
 That in Rheims are found,
 Better than pint measures
 Insolently "downed,"
 Is thy impetuous form, thou spurner
 of the ground.

Clear our heads of troubles,
 Comfort us when dry;
 Fill us with thy bubbles,
 Also tell us why
 They sate so soon, but oh so seldom
 satisfy.

Alarming News about the Blenny.

"When feeding the blenny (which had learned to come up to the surface of the water and take shreds of muscle from my friend's fingers) he noticed, etc."—*The Scotsman*.

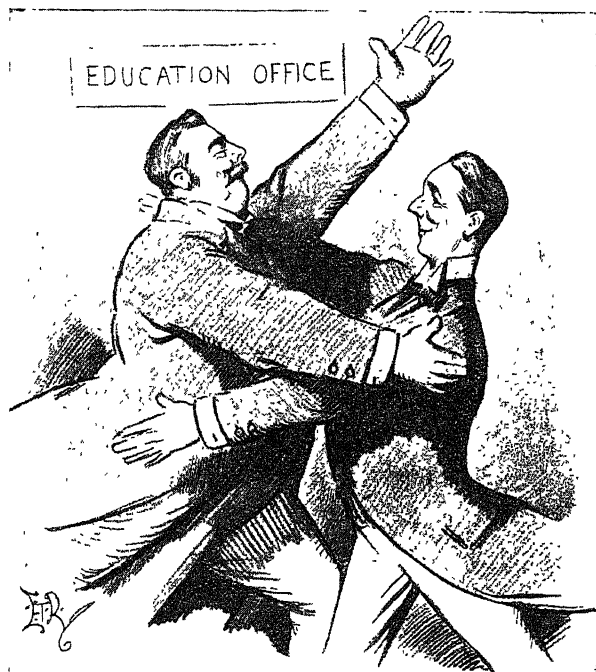
We shall send back our blenny at once, and ask for some quiet vegetarian in its place.



JOHN MORLEY.

“HONOUR AND LORDSHIP ARE HIS TITLES.”

ONLY ASQUITH'S FUN.



AMAZING FULFILMENT OF THE WITCHES' PROPHECY!

"Fear not until McKinnon Wood
Do come to Runciman."—(*Macbeth*, MORE OR LESS)

(By direct telepathy, or by some astounding freak of the Doctrine of Chances, the Prime Minister, braving superstition, has brought together in the Education Office these two gentlemen, for whose conjunction Our Artist has watched with frenzied eagerness for many months.)



"THE TWO MACS" (CHAMPION KNOCKABOUTS) AT THE ADMIRALTY.

Being a timely caution to Admiral Sir John Fisher and other eminent persons who may be interested in making the acquaintance of their new political chiefs

(The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, and Dr. Macnamara.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 14.—With the succession of a new Premier there were noted certain indications of indefinite postponement of the struggle for predominance between Commons and Lords. To-day, on meeting of Parliament after interval occasioned by reconstruction of Ministry, there was forthcoming evidence of maintenance of deeply-rooted jealousy and distrust.

SPEAKER took Chair at 2.45 as usual. Unexpectedly large gathering on both sides. Questions on Paper deferred. Only business was moving of writs for new elections consequent on Ministerial changes, and the bestowal of royal assent on Army Annual Bill.

List of writs disposed of, when movement observed in neighbourhood of door leading to Lobby. Serjeant-at-Arms hurriedly left his chair. Loosing his sword in scabbard, he advanced to door by which hastily mustered body of messengers. In the twinkling of an eye the heavy open door was banged to, closed, and bolted.

Among startled Members watching the scene explanation circulated. The Lords had despatched Black Rod to summon Commons to other House to hear royal assent given to Army Bill. If, however, the proud Peers thought their emissary would be allowed to cross the threshold of the Commons at his will, they were mistaken. The door barred, a sliding panel cunningly let in was cautiously withdrawn by the Serjeant-at-Arms, who casually inquired, "Who's there?"

Back came the strident answer, "Black Rod!"

Oh, very well. If that was all, he might as well come in. Bolts were ostentatiously withdrawn, the door flung open, and Black Rod, carrying his wand of office resting on his shoulder, entered. A messenger going before pulled up at the Bar, and, bowing to the Mace, announced "Black Rod!" That functionary, halting thrice to make obeisance, advanced, delivered his message, and retired backwards, threatening at every step entanglement of his shapely legs. The SPEAKER and one or two Ministers present obeyed the summons, passing out through the upstanding lines of Members.

This, of course, is no new thing.

A ceremonial dating back to STUART times, it is solemnly performed whenever hapless Black Rod presents himself. What was significantly new was the action of the Chief Whip. As soon as the first indication of movement in the Lobby reached the Treasury Bench, or ever Black Rod came within sight of the barred door, GEORGE WHITELEY was on his feet moving "that the House do now adjourn." Had the motion been carried, there would have been an end of the business and the sitting. Black Rod would have been left forlorn on the wrong side of the doorway, and a bloated peerage that lately threw out a Scotch Small Holdings Bill would have, so to speak, bitten the dust.

An anxious pause followed the action of the Ministerial Whip. Would the motion be put from the Chair, and would conflict between the two Houses be precipitated on this side issue? Happily the public peace was saved by the presence of mind of the SPEAKER. Obviously he might not be party to revolutionary procedure. After a brief pause that to the strained attention seemed to stretch the full length of fifteen minutes, he remarked that arrange-

ments had been made for a Royal Commission in the other Chamber, and till its business was fulfilled motion for the adjournment should be postponed.

Thus was a Constitutional crisis averted. Black Rod was permitted to enter and deliver his message, and on the return of the SPEAKER from the other House WHITELEY again moved the adjournment, this time with success.

Business done.—Adjournment for Easter holidays. Commons meet again on Monday the 27th.

LONDON LETTERS.

II.

DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for your definition of a solstice. Is it really? Fancy! By answering one of my questions you become a unique correspondent. Nobody else answers questions in a letter. Sometimes, of course, one is asked, "What train are you coming down by on Saturday? Let me know at once." But the proper thing to do in such a case is to wait till Saturday afternoon, and then wire "Just missed the 2.22. Hope to catch the next." Questions in letters are mostly rhetorical; which is why I ask you, How, oh *how* could you have the nerve to head your paper "Castle Bumpbrook," and fill it with arguments against the Licensing Bill? It is hardly decent. You know, I doubt if you ought even to have heard of the Licensing Bill at Castle Bumpbrook.

What I expect from you is pleasant gossip about the miller's daughter. Is she engaged yet to the postman? Has the choir begun to practise the Christmas anthem? When does Mrs. BATES's husband come out? These are the things you should tell me. Tell me, too, of your simple recreations. Has whist reached Castle Bumpbrook yet? It is a jolly game for four. One person deals, and you turn up the last card, and then the— But I must send you a book about it.

I have been having a correspondence with my landlord as to what I should do in case of fire. Of course, if your little cottage got alight, you would simply hop out of the window on to the geranium bed; but it is different in London. Particularly when you are on the top floor. Well, he tells me that I can easily get out on to Mr. PODB's roof next door . . . and so home. This is certainly comforting, but—PODBY! I don't like it, CHARLES,

Supposing anything happened, just think how it would look in the papers. "The unfortunate gentleman was last seen upon Mr. PODB's roof . . ." No, I shall have to go for the drain-pipe at the back.

Look here, I have two stories to tell you. One is quite true, the other isn't. Which will you have first? All right, the truth.

When I first came to town I was very—I mean I believed everything I was told. One Sunday I met a small but elderly gentleman on the Embankment, who asked me the way to the German Embassy. He had the river on his south, so obviously all the Embassies were in the other direction. I pointed vaguely towards the north. He thanked me and said that— (By the way, do you prefer *oratio recta*? I forgot to ask you.) Well then, he said:

"The Embassies would be shut on a Sunday, *hein*?"

I said: "Doubtless."

He said: "I am a Professor at Heidelberg. I have just arrived in London, and I have no money. To-morrow I go to my Embassy and get some. Meanwhile, could you lend me five shillings?"

CHARLES, in those days I was very— Well, I gave him half-a-crown.

He said: "I should like to pay this back to you."

I said: "Quite so. That is the idea."

"Then would you give me your card, so that I can send you the money to-morrow?"

CHARLES, I— You see, I had just had some cards printed. They had "Mr." on for the first time. I was very— Well, I gave him one.

That ends the first scene. An interval of nearly five years elapses, and we come to last Saturday. I was walking through the Green Park, when a small but elderly gentleman came up to me.

He said: "Is this the way to the School of Music?"

I said: "Which one do you want? There is the Guildhall School, and the Royal College, and the Royal Academy, and—"

He thought for a moment, and then he said in German the German for "Do you speak German?" (My dear CHARLES, I *can't* spell it.) I said "Nein."

He considered a little, and said, "*Parlez-vous français*?" I said— (What's the French for "Not very well?") Well, that's what I said.)

At this his face brightened. He drew a long breath, and began:

"I am a Professor of Music at Heidelberg—"

CHARLES, I had to interrupt him. I simply couldn't help it. I said, "Then you owe me half-a-crown." He stopped, and looked at me with a sort of sad dignity. Then he turned round with a sigh and plodded wearily across the Park. And oh, I do hope he had better luck with somebody else, because he has been at it for five years now, and it must be a heart-breaking life. His hair had gone quite grey since I saw him last.

CHARLES, you do see that that is a true story, don't you? If I had been making it up, I should have said that he gave me back my own card as a reference. I wonder why he didn't. I suppose it had got rather dirty after five years.

Do you want the other one now? It is the merest anecdote, and HILDA told it me, and I know it's not true.

She has a cat called "Didums poor little kitty wee, then"; you put the accent on the "then," and spread it out as long as you can. Well, Didums, etc., goes about eating moths; a curious diet for a cat, but I believe it keeps them thin. He swallowed them whole, you know, and HILDA told him how cruel it was. She seems to have spoken of the sufferings of the imprisoned ones in the most moving terms. Anyhow she found Didums next day up in her bedroom remorsefully eating a seal-skin coat.

I am surprised at HILDA. If she is not careful her baby will grow up a journalist. I have seen him since he came back from you. This time I approached from the west, and I noticed a great difference. He is certainly a fine child, and as he let me put him to sleep I love him. After all, looks don't matter tuppence to a man. The great thing is wisdom. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. I remember a General Knowledge Paper in my Mays. One of the questions was, "Give a list of the chief coaling-stations you would pass on your way to New Zealand." The only two I could think of were Cyprus and Rickett Smith. I never heard whether I got full marks; probably not. But since that day knowledge has come, for I have a friend in the Admiralty. He was a very high Wrangler the year I wasn't, and just as FISHER is the man behind the First Lord, so he is the man behind FISHER; at least, he tells me so. And he buys his tobacco by the knot—or is it the quid?—and plays the Hague Convention at Bridge, and (as I say) knows



TRIALS OF THE GENTLEMAN-RIDER.

Unfeeling Friend (to very sensitive amateur rider, who has been badly unseated more than once). "You'll look A1 in the Music Hall, old chap! There's a cinematograph man at every fence!"

all the coaling-stations from Cambridge to New Zealand.

Wisdom Lingers. What a splendid title for a novel! You would expect a fine moral tale, and it would turn out to be the story of the *Lingers* family. *Wisdom K. Lingers.* There you have the essence of successful book-naming. I hand the idea to you, CHARLES, in the certainty that you would steal it anyhow.

Do you know anything about gas? I buy a lot every week for my geyser. You get about 1,000 for half-a-crown. A thousand what? I don't know; but I like to take part in these great business transactions, and I am now writing to ask if they could make it 1,200, seeing that I am a regular customer. No harm in asking.

Ever affectionately yours,
A. A. M.

"The British Minister and his wife are exceedingly popular in Copenhagen, and are 'personi grati' at Court."—*The Observer.*

They have a special man for that sort of thing. *Omnibi, quori, tertii quidi*—it's all the same to him.

A PARABLE FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

THERE was once a Man who lived at Torquay in excellent health. But one day a Quack came to him and said:

"My poor friend, you are in a terrible state. You're dying, that's what's the matter with you."

"Am I?" said the Man anxiously.

"Yes," said the Quack. "Only one thing can save you. You must go and live at Margate. Bracing up, that's what you want."

"But," said the Man, "I tried that a long time ago, and it didn't suit me at all, and I've been here now for years and years, and—"

"Go to Margate," said the Quack, "or you'll be dead in a week."

This made the Man so nervous that he decided to journey to London and see a Specialist.

The Specialist lived in Queen Anne Street, and he smiled as the Man put his case before him.

"You're all right," he said.

"You stay where you are. Why, the east winds at Margate would kill you in a week."

"Are you sure?" asked the Man.

"Quite."

"And if I stay at Torquay I shall be perfectly well?"

"Perfectly," said the Specialist.

"You pledge your reputation on that?" asked the Man, for he wanted to be certain.

"I do," said the Specialist.

"Then I shall go back to Torquay," said the Man; and he caught the 6.30 from Paddington.

But on the very next day, as he was taking the air on the Marine Parade, he fell and broke his leg.

"There now!" cried the Quack.

Of course the Specialist had to leave Queen Anne Street. People had quite lost confidence in him.

The New Reviewing.

"C. R.," writing in *The Chronicle* on a book by Mr. C. LEWIS HIND, remarks that "'Hindish! Delightfully Hindish!' was the criticism of a woman who collared the book." At this rate, though *Sherlock Holmes* may be Doylish, and *Robert Elsmere* Wardish, *Rob Roy* becomes merely (as we always suspected) Scottish.

THINKING ALOUD.

BY JAMES WATTS-DOUGLAS.

(Author of "The Quintessence of Eulogy," "Pinolatrour Ponderings," etc.)

I REMEMBER as if it were yesterday a certain morning in 1884. I was then living in the wilds of Dunton Green, and I had ordered from London a new umbrella modelled on the picturesque and magnificent implement wielded by the immortal author of *Aylwin*. When the postman put the parcel into my hand, I trembled with the foretaste of joy. I can see myself very plainly, a vague-faced boy with a mist of down on lip and cheek—both as yet innocent of the safety razor—with hesitant eyes, and a lambent, limpid laugh. . . . There I stood, greedily alone, nursing my selfish bliss. That moment became a landmark of my youth, and to this day I associate the name of Dunton with a brown-paper parcel and a downy stripling stricken with jealous delight. There are other famous personages connected with umbrellas in history and romance—GEORGE BORROW and *Mrs. Gamp* and Mr. GLADSTONE, to mention only three—but the *parapluie* of my friend ALGERNON DUNTON, like that of the King of DAHOMEY, standeth alone "as the nightingale sings." Withdrawn beneath its spacious canopy, he dwells aloof in the tents of his soul, austere detached from all literary cliques and coteries, and communing with all the mighty masters of the immemorial past. . . . But in those days I did not even dream, callow child that I was, that I should ever see the owner of this priceless and *impayable* pagoda. *Heu vatum ignara vates!* You know BROWN-ING's lines:—

"And did you once see ALGY clear,
And did he stop and stamp,
And did you on all fours draw near,
And serenade his gamp?"

* * * *

Let me tell you how I first saw ALGERNON. I was free-wheeling over Putney Bridge one rapturous spring morning when suddenly I was aware of a limber, lithe, lyrical figure gradually outstripping me from behind. He was not like anyone I had ever seen, but I recognised him at once. He was striding along at a terrific pace, his step had the *abandon* of a Samothracian gazelle, and ever and anon he waved as it had been the *mystica vannus Iacchi*, his great green Gargantuan gamp. His

clothes were negligible, and his magnificent head was obscured by an unbecoming puggaree; but the man was palpitating with vibrant vitality, he was vibrating with vital palpitations, he was vitalised with palpitant vibrations. The sight set my flesh aflame and my nerves afire. I wept tears of rapture. I was torn out of the world by the tempestuous rhythm of his enormous *en-tout-cas*. The life around me became remote, and I looked upon my fellow-men as I looked upon the cattle in the fields. They were outside my Paradise. As the man went by our eyes met, and I felt in my bones that he was either ALGERNON ASHTON or ALGERNON DUNTON.

* * * *

The next time I saw him it was at "The Artichokes," the famous semi-detached villa on Primrose Hill in which he has lived with his illustrious friend THEOPHILUS BOTTS for the last fifty years. I was taking down a monologue of Mr. BOTTS's when the poet burst into the library. He was fresh from his morning walk. It had been raining heavily, and as the sun, with pardonable intrusion, shone on him, the raindrops on his pontifical beard shone like diamonds, and I saw that he was drenched to his superb and spacious skin. It was indeed an intolerably exhilarating experience, and again I wept tears of rapture. Religious mystics record their exaltations, and I really do not see why mystic poetists—to use the adorable word coined by *The Daily Chronicle*—should not record theirs. Looking at his magnificent head—

[Come off!—Ed. *Punch*.]

THE NEW AUTOCRAT.

ERE hockey had shown her what sport meant,

Ere yet she grew giddy and pert,
She doted on dolls and deportment,
And only came down for dessert:
Her sisters would apprehend no sting

From one so exceedingly green,
Nor jibbed at the casual toasting
Of bashful fifteen.

Her tastes were not always considered;

She seldom got more than her share;

And parents, whenever the kid erred,
Brought suitable pressure to bear!
But gone is the rule of the hoar head;

Old age is dismissed with a grunt;
And youth's irrepressible forehead
Has come to the front!

O wormwood and gall to our women!
O torture far worse than the rack,
To find that the smartest of trim men
Are off on a different tack:
For both at the helm and the prow,
too,

There lolls an unspeakable chit,
And Thirty now learns she must bow
to

Fourteen and a bit!

Her locks are confined by a ribbon;
Her language is open and free;
She talks like a parrot, she's glib on
The problems that petrify me;
Her phrases are novel; to-day, what
I marvel at most are the queer
Little statements she clinches with
"Eh, what!"

Tacked on to "Old dear!"

Though chaperons tell her where minxes

Are certain to go when they die,
A sequence of eloquent winks is
Her sole and sufficient reply;
Though dowagers, itching to slap her,
Would send her in tears to her bed,
The simply ineffable Flapper
Goes smiling instead!

And yet, when reflective December
Repines at the pertness of May,
Sweet solace it is to remember
She too has her time of decay:
She too, when she starts to put flesh
on,

Will take a subordinate post,
While babies, devoid of discretion,
Are ruling the roast!

CHARIVARIA.

MR. MCKENNA's suitability for the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has been questioned. It evidently is not generally known that he rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race in 1887.

* *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his election address draws attention to the fact that it is peculiarly appropriate that he should represent the Exchange Division of Manchester. One was forgetting that not so long ago he exchanged one political party for another.

* *

The latest portrait of the KAISER, as a Doctor of Laws of Oxford University, by a German artist, must be worth seeing. His Imperial Majesty, a Berlin telegram informs us, "is shown standing in an imposing attitude, wearing his university robe over knee-breeches, and in his right hand he is holding the academical cap. As he also wears a scarlet scarf, in addition to the insignia of the Orders of the Garter and Bath, the

colour effect is, as may well be imagined, very striking." The Queen of SHEBA, we should say, would cut a poor figure by the side of this typical 'Varsity man.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY has published the Life of DELANE of *The Times*. We understand that he would also like the life of the present Editor of that journal.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES "created much amusement" by describing the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee as "The Minister for the Interior." We must confess we always like this joke ourselves.

A certain literary gentleman of diminutive stature was introduced to a lady as one who wrote in the style of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Oh," said the lady, "then you must be the Pocket KIPLING I see advertised!"

Reading in an account of the entertainment at Hengler's that "some really funny clowns have been engaged for the Ring," an ill-informed correspondent writes to ask whether this is a belated attempt to brighten up WAGNER.

Mr. FROHMAN proposes to bring over American companies to play in London with a total disregard of money-making. "There will be no trouble about finding theatres for them," he remarked to a representative of *The New York Herald*, "and hang the expense! It will be my treat." Does this mean that it will be no treat for the British public?

The Cremation Society of England, with a view to attracting customers, has lowered its fees, and an appeal is made to persons of small means to give it a trial.

"You must only keep your parents if you have a surplus," said Judge BACON last week. The pronouncement, we hear, has caused considerable uneasiness among parents, who now fear confiscation.

A report just issued shows that forty fewer passengers were killed in railway disasters last year than in 1906. It would be interesting to know their names.

A lady from the country who travelled by the Central London Railway for the first time last week



Boots (who has overslept). "WILL YE PLEASE TO GET UP, SORR. IT'S AN HOUR LATER THAN IT WAS THIS TOIME YESTERDAY MORNIN', SORR."

saw, upon alighting, the words "This way out" upon the floor of the platform. Unable to find a handle by which to raise the flap of what she presumed to be a flight of stairs, she looked helplessly around her, when her eye was caught by another notice:—"No Exit." At that, uttering the word "Trapped!" she swooned.

As a result of the strike at a Restaurant a rival institution, known briefly as "Ken's Kabin," was opened, and those who are on the look-out for new humourists are asking who is responsible for the witty title.

Burglars broke into the Fever Hospital, Fulham, last week, and stole £160. It is now proposed, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such an incident, to train a number of sturdy microbes to fulfil the functions of watch-dogs.

Dr. J. W. H. EYRE, by the way, has been delivering a lecture on "Beneficent Bacteria," and the fact

that there are good microbes as well as bad microbes makes one wonder whether it might not be possible for the former sort to wear a badge to distinguish them. Hitherto, we must confess, we have been scowling at all alike.

Chased by the Mid-Kent Stag Hunt last week a deer ran into an inn at Charing Heath. About a month ago the same deer finished up a run by entering a public-house in a neighbouring village. It is thought that the ignorant animal mis-read a certain notice as "Deer, glorious deer."

A man has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for selling watered milk. The Bench refused to believe that some of the April showers had been so sharp that the rain had forced its way into the cow.

"The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has unanimously elected Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., correspondent for the Moral Section."—*Irish Times*.

A little unkind to so agile a politician,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE been counting up Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's novels and find they reach the respectable figure of 35. Pretty well; but better still is the fact that there is nowhere any sign of haste or indication of failing power. His latest—*The Prima Donna* (MACMILLAN)—reaches the level established a quarter of a century ago. It opens effectively with a scene in a New York opera-house. An explosion shakes the building to its foundation. The lights go out; panic ensues; there is danger of great loss of life, when the *Prima Donna* begins her song again, holds the audience spellbound, and averts catastrophe. Mr. CRAWFORD speedily changes the scene to England, where the mystery of the murder of a young girl in the opera-house on the night of the explosion is unravelled. A minor plot shrouding the

away, did you? The authors are EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT, so that in addition to the adventures you have both humour and style. Why should not other authors take a holiday together and collaborate in a book of this kind? Messrs. HENRY JAMES and BART KENNEDY, for instance, might give us a splendid story, full of sentences about the right length. I must not expect to see this suggestion adopted immediately, but the interval of waiting will not be long if the PHILLPOTTS-BENNETT combination continues to give such pleasant entertainment.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's graphic account of all that came of the *Mariage de Convenance* between ANDREAS, Prince of Hungary, and GIOVANNA, Queen of Naples, appropriately resembles, in richness and variety of colouring, a Neapolitan ice! Thus, in the first paragraph of *The Sword Decides!* (ALSTON RIVERS) the sky is turquoise, the evening-glow purple, the stars golden,



WHEN THE COMMISSION FOR THE SHAKSPEARE STATUE IS GIVEN OUT.

ENTERPRISING ARTISTS' MODELS WAITING TO INTERVIEW THE SUCCESSFUL SCULPTOR.

acquaintance of *Van Torp*, the American millionaire, and the daughter of an English Peer, is cleverly maintained and satisfactorily worked out. Mr. CRAWFORD is a shrewd observer of men and women, especially women. His description of one sitting down for the first time in a perfectly new gown is a masterpiece of close observation and original thought. It is a safe assertion that no one before thought of the serpent in this connection. When it is suggested, there seems a good deal in it.

That *The Statue* (CASSELL) is really an exciting story you will agree when you hear that it includes one murder, one secret trial—I mean marriage, between the son of the man who was killed and the daughter of the man who killed him, two detectives, one proper trial with reporters, one escape from Dartmoor, one Cabinet meeting, and one threatened war between Germany and France. It also contains the secret of the statue itself, which was nothing more nor less than—see Chapter XXV. You didn't really think I was going to give it

the olives silver and grey, and the foam of cherry-trees white. Miss BOWEN has a wonderful eye for colour, particularly that affected by the beardless undergraduate, when he sets to work to paint the town—or the Empire—on boat-race night. Inside as well as outside her book is red with the red of blood. Her portraits, landscapes, interiors, battle-pieces, and murder scenes nearly all reek of it; and yet they all prove her to be a born painter. She takes the dry bones of Neapolitan history, A.D. 1843, and really makes them live, clothed on with flesh and blood (especially blood), and decked in all the colours of the rainbow. Personally I could do with rather less of the predominant colour. When I sit down to sup on horrors I don't like them quite so underdone. Still I think this is Miss BOWEN's best book up to date.

"As he approached the steamers it was observed that he looked pale and anxious, but a closer view showed that he was neither one nor the other."—*Timaru Herald*.

New Zealand has its sporting journalists too.

CHARIVARIA.

INDIGNATION has been caused in the British Colony at Tangier by a notice published by the Consulate that the British Government cannot in future ransom anyone captured by brigands—the money, it is presumed, being required for Old Age Pensions. Several important kidnappings have in consequence had to be indefinitely held over.

In the course of a report to the Colonial Office the Resident of Borgu Province, Nigeria, mentions that the Chief Kokafu is said to have attained the age of 205, and his son that of 157. "There is a general opinion," the Resident says, "that the average duration of life in the province is decreasing unaccountably." Probably as the result of missionary efforts, the people are becoming more truthful.

Torpedo-boats Nos. 074 and 071 of the Medway flotilla are said to have collided while carrying out night exercises in the North Sea. No. 074 was slightly damaged on the port side, but the other was uninjured. This raises the interesting point: Did they both collide, or only one of them?

"Mr. ASQUITH," says Lord TWEEDMOUTH, "is determined to maintain the British Navy, its personnel, its ships, its armaments, and its works in high efficiency." So much for those who alleged that the new Premier was in favour of fostering better relations with Germany!

There is, we suppose, nothing like being thorough. In view of the threatened Licensing Act the mayor and chief residents of Burton-on-Trent have decided not to hold the usual lifeboat demonstration this year. They will have nothing to do with anything associated with water.

Several persons living in North Westmeath claim to have seen a lep-

rechaun recently, and it is now proposed that the provisions of the Licensing Bill shall be made to extend to Ireland.

At a meeting of the Mitcham Parish Council a letter was read from the Surrey Territorial Association asking the Council to induce their employes to join the Territorial Army, but it was pointed out that the Council's only employé was a gravedigger. It is thought that the Army Council will now suggest that he will be a capital fellow for making entrenchments.

Poor SHAKSPEARE! Coming out of His Majesty's Theatre after the re-

made an honorary Old Master. Burglars have stolen a picture of his from the Wellington Art Gallery.

The practice of amateur Oratorio Choirs visiting gaols is increasing, and in one instance several prisoners are said to have objected on the ground that it was not included in their sentence.

The New York correspondent of *The Express* sends an account of a young woman who, having never spoken to a man until she was twenty-nine years of age, married the first man she met. We have often wondered how some men were able to get married.



Maud (counting Ethel's fruit stones). "So I see you're going to marry a poor man, Ethel." Ethel. "I'm not. 'Cos I've got an apothecary in my mouth!"

vival of *The Merry Wives* a playgoer was heard to remark that he much preferred "the same author's *Merry Widow*."

The cablegram received by Mrs. LANGTRY some time ago, announcing that a silver mine had been found on an estate purchased by her in America, has turned out to be a hoax. It only remains to hope now that her new play, in spite of appearances to the contrary, may turn out to be a gold mine.

Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., having stated that a portrait painted by a stupid person will make the sitter look stupid, several stupid painters write to deny that this is so.

And Mr. B. W. LEADER has been

Two hundred women employed by a firm of hatters at South Norwalk, Connecticut, recently went on strike because their employers wanted to know their ages in order to promote the three oldest to the position of inspectors. It is now, we hear, intended to appoint the three who look the oldest, and more trouble is feared.

At a time when no one seems to have a good word for the house-breaker it seems only fair to re-

cord the fact that a party of burglars who made their way into a vicarage last week left untouched a number of valuable sermons—and this in an age which is certainly not distinguished by reverence.

Dr. ROMME's theory, published in *La Revue*, to the effect that by a law of nature a child takes its sex from the weaker and not the stronger of its parents is not meeting with general acceptance among fathers of families of boys.

The crumb of comfort! The first cab left the rank, and the other horse-cabs moved up automatically. "Yah!" shouted one of their drivers, "Show me the motor-cab that'll do that!"

DICTATION.

SCENE—A room. *He, with his arm in a sling, is pacing up and down the floor. She is sitting at a writing-table.*

He. Are you ready?

She. Quite ready.

He. Just read over that bit we managed to do yesterday. I forget how it went.

She (reading aloud). "As he heard these awful words, Julian sprang to his feet. A violent flush overspread his face, and in accents that bore testimony to the tumult of his feelings, he muttered between his clenched teeth—" (*She stops reading.*)

He. Well, go on.

She. There's nothing to go on with. You said you'd think it out.

He (testily). Oh, come, I'm quite certain I dictated more than that. I remember it quite well.

She (calmly). If you remember it quite well, you can do it again. I'm waiting.

He. Say the last word again.

She. "Teeth."

He. Give me the word before that.

She. "Clenched."

He (meditatively). Clenched teeth? Clenched teeth? What did he clench his teeth for?

She. I haven't a ghost of an idea. You said his teeth were clenched, and you ought to know why he got them into this condition. I'm not responsible for his goings-on.

He. There you go! You've driven it all out of my head again. I wish you'd stop talking and let me think.

She. Yes, do. (*A pause.*)

He. I wish you'd read over the whole of the last bit again.

(*She does so in a highly dramatic manner.*)

He. How can a chap be expected to think if you read like that? One would imagine you had an idea you could do it better yourself!

She. So I could, and so could any of the children. Shall I send for one of them?

He. Oh, do keep quiet. (*Passes his left hand wildly through his hair.*) Got it! Are you ready?

She (scornfully). Yes; have been for half-an-hour.

He (dictating). Inverted commas, please—

She (after writing). I should think he might have said that without clenching his teeth.

He (stonily). Would you mind reading what you've written?

She (cheerfully). Not a bit. (*Reads.*) "And in accents that bore testimony to the tumult of his feelings, he muttered between his clenched teeth, 'inverted commas, please.'" Go on, do.

He (in a freezing tone). Have you written that?

She (pleasantly). Yes, dear, written every word of it. It sounds most awfully mysterious and exciting. Do get on quickly with it.

He (wildly apostrophising the universe). Great Heavens! Here's a woman who actually doesn't know about inverted commas.

She. Oh, yes, dear, I do. They are those funny little twiddly things that they print in books when they quote poetry.

He (in a tone of profound melancholy). Quite right, darling, quite right. That'll do for this morning. I'm most awfully obliged to you for helping me so much.

(*Scene closes.*)

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

OXFORD MEMORIES.

OH, in the day when Folly decked my brows,
And prescient manhood bloomed upon my cheek;
When I combined a genius for carouse
With Socialism and the bards in Greek;
When that first "fancy knitted" oriflamme
Of freshness lent my limbs a suppler grace;
When I evinced a taste for epigram
And hung a "Captain WARREN" in my face;

When in an atmosphere of Gothic age,
Fixed seats and sporting prints and BERNARD SHAW,
I throve on picnics, port and persiflage,
Drank Audit ale and took a "third" in Law,
I little dreamed how soon would come a time
When I should be collecting outlawed bills,
Preparing leases and defending crime,
In far-off townships under alien hills.

I was immortal then; inured to Art,
And dandled on the lap of every Muse,
I pored on HAMERTON in groves apart,
Derided MILL and scoffed at NIETZSCHE'S views.
PATER was mine, and SYMONDS; MATTHEW A.,
RUSKIN and MORRIS held me in their thrall;
I babbled BRAHMS with men of kindred clay,
And sat out ELGAR in the Balliol Hall.

And there were days when, straining at the oar,
I stapped my vitals for the College weal;
Stroked (with consummate pride) a "junior four,"
And ate raw beef at every other meal.
And there were moments, birthday wines and bump
Suppers when, pledged to woo the vinous god,
I haled the College porter to the pump
And lit a bonfire in the chapel quad.

But now—Ye Gods! can I be that same youth
That down the classic Cher was used to roam,
Pressing the search for elegance and truth,
Aided by frequent subsidies from home?
Am I that youth whose cynicisms wrung
Æsthetic coteries' approving smiles;
Round whose Apolline limbs sublimely clung
Distinguished raiment in the latest styles?

Here in a ten-floor office block I ply
The small attorney's inexpensive trade;
No fires of inspiration light this eye,
My speech is terse, my costume ready-made.
Codes of absurd procedure hold in check
A soul once intimate with all the bards;
I pour the shameless cocktail down my neck,
Start work at eight and spend the night at cards.

Briefly from Intellect's essential springs,
A cultured exquisite, I quaff no more,
But toil, the victim of material things,
A seedy exile on an alien shore.
I don't repine; but oftentimes in the sad
Long sleepless hours I murmur, "Would that I
Were once again the careless undergrad,
That trickled blithely down the dear old 'High.'"
ALGOL.

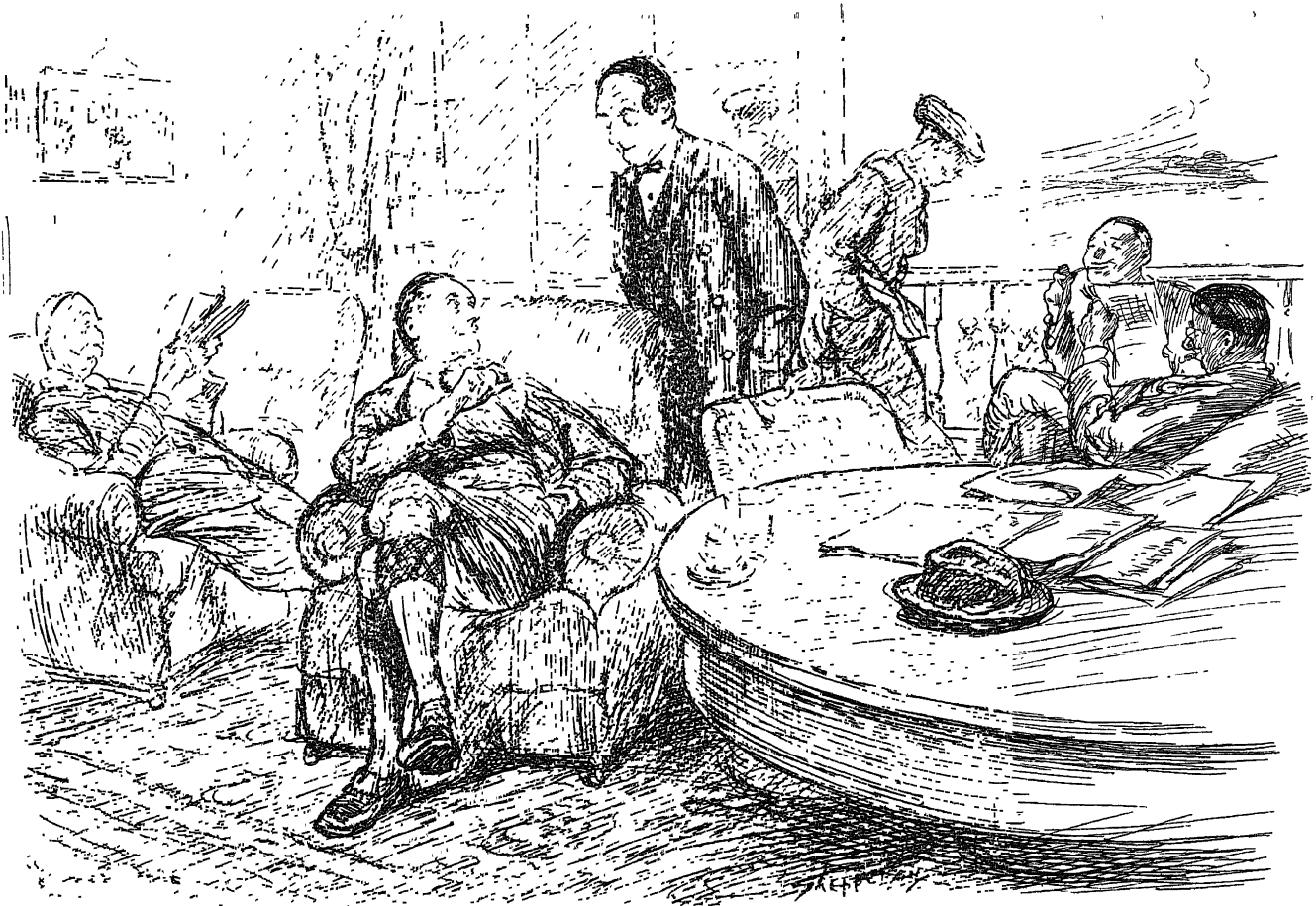
In the Navy Estimates for 1908-9, the following item occurs:

"Funerals by contract or agreement (including coffins) chapel allowances, carting rubbish, amusements of lunatics at Yarmouth, and other small expenses."



A COMMON GRIEF.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. BORN 1836. DIED 1908.



Club Member. "WAITER, PLEASE BRING ME PUNCH."

Privileged Waiter. "I'M VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT ALL THE PUNCHES ARE ENGAGED. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE 'COMPLAINT-BOOK'—THERE ARE SOME VERY GOOD JOKES IN THAT."

FROM MANXLAND TO SPHINX- LAND.

THE NAMELESS ONE IN EGYPT.

A BALD and jejune paragraph in *The Daily Mail* recites the bare facts that the Nameless One has recently spent three months in Egypt studying and mixing with the people, that he received the warmest hospitality from all the inhabitants, and that a crowd of Egyptian students bade him farewell at the railway station at Cairo.

We are glad to be able to supplement this meagre statement with some interesting details communicated by a trustworthy correspondent on the spot.

It appears that the Nameless One, who has long been profoundly interested in Egyptology, has made a complete and exhaustive trip through Upper and Lower Egypt.

Wherever he went he was greeted with showers of scarabs, *wakfs*, and other indigenous and honorific comestibles.

Seventeen of the finest and most highly-mettled donkeys at the Pyra-

mids have been called "John Storm" in honour of the novelist.

An enterprising firm of Coptic publishers are arranging to issue a magnificent *édition de Luxor* of all his novels.

The KHEDIVE is asserted to have expressed the wish that His Three-legged Nibs should take up his residence permanently in Egypt, and to have offered him free quarters in the Pyramid of Cheops.

The Nameless One is alleged to have made the astounding discovery that Pasht (the sacred cat of ancient Egypt) was of Manx breed.

While journeying up the Nile one of his suite shot a quail, on which the famous fictionist sadly remarked, "*Sic transit Gloria!*"

"At a quarter before four o'clock the Rev. E. D. heard noses in his house."—*The People*.
No wonder, in this weather.

A photographer in Victoria, B.C., has the following advertisement:—

IF YOU HAVE BEAUTY, I TAKE IT;
IF YOU HAVE NONE, I MAKE IT.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War."

"The engines began moving before the ropes were got on board, and a hawser got entangled in the port wheel. The captain tried to disentangle it by going astern, but was afraid to continue for fear of bringing down the scala. He therefore gave orders to cut the rope, but there was nothing on board to cut it with. So he again gave orders to go ahead and succeeded in breaking the rope, but at the same time the paddle wheel went to pieces. Captain Themistocli who remained perfectly cool then gave orders to let go the anchor, but after a long search the sailors reported there was no anchor or chain. The captain then decided that the only thing that remained was to put the ship ashore, and this time was quite successful, after the steamer had struck and demolished a bath house."

The Levant Herald.

On the Brain.

The Irish Times reports Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS as follows:—

"Mr. Churchill knew that the will of the people of this country was in accord with the House of Lords, and like the immortal Beer Tax, he preferred to lie low on the subject."

At this rate the immortal Tar Baby will become Tariff Rabies.

LONDON LETTERS.

III.

DEAR CHARLES,—Do you truly want me to recommend you something to read? Well, why not try the serial story in some ha'penny paper? There you get a glimpse of the real thing. I turned idly to *Lepers in Israel* (or whatever it is called) last night, and found myself suddenly up to the neck in tragedy: *Lord Billingham*. . . .

CHARLES, you're a married man, tell me if it really is so. The gentle *Pamela* is urged by a cruel mother to espouse *Lord Billingham* for his money's sake. *Lord B.* is a vulgar brute, I'm afraid; in any case *Pamela* is all for young *Prendergast*; but one must be sensible, you know, and money does make a difference, doesn't it? So she becomes *Lady Billingham*; and a year or two later *Prendergast* comes back from South Africa to find that it is *he* who is the real *Lord Billingham* after all. (I got most of this from the "synopsis," which enables you to start the story now, so I can't say how it was they overlooked him in the first place.) It would be extremely cruel (you see that, CHARLES?) to talk about it, because *Pamela* would then become plain *Mrs. Stubbs*, and no money at all; so *Prendergast* decides to say nothing to anybody. But he was reckoning without *Mrs. Trevelyan*, no less. *Mrs. Trevelyan* finds out the secret, and threatens *Prendergast* that she will tell everybody that he is the real *Lord Billingham* unless he marries her. So of course he has to.

It is at this moment that we meet *Capt. Pontifax*. *Capt. Pontifax* is in love with *Mrs. Trevelyan*, at least he thinks he is, and he says that if she doesn't marry him he will let on about what happened to *Mr. Trevelyan*, who was supposed to have died of old age. At the same time the news gets out that *Prendergast* is really *Lord Billingham*, and so *Pamela* does become *Mrs. Stubbs*; and as *Prendergast* cannot honourably withdraw from the alliance he is about to contract with *Mrs. Trevelyan*, it looks as though she is going to be *Lady Billingham*. But on the eve of the wedding a body is found at the bottom of the old chalk quarry. . . . *Whose?* . . .

What I want to hear from you, CHARLES is, Do people always get married for this sort of reason? Are you really the Duke of NORFOLK, and did KITTY discover your secret and threaten to disclose it? Oh, you coward! I don't mind anybody

knowing that I am the true Earl BILLINGHAM.

About the body. We shall know to-morrow. I think it's *Capt. Pontifax* myself, but I will send you a telegram.

Are you an authority on dress? A man got into my carriage on the District to-day wearing a top hat, a frock coat, and brown boots. Is that right? I ask it seriously, because the point I want to discover is this: Supposing you suddenly found that you had nothing in the house but brown boots and a frock coat, would a bowler or a topper be the better way out of it?

You see the idea, CHARLES. If you add a bowler then the thing you have to explain away is the coat. I don't quite see how that is to be managed; you could only put it down to absent-mindedness. But if you add a topper then you have only the brown boots to account for. This could be done in a variety of ways. A foggy morning, a sudden attack of colour-blindness, or that your mother asked you to wear the thickest ones, dear, and never mind about the silly fashion. It is an interesting point which has never been dealt with properly in the etiquette books. You and I are agreed upon the topper, it seems.

I went to a play last Tuesday. It was not bad, but the funniest scene happened right at the beginning, when I watched an American buy a seat at the box-office. They gave him J13, and he only discovered it after he had paid for it, and had put his change carefully away. Do you know, CHARLES, he nearly cried. The manager assured him there was nothing in it; people sat there every night, and were heard of again. It was no good. He got his money back, and went away looking quite miserable. Isn't it childish? I am going to be married on Friday, May 13, just to show. When is that? Sickening if it's not for years and years and years. I have a patent calendar somewhere which tells you the date for any year up to 1928. I never know why it should stop there; something to do with the Golden Number getting too big. It won't go backwards either, which is a pity, because I have always wanted to know on what day of the week I was born. Nobody will tell me. It was one of the lucky days, I am sure. How can I find out?

To-morrow.—I have just sent you a telegram to say that it was *Sir Richard Tressider*'s body. Strange that you hadn't thought of him. CHARLES, I felt very shy in the Post Office. Yes, about Castle Bump-

brook. She didn't believe there was such a place; I offered to bet. We went through the Telegraph Directory together. Do you know, you come in the Castles, not in the Bumps at all. (Put me among the Bumps.) Something ought to be done about it. I always thought Castle was your Christian name, kind of.

Yes, it was *Sir Richard*'s corps. It occurs to me now that you will get this letter a day after the telegram. How did I put it?

"Body believed to be that of *Sir Richard Tressider*. Death certified as by drowning. *Inspector Stockley* suspects foul play."

An eleven-penny touch, CHARLES, and I never signed it, and you'll wonder what on earth it's all about. Probably you will dismiss it as a joke, and that would be elevenpence thrown away. This cannot be allowed. You can get a telegram repeated at half price, can't you? I think I shall go and have a fivepenny ha'penny repeat.

I say, what are you doing about the weather? Are you taking it lying down? I want to sign a petition, or write to my M.P. (haven't got one, then I shall write to yours), humbly showing that it's the rottenest do there's ever been. Do you remember the story (it comes in *Gesta Romanorum*, or should) of the man who built a model of another man and threw things at it, and the other man sat in a bath with a mirror in his hand, and whenever the first man threw he ducked under the water. If he got under in time his enemy missed, and it was all right. Otherwise he was killed. Well, I am going to rig up a Negretti in my room, and throw boots at it, and if the original has to spend all his time in a cold bath, ducking, I think, CHARLES, we shall get some warmer weather soon.

"Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day."

CHARLES, in your courting days was she ever as cold to you as this? Poor old dear! Never mind, it's all right now. Give her my love, and believe me to be always yours, A. A. M.

—
"To the Editor of THE FINANCIAL TIMES

Sir,—I notice in your Stock Exchange notices that you say the Committee have been asked to appoint a special settling day in the Golden Links, Ltd., 5 shares of 5s each, fully paid, Nos. 1 to 5, and 353,190 shares of 5s each, fully paid, Nos. 6 to 353,195.

I beg to inform you that this announcement is not correct. It should be: 5 shares of 5s each, fully paid, Nos. 1 to 5, and 353,190 shares of 5s. each, fully paid, Nos. 6 to 353,195."

We strongly advise the editor to stick to his guns and refuse to be browbeaten by anybody.

THE PASSIONATE GOLFER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, it almost breaks my heart
To speak the word that bids us part
For ever past recall.

Were you less charming, had you less
Of that perfection in excess

Which holds my soul in thrall,
I might dismiss you from my mind
At lucid intervals, and find
My eye upon the ball.

Now, when I raise my club to drive
My well-meant efforts seldom thrive,
Your presence seems too near.

No open champion, since the sky
Saw the first shaggy divot fly,

The first bare patch appear,
Could at one time in rapture dwell
On all the charms you wield so well
And also strike the sphere.

So when I'm playing through the green
The thought of all your grace, my queen,

Intoxicates like wine.
'Witch'd by your beauty's mute appeal,
'Stead of the leathern grip, I feel
Your tender hand in mine.

Then if I press, oh, who could blame?
Not Zeno's self, yet all the same
The ball goes off the line.

But, ah! my cup of woe is full
When after socket, slice and pull
Or fatuous half-topped roll,
Forth from the bunkers' grim embrace
With trembling lip and pallid face

At last I near the hole—
Only to find, absorbed in you,
One cannot putt and worship too—
Each needs a single soul!

So we must part; but not all grey
Will be your solitary way,

For though our bonds I snap,
You'll watch as I relinquish fast
Stroke after stroke until at last

I offer you, mayhap,
To dull the pain of parting thus
The privilege of seeing +
Before my handicap!

THE SCHOOL FOR EXPERTS.

OF a new putative Old Master recently discovered in Vienna the gifted Frau HOEGEL, the picture-restorer, who is "a high authority on old paintings," is reported to have said "that the colouring of the hair, eyes, and mouth is conclusive proof that the work is original. While tolerably certain that the painting is a Van Dyck, Frau HOEGEL thinks there is a bare possibility that it may be a Rubens."

There is an agreeable vagueness

**THE RULING PASSION.**

First Examiner. "O CUCKOO, SHALL I CALL THEE BIRD,
OR BUT A WANDERING VOICE?"

Second Examiner. "STATE THE ALTERNATIVE PREFERRED,
WITH REASONS FOR YOUR CHOICE."

here, a having-it-both-ways line of country which makes it easy for anyone to become "a high authority on old paintings."

We may try it ourselves. "Yes, sir, it is certainly an old painting. Look at the dirt and the cracks. At present, since the surface is entirely black, it is hard to say whether it is a Velasquez or a Tintoretto; but both have been dead some years, and both used oils."

Or, of a picture not quite so far gone—"It may of course be a Leonardo, but if not, why should it not be a Luini? They were very much alike. Perhaps Luinardo is the best ascription."

Or, of a bad picture of some age: "It is not good, we admit, but we advise you to buy it, just to see if there is not a Rembrandt underneath. Mr. HUMPHRY WARD found one the other day, for which a German collector paid thousands of pounds. No English art-critic need ever despair of a market for his finds so long as Germany and America exist; and if our own National Gallery complains, why, let it obtain a worthier grant. Business is business all the world over."

Or, of a modern landscape—"Yes, it is an interesting work. If it is not a Corot, which we are inclined to doubt, it is a Van Hier. In his best and ripest manner too."

DONE INTO ENGLISH.

ACCORDING to "Playgoer" in *The Weekly Dispatch*, "a London manager says that the next time he buys a play on the Continent he will have it done into English at a translation bureau, and that version, polished up a little, will stand every bit as good a chance of catching the public support as a version for which he would have to pay fees."

Of course the London manager is absolutely right; the manners and customs of polite society in England and France have become so similar—especially since the *Entente Cordiale*—that the services of a skilled adapter are now superfluous. In support of this assertion Mr. *Punch* begs to submit a few specimen extracts from a *verbatim* translation of a modern comedy by one of the most brilliant and successful of Parisian dramatists.

The scene, it is true, has been changed from Trouville and Deauville to St. Leonards and Bexhill; the names of the characters have been Anglicised, while as many of them as possible have been given titles in order to render the play interesting to a West End audience. But otherwise his translator has faithfully followed the original text:—

ACT I.—A large apartment in Seaview Villa, St. Leonards, occupied by Lord RONALD SHILLINGFORD, and his widowed sister, Lady LAURA STREATLEY.

Lord Ronald (to one of his guests, Sir JOSEPH BRYANT, a Sheffield ironmaster). Whatever may come of it, we will try, dear Sir JOSEPH, not to leave you too bad an impression of our St. Leonards.

Sir Joseph. And I am not sorry, besides, to see what a pleasure-city at the commencement of the twentieth century is like.

Lord R. You have permitted me, have you not, to introduce some of our friends to you presently? We shall have Lord HURSTMONCEUX (to LUCIAN BRYANT, Sir Joseph's son). In fact, HURSTMONCEUX is a schoolfellow of ours. We shall have WELDHAM—steelworks, forges, blast-furnaces, metallurgy—like you.

Lucian (modestly). A hundred times larger!

Lord R. I say, there is one who has a constitution of steel. He is a little good man of nothing at all. Since the death of WELDHAM père he conducts all alone a colossal business, which does not prevent him from enjoying himself.

Sir Joseph. Yes, he is the holiday-making manufacturer, one of the marvels of contemporary industry!

Lord R. Ah, there he is, arriving from the shore with Lady MAINWARING. I was forgetting to tell you that we are dining with Lady MAINWARING, his cousin.

Lady Laura. What will Sir JOSEPH think? She is not only his cousin, she is also his fiancée. She is a charming woman, divorced from Sir HECTOR MAINWARING, who has conducted himself odiously to her.

Lord R. Our other guests are two club friends—WINKWORTH and KENNARD. They are very nice.

Lady Laura. Very nice, but great gossips, and slightly slanderous.

Sir Joseph. That is of no consequence.

(Enter WELDHAM and Lady MAINWARING.)

Lord R. Dear friends!

Weldham. My good SHILLINGFORD!

Lord R. Introductions are unnecessary. Let us effect them in a summary manner. (To Lady M.) Dear Madam, Sir JOSEPH BRYANT, Mr. LUCIAN BRYANT.

Lady Laura (to Mrs. LUCIAN B.). Lady MAINWARING—Mrs. LUCIAN BRYANT.

Lord R. (presenting WELDHAM). Mr. WELDHAM.

Lucian. Sir! (He presses his hand while inclining himself.)

Lord R. (to the Hon. MONTY WINKWORTH and ALGIE KENNARD). My dear friends! (Introduces them.)

Monty Winkworth. Madam, Sir.

Kennard (same business, to Lady M.). Dear madam. (WINKWORTH and KENNARD proceed to talk scandal about Lord HURSTMONCEUX.)

Lady Mainwaring (laughing). I do not detest, myself, that one slanders Lord HURSTMONCEUX!

Winkworth (gracefully). You! You are in love with him. It is another thing.

Weldham (to Sir JOSEPH and LUCIAN). Yes, ravished that our friend SHILLINGFORD has placed us in communication. (Enter Lord HURSTMONCEUX.)

Lord Hurstmonceux (going straight to Lady LAURA). Madam, my homage. (He kisses her hand. After being presented to Mrs. LUCIAN, and finding that she has forgotten his having been presented to her on a former occasion.) I regret no longer having passed unperceived, since it procures me the pleasure of recalling that little incident to you.

Lady Laura. Come, gentlemen, let us take a turn in the garden while we are waiting for dinner.

Lord Hurst. At your orders, Madam. (He takes her hand familiarly and places it on his arm.)

[In the next Act the scene is a terrace at Lady MAINWARING's house at Bexhill, close to the sea.]

Weldham (to Lord RONALD). My dear, you will believe me if you like. I have never had any success with women. I proclaim it to my shame. Explain that to me.

Lord R. Perhaps you are too gay.

Weldham. Then, why do the music-hall singers have so much?

Lord R. Because they are dull in private life.

Lady Mainw. (to Lord R. and the BRYANTS). You will take lunch with us?

Weldham. On the yacht, you know. On the yacht!

Lady Mainw. Have you given notice to the Blue Hungarians?

Lord R. Blue Hungarians! In broad daylight?

Weldham. Why not? I wish this affair to be tumultuous. (Music without.) Come. Go ahead. The Hungarians arrive. Do you hear them? They are thawing their fingers. Sir JOSEPH, you are as nice as everything to come to visit my little installation.

Sir Joseph. Tell me, my dear Mr. WELDHAM, are your Blue Hungarians going to accompany us to the yacht? (Enter Blue Hungarians.)

Weldham. Reassure yourself. We are not going to pass through all the crowd with music. And besides, it will be very well, you know. They will applaud our passage like madmen. Bexhill is very gay this year.

[Later.—The Hon. MONTY and ALGIE KENNARD have been hinting that Lord H. has made a conquest of Mrs. LUCIAN BRYANT.]

Monty Winkworth (to Lord H. mysteriously). My compliments, dear friend!

Alg. An extra page for my posthumous biography of you!

Lord Hurst. Do you want still another?

Alg. I should think so! Women? No. Duel?

Lord H. Two.

Alg. Two duels? Bravo! Perfect! Admirable! This is the event of the season! And who, without indiscretion, are your adversaries?

Lord H. You!

Alg. Eh?

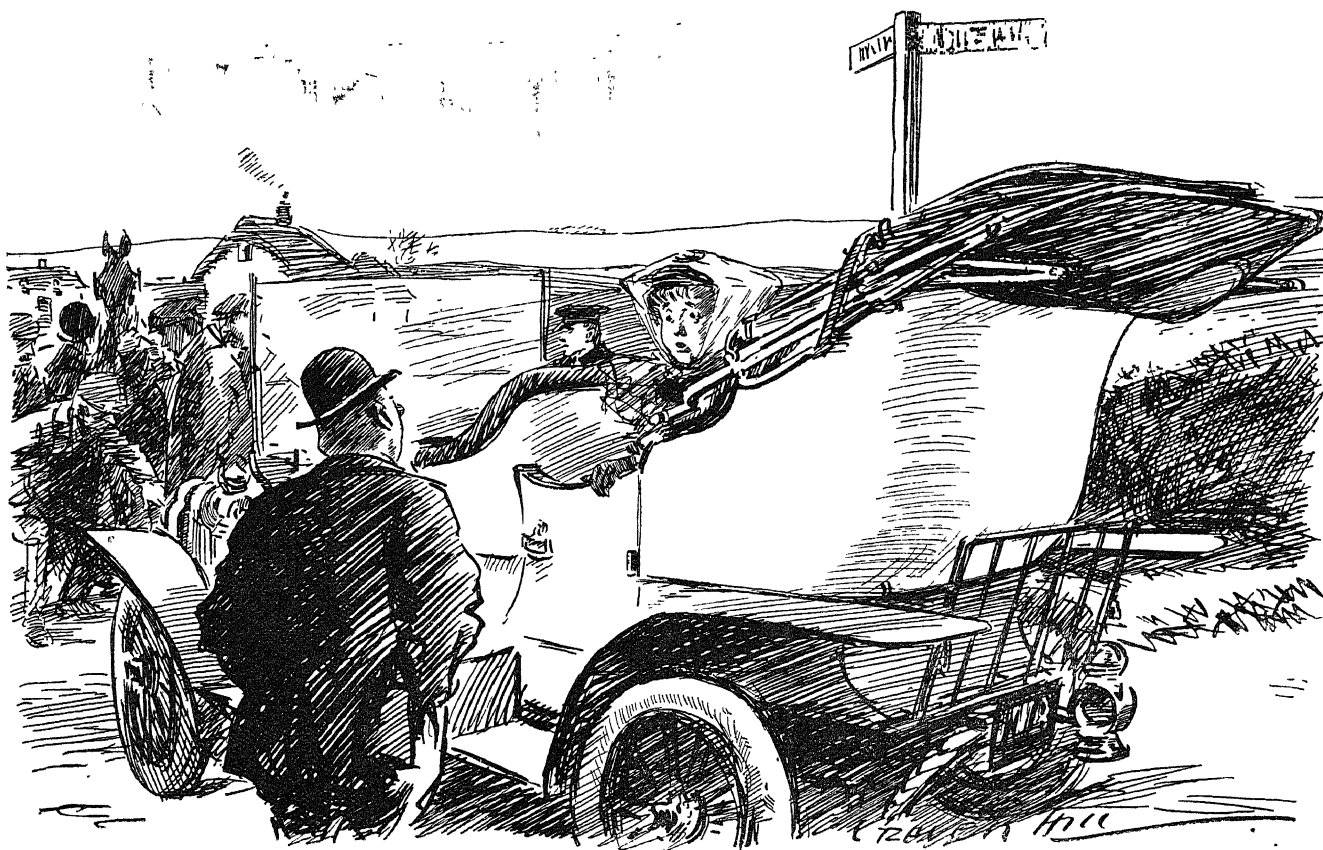
LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



HOW THE GALLANT YOUNG HERO MIGHT LEAVE HIS ANCESTRAL HOME TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT.



HOW HE DOES.



Bystander. "DID YOU SEE 'OW IT 'APPENED, LADY?"

Fair Motorist. "OH DEAR, NO! I WAS ASLEEP JUST THEN."

Bystander. "AH, THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE A LULLABY!"

Lord H. You two. Because you commence to bore me, you are two quite disagreeable little boys, and I am tired of your gossip.

Kennard. Is it serious?

Lord H. My witnesses will be WELDHAM and SHILLINGFORD. I wait yours.

Algy (with dignity). That suffices, sir. I am at your orders.

Monty. I the same, sir.

Algy. And enchanted to furnish you so fine an opportunity, my dear musketeer!

Monty (knowingly). It will act very well on the imagination of a certain fair provincial!

Lord H. We will arrange a quarrel to-night at the Pier Pavilion. Now let us go. Pass in front, I pray you.

Algy. After you, sir.

Lord H. I will do nothing of the sort, sir.

Algy. I pray you!

Lord H. But no!

Algy. Then it will be to oblige you. (*Goes out with MONTY, making a thousand politenesses to Lord H.*)

Lord H. (to the conductor of the Blue Hungarians). Now, go on! (*The Hungarians play as the curtain falls.*)

Should the London Manager happen to have purchased this particular French comedy, Mr. Punch's own *verbatim* Translator will be happy to supply him with the complete English version, polished according to sample, on merely nominal terms. Why pay more?

F. A.

DOMESTICITY.

WHEN JANE was young, her pa and ma considered That woman's mission was to be a wife And (for they never yet in what they did erred) They trained her strictly for domestic life.

She learned the arts of boiling and of baking,
Was taught the way to grill, and stew, and fry,
And had the very daintiest hand at making
A cake, a tart, a pudding, or a pie.

She had that skill to sew and darn which *does* band
The peaceful home in bonds serene and glad;
She'd all a wife requires—except a husband,
And somehow he was never to be had.

Meanwhile, across the road, at No. 7,
Sweet DOLLY grew neglected all her days;
She'd sunny hair, and eyes as blue as heaven,
A dimpled smile, and pretty baby ways.

But, ah! she had not one domestic habit,
She could not mend a sock, or bake a tart.
Or even skin 'an ordinary rabbit—

Her parents simply spoiled her from the start.

But now she's married; for her useless beauty
Fevered the brow beneath a coronet;
Whilst JANE, expert in every wifely duty,
Lives in a flat, a lonely Suffragette!



A QUESTION OF MASTERY.



Retired Huntsman (who has taken to fishing). "I'LL HAVE TO CHUCK IT, SAM. I THINK THEY'RE ALL T'OTHER SIDE, WHERE I CAN'T REACH 'EM."

New Huntsman (passing with hounds). "HOLD ON A BIT. I'LL SLIP OVER THE BRIDGE, AND TURN 'EM TO YOU!"

WHEN JOVE RULED IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Buscot Park, Monday.—Brought with me for reading in rare leisure time ARTHUR DASENT'S *Life and Letters* of his Uncle, JOHN THADEUS DELANE, sometime Editor of *The Times*, just published by MURRAY. Not given to the average nephew to approach GEORGE TREVELYAN in recording the life of MACAULAY, DASENT has successfully accomplished a task of some delicacy.

DELANE was not only Editor of *The Times* through stirring periods of history. He was the friend, confidant, and counsellor of the men who in Cabinet Council guided the destinies of the Empire. In these latter days *The Times* has added to its staff a gentleman known as Parliamentary Lobbyist, a purveyor of political

notes. For thirty-seven years DELANE was not only Editor of the paper but was its direct medium of political information. Through successive Ministries he occupied a position akin to that of honorary member of the Cabinet. CLARENDON, ABERDEEN, more constantly and intimately PALMERSTON, in personal interviews or in long letters, informed him in fullest detail, not only of the political situation at home and abroad, but of Cabinet intention upon pending issues. In 1852, when the DERBY Administration was being formed, DIZZY, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons, wrote him no fewer than four letters within forty-eight hours. One contained promise of the list of the new Ministry, which, "if it be possible I will send you for a second edition to-morrow." Amongst Premiers an exception in this respect was made in case of Lord JOHN RUSSELL,

whose icy manner is deplored by the biographer. GLADSTONE also habitually refrained from secret intercourse with the powerful Editor.

As far as it affected business in Printing House Square that did not matter, since there were colleagues eager to contribute information. In 1867, when a private meeting of the Liberal Party was held at GLADSTONE'S house to decide on its attitude towards DIZZY'S Reform Bill, DELANE had only to write to four Members in order to secure full narrative of proceedings carried on behind locked doors. Of his correspondents three were C. P. VILLIERS, HENRY BRAND (afterwards Speaker), and BERNAL OSBORNE, a habitual purveyor of political and social news. Lord TORRINGTON, one of the Lords-in-Waiting at Windsor, gloried in the name of "Your Windsor Special." When on duty at the Court he daily wrote to Printing House Square reporting

its tittle-tattle, and what QUEEN VICTORIA said to him in private conversation.

When in 1857 a new Parliament was elected, PALMERSTON consulted DELANE on the choice of Speaker, accepting his designation of EVELYN DENISON. Four years later he offered him Ministerial office, suggesting that he should become Under-Secretary of War. Small wonder that the flattering proposal was declined. To vacate the throne in Printing House Square for an Under-Secretaryship would have been poor promotion.

This was a unique position for a journalist to hold. Its long continuance testified to DELANE's trustworthiness. He never betrayed a confidence. Even more greatly to his honour, his favour was not purchasable by its bestowal. DIZZY's assiduous court to the great man was at an early stage rewarded by the appearance in *The Times* of a review of *Coningsby*, which he "read with pain and astonishment, a review calculated to do the work very great injury." DELANE accepted the favour of contributions by Cabinet Ministers to his news-chest, but he recognised that the power and influence of *The Times* were based upon the foundations of public spirit, concern for national interest, and absolute impartiality in dealing with statesmen. PALMERSTON was his personal friend and his hero. But if he differed from him on matters of public policy he did not hesitate to state his views in the rolling periods of a leading article.

There were two institutions whose welfare lay close to the heart of DELANE. First came *The Times*, next the British Empire. In his own mind doubtless the interests were identical. He served them both with unflinching loyalty, unflagging labour, making and maintaining the position of a morning newspaper at a height of power never before reached or since paralleled.

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

THERE are three of us. I am the writer, she is the pianist next door, and you are merely the reader. At the present moment I am beginning to compose a learned dissertation upon "Abatement of Nuisances, The;" she is warming to her work on the piano; and you. . . . But who cares twopence about the mere reader? Mr. Reader—Miss Pianist: Miss Pianist—Mr. Reader. Now I think we all know each other well enough to be getting on with the dis-

sertation, and therefore, as I said before,

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

The . . .

But just half a minute. Do you not think that if she could only be brought to knock off 99 h.p. from the right hand and to omit the left hand altogether, there would be more chance for us? If we could get her to reduce the clamour, at any rate within limits, we might have the pleasure of writing, and. . . thank you. . . the pleasure of reading some very pertinent and entertaining remarks about nuisances and their abatement. But will she do it?

I, knowing the woman, think not; but let us try:—

Letter from interrupted Journalist (male) to active Pianist (female), No. 1:—

"MADAM,—Devoted admirer of the piano though I am, I yet think that it should be used rather as a medium of intellectual diversion than as a form of physical exercise. The hands are generally used for the manipulation of the keys, the feet only under peculiar and unfortunate circumstances. At any rate, if you will forgive my saying so, you are technically incorrect in using both at the same time."

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

The late Lord of the Rolls, a boon companion of the Author,

There! I said she wouldn't.

Letter from irritated Journalist (male) to energetic Pianist (female), No. 2:—

"MADAM,—The idea of simultaneously employing both hands, both feet and the nose, in furtherance of the sacred art of pianoforte music has all the merit and charm of originality. But can the occupation be a healthy one?"

in one of his rare but very lucid intervals said to him that an instructive and amusing brochure might well be written round this fascinating

Just listen to the woman!

Letter from weary Journalist (male) to hyper-energetic Pianist (female), No. 3:—

"MADAM,—You are indeed lucky in having so sturdy and so willing a maid to help you, but let me remind you of the importance of her confining her operations to the bottom octave. You cannot watch her too closely (if your present position admits of your watching her at all), for should she in a moment of æsthetic passion stray higher up the keyboard, she must certainly inconveni-

ence your left foot, and possibly damage a delicate and irreplaceable coal-hammer."

subject.

Our first effort should be to define a nuisance, and it would be hard, we think, to find a definition more compendious yet accurate than the following, being as it is our own:—A nuisance, it has been well said, is a d—d nuisance.

So far, so good. To define abatement, however,

Would you have thought it was humanly possible?

Letter from desperate Journalist (male) to rampant Pianist (female), No. 4:—

"MADAM,—I apologise for the affront I have put upon you. I did not know, but should have guessed that you had *two* maids and *two* coal-hammers. Is there no hope?"

is not so easy. Properly to deal with this topic would be to discuss nearly every known form of tort and crime. Indeed the pastime of nuisance-abating is far from being an innocent one, involving as it does at the least Trespass against the property of the Individual, Housebreaking, Window-smashing, Unusual Language, and the Infliction of Grievous Bodily Harm upon the King's Subjects. Nevertheless there are times. . . .

Letter from insane Journalist (male) to insane Pianist (female), No. 5 and last:—

"MADAM,—When I appear before the magistrate may I rely upon you as the principal witness for the defence?

P.S.—I shall plead guilty to every charge with a strong recommendation to mercy."

* * * * *

[At this point, I am informed by the Police, the author. . . . But why go into the sordid details?—Ed.]

Lest we Forget.

"Florence Lady N. has let her house to Mrs. J. H. S., who is a sister of Mrs. D. If she likes the house it is quite possible she may purchase it at the end of her year's tenancy."

The Observer.

To think that we have remained in seclusion for weeks trying to put the elephant together, and never knew that in the outer world things like this were going on!

"This," remarks the *Lokalanzeiger*, "means an extraordinary advance in war readiness of our fleet for such prolonged repairs as have, for instance, been carried out in dry dock, five of which has been four months out of use, are not to be feared in the case of floating docks."

Daily Telegraph.

It probably looked better in the original German, and the sub-editor should have left it there.

THE GREAT UNSEATED.



IN THE WILD (NORTH-)WEST.
"I am in search of a safe seat."—*Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.*



HARLEQUIN WINSTON.



"A FUST-CLASS FIGHTIN' MAN."



"PRINCE CHURCHILL'S FAREWELL."
"Farewell, Manchester! Fickle town, farewell!"

AMERICA IN LONDON.

The College Widow, a comedy of American 'Varsity life, is given nightly in the original American at the Adelphi Theatre. It is a glorious entertainment for everybody; for, if you are a native, you appreciate Mr. GEORGE ADE's humour, and, if you are a Britisher, you are delighted by the novelty of the *mise-en-scène*. When Mr. MICHAEL MORTON or Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY has "adapted" it into English (I am sure one of them must) the story will run as follows:—

Act I.—The beginning of the Lent Term at Cambridge. Mr. Muttletbury is in despair, for the boat is in a hopeless condition. Oxford is bound to win. While he is discussing the situation with various undergrads in the Trinity Great Court, Bolton, an English millionaire, comes along. He offers to bet a thousand pounds that his son Billy, the famous stroke, is just going up. The bet is taken; Billy himself appears on his way to Oxford in charge of a tutor; whereupon Mr. Muttletbury conceives the idea of kidnapping him. The prettiest Girton girl is asked to flirt with him, in the hopes that her fascinations will induce him to remain at Cambridge. She consents.

Act II.—Lord Rayleigh's monthly dance at Cambridge, dress optional. The Chancellor addresses the undergraduates, and hopes they'll have a jolly evening. The undergraduates all shake hands with each other. Jane Witherspoon, the Girton girl, gives Billy several dances, and persuades him to stay on at Cambridge. Billy announces to Mr. Muttletbury his readiness to occupy the stroke thwart if required. "Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Act III.—Putney. Lord Rayleigh addresses the crew. Billy frantically in love with Jane, and ready for anything. Jane asks him not to strain himself. He laughs at the idea, and says that he has often rowed before for Durham v. Manchester. "They're off!" Mr. Muttletbury frightfully keen, but not quite sure whether he'll watch them, or stay and remonstrate with Jane for leading Billy on. Billy is rowing like a demon. "Now then, boys, give 'em ten." Hooray! Cambridge wins! "Bolton! Bolton! Bolton! Rah! Rah! Rah!" Oh lor', here's his father!

"My son's in the wrong boat! Help!"

Act IV.—The celebrations at Cambridge. Billy decides to chuck row-

ing and marry Jane. He forgives her for her share in the kidnapping. Old Mr. Bolton pays up his thousand pounds and forgives Billy. Lord Rayleigh forgives everybody. *Curtain.*

So you see what jolly good fun it all is. If anybody says it isn't we will drink his bad health. With musical honours, gentlemen, please.

"For he's a squab and a pin-head,
For he's a squab and a pin-head,
For he's a squab and a web-footed rube,
And so say all of us.

It's a way we have at Atwater,
It's a way we have at Bingham,
(Both American 'Varsities),
Which nobody can deny."

M.

THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

[An exposition of the hidebound pedantry of our public schools.]

A BRAIN of more than usual promise
Was that of CHARLES AUGUSTUS
BROWN,

Though frequently less gifted
TOMMIES

By dint of toiling took him down.

With yawns he hardly strove to stifle
He watched his fellow-victims
packed

With Education's crudest trifle,
The bare unnecessary fact.

Not such the road that Culture
chooses:

The sapient child was unimpressed,
And communed singly with the
Muses

Beneath his flannel undervest.

Not his the finger-end performance,
The mugging-up of date and name!
He brooded idly on the Normans,
But cared not when the Conqueror
came.

If 2 + 2 was set to shatter

A brain with theorems alive,
Contemptuous of a pedant's patter
He put the answer down as 5.

'Twas much the same with CHARLES'
Latin.

He lived among the shadowy dead;
But substantives the form were pat in
Got jumbled up inside his head.

And so each morn he failed in
grammar;

Each morn, since there was none
to tell

The tokens of internal glamour,
He got his trousers warmed as well.

Till finally the Head, a dullard
Whose mental vision, bleared and
slow,

The beautiful had never coloured,
Requested CHARLES to pack and go.

Once more a genius frustrated!

Once more (for mere routine too
big)

A mind Minerva had inflated
Went pop like an elastic pig.

And now!—his youthful dreams for-
gotten,

Diverted from a brilliant bent,
Augustus BROWN is broking cotton—
And seems remarkably content.

ART.

(A glossary for the opening of the R.A.)

An Artist is a person who paints what
he thinks he sees.

An Amateur is a person who thinks
he paints what he sees.

An Impressionist is a person who
paints what other people think he
sees.

A Popular Artist is a person who
paints what other people think they
see.

A Successful Artist is a person who
paints what he thinks other people
see.

A Great Artist is a person who paints
what other people see they think.

A Failure is a person who sees what
other people think they paint.

A Portraitist is a person who paints
what other people don't think he
sees.

A Landscape Painter is a person who
doesn't paint what other people
see.

A Realist is a person who sees what
other people don't paint.

An Idealist is a person who paints
what other people don't see.

The Hanging Committee are people
who don't see what other people
think they paint.

A Royal Academician is a person who
doesn't think and paints what
other people see.

A Genius is a person who doesn't see
and paints what other people don't
think.

A Critic is a person who doesn't
paint and thinks what other
people don't see.

The Public are people who don't see
or think what other people don't
paint.

A Dealer is a person that sees that
people who paint don't think, and
who thinks that people who don't
paint don't see. He sees people
who don't see people who paint;
he thinks that people who paint
don't see people who see; and he
sees what people who don't paint
think.

FINALLY,

A Reader is a person whose head
swims.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHIES UNLIMITED."

SUCH being the success that is anticipated from the *Life Story of the Arch-forcheadist*, now beginning in *T.A.P.*, with the following chapter heading as a start:—

WHY I WROTE THIS STORY.

A CHILD'S FIRST VIEW OF THE WORLD.

MY FIRST NIGHT AWAY FROM HOME.

MY FIRST NICKNAME.

THE CHARM OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

WHY THE MANX PEOPLE QUICKLY QUARREL.

WRECKERS AND SMUGGLERS.

—a money-making syndicate, known as "Autobiographies, Unlimited," has been quickly formed, on the strictly imitative modern principle, to do what it can to reap in *T.A.P.*'s fields, this being a recognised form of commercial enterprise.

The directors have pleasure in announcing that they are arranging for a number of life stories of illustrious personages, the author of each one of which will lay bare his (or her) great heart, tell of the lonely early days and the impressions gathered by the eyes of a child resting on the world, and ultimately reach the large and lasting figures in literature and in history with whom he (or she) has been on terms of intimacy.

Subjoined is a list of the principal autobiographies, with the titles of some of their chapters:—

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL:—

My first pseudonym.

My second pseudonym.

My only night away from home.

The charm of "My Father." (2s. net).

T. P.:—

How I earned my butter-woman's right to market.

Why I was called Tay Pay.

How I came to take up journalism.

The art of making papers pay oneself.

The charm of my Alma Mater.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY:—

Why I never cease from writing.

The egg of my grandmother, and how I taught her to suck it.

How I learned everything.

What it feels like to know all.

Miss MARIE CORELLI:—

Why I settled at Stratford-on-Avon.

My love of Flowers.

Why women novelists never quarrel.

How I learned never to advertise.

Why there is no Hall in my house.



Aunty. "TOMMY, I PUT THREE PIES IN HERE YESTERDAY, AND NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE. HOW IS THAT?"

Tommy. "PLEASE, IT WAS SO DARK, AUNTY, I DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE!"

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

The building of the cradle.

My first paradox.

The charm of a magnum.

Breaking the scales.

Why I did not become a dancer.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON:—

A child's first letter to the papers.

My first Funeral March.

The charm of Kensal Green.

The witchery of Woking.

The fascination of Père-la-Chaise.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—

My first day at Harrow.

The charm of JOYNSON-HICKS.

The tragedy of being a Tory M.P.

Why I became a Radical.

The advantages of a clever mother.

How I left Manchester.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW:—

"Dirty Dublin" in the sixties.

Why I ran away to England.

My first and last mutton chop.

How I discovered BARKER.

Why I dropped the name of GEORGE.

I interview myself for the 1,000th time.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHAT they want on *Isle Raven* is a mat. A large mat and a qualified referee. No self-respecting native of this extraordinary spot can meet a fellow-islander, or for that matter a harmless visitor from the mainland either, without instantly closing with him (or her) in a silent death-struggle. The story (written by OWEN VAUGHAN and published by DUCKWORTH) rages and seethes round the claim to possession of this modern Corcyra, where law is of no avail and policemen would be murdered at sight. The islanders are of *Black Matthew's* brood, and they raven, it appears, in the year 1902 as they ravened in the time of Prince RUPERT (who gave the place to their ancestor). Their eyes flush red and their foreheads grow purple on the slightest provocation, and sometimes, so far as the reader can perceive, on none at all. Nor does the author's style fall short

of the passions of his characters. Incoherent sentences abound, and the *nominativus pendens* is as common as the beetling brow; yet there is a kind of wild poetry which carries us violently over the most rocky places. The book opens with the incident of a motor-smash caused by one of the claimants, who calmly drives a "beam-and-spike" harrow across the roadway to intercept a car arriving some forty miles an hour above the speed-limit; but the ferocity of this encounter is nothing to that of the duel of boats later on, during which *Kate Séléfaut* is hurled about like a diabolio spool. A lady writing to one of the morning papers recently wished to hear of some really "sociable and lively" place to live in on the south coast of England: let me recommend *Isle Raven*.

To golfers who have long emerged
From dufferdom's domain,
Yet are by keen ambition urged
To reach a higher plane,

No better book can *Punch* commend
To realise that aim
Than that which JAMIE BRAID has penned
Upon the Royal Game.

He tells you in this handsome book
How to impart at will
A slice or a judicious hook
Unto the wayward "pill."

You'll learn how stymies may be dodged
By lofting or by screwing;
How bunkered balls may be dislodged,
His sage advice pursuing.

He shows by diagrams galore
How to control your swing,
And how the freakish rubber-core
Behaves when on the wing.

In short, all golfers who aspire
To reach the highest grade,
Should buy or borrow, steal or hire
The work of JAMIE BRAID.

P.S.—*Advanced Golf* is the title
Of this delectable recital,
Published quite recently at ten-
And-six by Messrs. METHUEN.

The heroines of Mrs. CONYERS' clever sporting novel *Three Girls and a Hermit* (HUTCHINSON) seem to me to have points in common with their hunters. *Miss Moira Considine*, like her horse *The Star*, was inclined to take the bit between her teeth and bolt. *Eva* bore a resemblance to Gog—a surprisingly unenterprising animal—while *Kathleen's* hunter was of an independent frame of mind, and determined to be "in at the finish." In justice let me add that the *Misses Considine* had many charming qualities which were conspicuously lacking in their horses. Owing to *Miss Moira's* desire to hunt foxes, and—if the truth must be told—husbands as well, the *Considines* left the remote corner of Kerry, where they had been brought up, and descended upon the small town of Ballydare.

They made, however, a false start, for on their first appearance in the town they succeeded in getting themselves mistaken for the *Sisters Gillespie*, who were performing in a circus. The eyebrows of half the country had disappeared before *The Hermit* arrived to rescue his friends, and to marry one of them. The tale is humorously told, and Mrs. CONYERS has the gift of creating an atmosphere of health and fresh air which is delightful to breathe. But when the author writes of "great names" it would be more complimentary to spell them correctly. TREE, WYNDHAM, BOUCHIER (*sic*). I recommend *Three Girls and a Hermit* to everyone, with the possible exception of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

From an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph*:

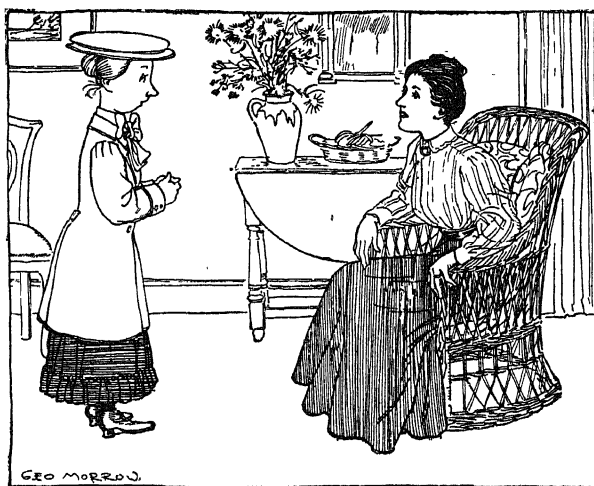
"New Song

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE (in the Press), by Mr. R. O., at Gloucester." Having some experience of photographic reproductions in the ha'penny press we should say that it was a pathetic song.

"Lost, from Hutton Roof, BLACKFACED EWE, M.A."

Westmoreland Gazette.

We remember Mr. EWE at Cambridge very well, in fact we took our degrees in the same year. Even in those days he was absent-minded.



AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I HAD TO LEAVE MY LAST SITUATION BECAUSE THE MISSUS SAID THEY WERE GOING TO LEAD THE SINFUL LIFE, AND THEY WOULDN'T WANT ANY SERVANTS ABOUT THE PLACE."

CHARIVARIA.

IN well-informed circles it is thought that one of the earliest acts of Mr. ASQUITH's reconstituted Government will be to introduce a Bill rendering unnecessary the absurd re-elections which have to take place at present when a Member is raised to Cabinet rank.

**

By-the-by, it seems to us that the right man is not getting the credit for Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS's victory. Surely it was due to Mr. CHURCHILL more than to anyone?

**

"Tariff Reform means Work for All," we are told. It anyhow means work for poor dear WINSTON.

**

"You are a brick, sir," said Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS to his opponent. Well, it remains to be seen how the electors of Dundee will like having one of those articles hurled at them.

**

Meanwhile it is rumoured that an enterprising and eloquent debating society, known as the Willesden Parliament, has intimated to Mr. CHURCHILL that, until he finds a seat in the other place, he will be welcome there.

**

"If I cannot poll a thousand votes in a working-class constituency like North-West Manchester," said Mr. DAN IRVING in a foolish moment, "I will eat my hat." Well, we have seen some Socialists' hats, and, if Mr. DAN IRVING is a man of his word, the world should now be a prettier place.

**

"Father KESITCH, an army chaplain," says a contemporary, "preached before KING PETER in Belgrade Cathedral a sensational sermon, which will probably cost him his place." The ambiguity of the

word "him" is happy. Time alone will show to which of the two gentlemen it refers.

**

Two new conventions designed to guarantee the peace of Europe have now been signed—one referring to the North Sea, the other to the Baltic. We trust that these treaties are written on very expensive paper, for that, we suspect, is their worth.

**

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. W. W. ASTOR, the Balaclava Bugle belongs now, after all, not to U.S. but to us.

had been assassinated is untrue. We trust, however, that it will be a warning to all Brigands who refuse to appear on the stage of the Hippodrome.

**

Another scandal has now arisen in regard to the four English engineers who were recently flung into an Antwerp prison. They have been released for upwards of a week, but have not yet received an offer of a Music Hall engagement or been asked to write for one of our newspapers.

**

The Strand Magazine publishes an

article entitled "Artists' Ideals of Beauty," illustrated by photographs, and we should say that there is trouble now in the homes of some of the artists, who have only themselves to blame for it. For not one of them has selected a portrait of his wife.

Major TREVOR, in *The Daily Telegraph*:-

"Long before the luncheon interval was reached Rowe (a right-handed batsman) and Howard had put Western Australia beyond danger of defeat."

Probably Major TREVOR wrote "left-handed" (the other sort calling for no

particular comment); and the sporting editor, remembering in time that they stand upside down in Australia and have winter when we have summer, altered it at the last moment.

Terminological Exactitudes.

From *Cassell's Monthly Time Tables*:

<i>"Victoria."</i>	<i>Brighton.</i>
p.m.	p.m.
2.10	4.18
2.10†	4.18
* <i>Sats. excepted.</i>	† <i>Sats. only.</i>

"The Fates were kind to Mr. Barrie. Almost from the first he found his feet in some direction."—*The Scottish Review*.

How sad if they had been in opposite directions.



Fair Customer. "IS THIS COLOUR FAST AND REALLY GENUINE?"

Gallant Shop Assis'ant. "AS GENUINE AS THE ROSES ON YOUR CHEEKS, MADAM."

Fair Customer. "H'M!—ER—SHOW ME SOMETHING ELSE!"

A feature of the Hungarian Exhibition which will open shortly at Earl's Court, will be a miscellaneous collection of wild animals. At first one fails to see how they will be at all *apropos*, until one realises that they will of course consist of (a) wild animals found in Hungary, (b) wild animals not found in Hungary.

**

The Express mentions a case of a private who for failing to recognise and salute his officer was condemned to march past and salute a barrack pump for two hours each day for a week. The choice of the substitute anyhow showed modesty on the part of the officer.

**

After all, the report that RAISULI

FLOWER OF ORANGE.

BY AN EGOIST ABROAD.

WHITE noon that on the columned patio falls
Still leaves the flanking chambers dim and cool,
Here where the swart kings held their alien rule
Behind Alcázar's battlemented walls.

Cusped arch and arabesque and cedar dome
Endure for sign of their illustrious reign,
Wrought in a borrowed art when royal Spain
Once more was mistress in her ancient home.

And here the terraced gardens lie below,
Lovely with rose and iris and the scent
Of myrtle labyrinths where lovers went
Losing their ways and hearts—how long ago!

Made restive by a poignant itch for rhyme,
I yearn, among these Andalusian bowers,
To conjure back from sleep the golden hours,
And solve the strange conundrums set by Time.

Here, then, they lived and loved (or so 'tis said),
Here strolled in couples, trailing courtly feet,
Bathed on occasion in the broiling heat,
And ultimately vanished, being dead.

And was their life-work largely lost in air?
I have no certain news how that may be,
But this I know, because my eyes can see—
At least they kept their pleasure green and fair.

Acting without posterity's advice,
Could it occur to them that some fine day
I too, the ages' heir, might walk this way
And want to find their gardens looking nice?

Not it. They failed to read their mission clear,
Yet served, unconsciously, that useful end,
Giving me (see enclosed) my chance to send
This flower of orange home to you, my dear.

Seville, April 21.

O. S.

THE SAILOR'S KNOT.

SCENE—A Dressing-room. TIME—8.25 A.M. *He, with his right arm in a sling, is standing in front of a looking-glass. He is without coat, waistcoat, collar and tie. She is advancing toward him with collar and tie in her hands.*

She. I really think I could do it better from the front. It's so awkward putting my arms around your neck from the back. I never can see properly what I am doing.

He. Oh, very well, have it your own way. *(Turns round and faces her.)* It's a turn-down collar, and you'll have to put the tie in first.

She. Which side ought the long end to be?

He. On the right side. Now do be careful.

She. Don't you worry. I know my right hand. *(She faces collar, and with considerable difficulty proceeds to put tie in with long end on her own right.)*

He. There, I knew it, I knew it! You've done it wrong!

She. I haven't! *(Flaunting the collar in his face.)*

He. You have! I told you to put the long end on the right side, and you've got it on the left.

(He attempts to snatch collar with his left hand. She retreats a pace or two.)

She. I know you said the right side, and I've got it on the right side.

He (in despair). Very well, then, put it on me and you'll see.

(She puts it round his neck, and contemplates her work.)

She (triumphantly). There, it is on my right.

He (in irritation). Yes, but it's on my left!

She. Oh, that's what you meant, was it? Why didn't you say so at the very beginning?

(Removes collar and readjusts tie properly.)

He. I did say so, only you wouldn't understand me. Now, come, do hurry up and let's get the thing done.

(She fixes collar at the back, and then begins a desperate battle with the front stud.)

He (as the battle proceeds). Oh—ow—ugh—ouch! Don't pinch. Wow! Wow! You're choking me!

(Gasps, gurgles, and becomes purple in the face.)

She (shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat, and speaking with set teeth). I'll—do—it—or—die! Keep still, can't you. Let me get my thumb in at the back of that stud. There, done it.

(She lets go of him, and he sinks down on a chair. The breakfast gong sounds, and steps are heard pattering down the stairs. Children begin to shout below.)

She. There's the gong! Get up quick, and let me tie it.

He (rising meekly). You can't do it. No woman can tie a tie properly.

She. Stuff and nonsense! Which end first?

He. Wind the long end twice round the short end. *(She does this.)*

She. Next, please.

He (looking over her shoulder into the glass). Pass it up. No, not in front. At the back—at the back, I say! Oh, that's all wrong. You'll have to do it from behind.

She (attempting to do this). I can't reach properly. You must make yourself shorter. That's better. Now say it all again.

He (repeating the formula while she watches him in the glass). Wind the long end—no, no, not that way—from above. Not three times, only twice!

She (firmly). I won't do any more unless you shut your eyes.

(He shuts them submissively, and she proceeds with her dreadful work. Children's screams are heard from below.)

She (giving a final tug to the tie). There, it's done! I must go to the children. *(Dashes off.)*

He (opening his eyes and looking into the glass). Good Heavens! She's done it in a bow!

(Scene closes.)

"The Kurds round Urumiah are in rebellion, and have pillaged 36 villages, killed 2,000 of the inhabitants, and cut the telegraph wires and communications with Tabriz."—*Press Association Telegram.*

Cutting the wires was really the last straw.

Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN has been singing the praises of Mme. TETRAZZINI in *The Daily Mail*. His E flat in alt. is as follows:

"In America she has a new audience every time she sings."

"Blackheath Golf Club was inaugurated in the year 1608, when James VI. of Scotland played on Blackheath with the English Kings."

The People.

Evidently for half-a-crown a side.



STARS IN OPPOSITION; OR, THE "RECORD" OPERATIC DUEL.



Lady Bountiful. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, JENKINS, THAT IF THESE PEOPLE INSIST ON BUILDING THESE HORRID LITTLE VILLAS NEAR MY GATES, I SHALL LEAVE THE PLACE"

Jenkins. "EXACTLY WHAT I TOLD THEM AT THE MEETING, YOUR LADYSHIP. I SAID, 'DO YOU WANT TO DRIVE AWAY THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS?'"

BRIGHTENING THE COMMONS.

THE weakness of the Unionist Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons is the subject of a spirited suggestion in a leading Review that the Easter Recess should have been utilised to bring up intellectual reinforcements. "It ought not to be beyond the resources of our Whips," cries the editor, "to find seats for such men as Mr. HEWINS, Mr. L. S. AMERY, and Mr. MACKINDER."

We fully endorse the principle enunciated by our contemporary, but we demur to the narrowness of its application.

The great weakness, not merely of the Opposition, but of the entire House of Commons, is its lack of bright, humorous speakers.

Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., undoubtedly does his best, but he clearly suffers from overwork.

To be more specific, what the

House lacks is comedians; and yet, incredible as it may appear, it is none the less true that the Mr. MACKINDER whose claims are urged by our contemporary is *not* the famous *Gaiety jeune premier*, but the President of the London School of Economics!

We do not wish to belittle the talents of this erudite gentleman, but we respectfully submit that if the Conservative Whips do their duty, they will give priority to the claims of his more illustrious namesake.

Another claimant for Parliamentary honours whose title to recognition is paramount is LITTLE TICH, whose forehead bulges with intellect, and whose skill as a clog-dancer marks him out specially as an ideal representative for a Lancashire constituency.

Think, again, of the exhilaration that would be infused into the dreary debates if Mr. KEBLE HOWARD, the

modern Chicot (self-styled), were there to apostrophise Mr. LOWTHER as "friend the SPEAKER"!

But the claims of the dramatic profession, scandalously neglected though they are at present, must not be allowed a monopoly of all the vacancies that may occur. We want singers, as well as actors, to sustain the Government and hearten the Opposition during the fatigues of all-night sittings. Mr. KENNERLY RUMFORD, with his wide knowledge of Colonial problems, Mr. LEO STORMONT, the Imperialist stentor, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, the nightingale of patriotic militarism—these are only a few of the names that leap to the lips in this context. We can only hope that the Conservative Whips will be sufficiently intelligent to realise how enormously they would strengthen the hold of their Party on the nation by the return of men of this stamp.

To say nothing of Mr. CHESTERTON,

RATHER A FARCE.

Pro Tem. (adapted by Mr. COSMO HAMILTON from M. ALFRED ATHIS's farce *Boute-en-Train*, and produced by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE at the Playhouse, "by arrangement with Mr. CHARLES FROHMANN," though whether that means that he permitted Mr. MAUDE to produce this particular play, or permitted Mr. HAMILTON to translate it, or perhaps in a general way permitted Mr. HAMILTON to translate anything he liked, I cannot say for certain; nor does it matter, so long as his name is in the programme somewhere)—*Pro Tem.*, as I was saying, is funny, but I think not funny enough.

In a farce, to amuse is everything; probabilities go for nothing. Seeing that the plot of every farce turns upon some misunderstanding, this is as well; for in real life misunderstandings do not last through three Acts. You can have a short misunderstanding with a cabman, or a hotel manager in making up your bill may mistake you for a millionaire; that is about all. Hence one is not exacting in farce. One is not alarmed for the unities even when everything hinges upon the unlikely circumstance of two people both being called BROWN. In *Pro Tem.* there are no Browns, for Mr. HAMILTON has rightly kept to the French. But *Dodo Brezard*, coming to a small seaside hotel, is mistaken for the *Prince of Sylvania*. The results are amusing, of course, only not amusing enough.

Mr. O. B. CLARENCE was delightful as the hotel proprietor's factotum, *Poulette*; so long as he was on the stage everything was all right. Mr. MAUDE was always happy and bright, but he reminded me too much of Mr. MAUDE in other parts. The ladies had not much to do, but Miss HILDA ANTHONY "looked pretty" as the proprietor's daughter: she does this as well as anybody I know.

I must congratulate Mr. COSMO HAMILTON on his restraint; there was only one of those smart topical allusions at which he is such an adept. *Poulette* remarks that the Sylvania Stock Exchange is closed owing to Free Trade, whereupon a dozen gentlemen, who thought they were in a music-hall, applauded faintly.

The Mikado was revived on Tuesday last at the Savoy, with Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON in his original part of *Pooh Bah*, Mr. LYTON as the *Mikado*, and Mr. WORKMAN as *Ko Ko*—worthy representatives of



Mr. Cyril Maude *Dodo Brezard*.
Mr. E. Lyall Swete . . . *Albert Halardier*.

three generations of Savoyards who have delighted the public these many years. *Mr. Punch* takes off his hat to Sir W. S. GILBERT and Mrs. D'OYLEY CARTE, and congratulates them on yet another triumph with this the best of the Savoy operas. M.

LONDON LETTERS.

IV.

DEAR CHARLES,—Don't talk to me about politics, or the weather, or anything; I have lost my tobacco-pouch. Oh, CHAS., what is to be done? It is too sad.

I bought it in a little shop at Ambleside, my first, my only friend, on the left-hand side as you go down the hill. It was descended from a brown crocodile in the male line, and a piece of india-rubber in the female; at least, I suppose so, but the man wouldn't say for certain. He called it a trade term. I smoked my first pipe from it—on the top of Scafell Pike, with all England at my feet. The ups and downs it has seen since then—the sweet-smelling briars it has met! In sickness and in sorrow it comforted me; in happiness it kept me calm. Old age came upon it slowly, beautifully. In these later years how many men have looked at it with awe; how many women have insulted it and—stitched its dear sides together!

It passed away on a Saturday, CHARLES; this scion of the larger *Reptilia*, which sprang into being among the mountain-tops, passed away in a third-class carriage at Dulwich! The irony of it! Even

Denmark Hill—But it matters not now I have lost it. Nor can I bear that another should take its place. Perhaps in a year or two. . . . I cannot say. . . but for the present I make shift with an envelope.

Two thoughts sustain me. First that no strange eye will recognise it as a tobacco-pouch, no strange hand (therefore) dip into it. Secondly, that the Fates, which have taken from me my dearest possession, must needs have some great happiness in store for me.

CHARLES, I perceive you are crying; let us turn to more cheerful things. Do you play croquet? I have just joined a croquet club (don't know why), and one of the rules is that you have to supply your own mallet. How do you do this? Of course I know that ultimately I hand a certain sum of money to a shopman, and he gives me a very awkward parcel in exchange; but what comes before that? I have often bought a bat, and though I have not yet selected one which could make runs I can generally find something which is pretty comfortable to carry back into the pavilion. But I have never chosen a mallet. What sort of weight should it be, and is it a good thing to say it "doesn't come up very well"? I have, they tell me, a tendency to bowiness in the legs and am about a million round the biceps; I suppose all that is rather important? Perhaps they have their mallets classified for different customers, and you have only to describe yourself to them. I shall ask for a *Servicable Mallet for a Blond*. "Servicable" means that if you hit the ground very hard by accident it doesn't break; some of these highly-strung mallets splinter up at once, you know. As a matter of fact you can't miss the ball at croquet, can you? I am thinking of golf. What about having a splice with mine; is that done much? I don't want to go on to the ground looking a perfect ass with no splice, when everybody else has two or three. Croquet is a jolly game, because you don't have to worry about what sort of collar you'll wear; you just play in your ordinary things. All the same I shall have some spikes put in my boots so as not to slip. I once took in to dinner the sister of the All England Croquet Champion—I did really. Unfortunately I didn't happen to strike her subject, and she didn't strike mine—*Butterflies*. How bitterly we shall regret that evening—which was a very jolly one

all the same. Here am I, not knowing a bit how to select a mallet, and there possibly is she, having just found the egg of the Purple Emperor, labelling it in her collection as that of the Camberwell Beauty. Let this be a lesson to all of us.

CHARLES, I feel very silly to-night; I must be what they call "fey," which is why I ask you, How would you like to be a Pedigree Goat? I have just seen in an evening paper a picture of Mr. BROWN "with his Pedigree Goat." Somehow it had never occurred to me that a goat could have a pedigree; but I see now that it might be so. I think if I had to be a goat at all I should like to be a pedigree one. In a way, I suppose, every goat has a pedigree of some kind; but you would need to have a pretty distinguished one to be spoken of as a Pedigree Goat. Your father, CHARLES, would need to have had some renown among the bearded ones; your great-uncle must have been of the blood. And if this were so, I should, in your place, insist upon being photographed as a Pedigree Goat "with Mr. BROWN." Don't stand any nonsense about that.

If I ever have a goat, and you won't let me call it CHARLES, I shall call it DAVID. My eldest brother, you know, was christened DAVID, and called so for a year; but at the end of that time we had a boot and knife boy who was unfortunately named DAVID too. (I say "we," but I was still in the Herebefore myself.) This led to great confusion. When the nurse called for DAVID to come and take his bottle it was very vexing to find the other DAVID turning up with a brown shoe in one hand and a fish-knife in the other. Something had to be done. The baby was just beginning to take notice; the leather polisher had just refused to. In the circumstances the only thing was to call the baby by his second name.

Two or three years passed rapidly, and I arrived. Just as this happened the boot-boy took the last knife, and went. Now was our chance. My second name had already been fixed; it was immediately decided that my first should be DAVID. The new boot-boy didn't mind a bit; everybody else seemed delighted. . . . and then someone remembered that in twelve or thirteen years' time I should be going to a public school.

Yes, CHARLES, the initials. . . You know what boys are. . . It would have been very awkward.

And so now you see why I am going to call my pedigree goat DAVID.

A. A. M.



Genius. "AND IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE MET ME, DUCHESS?"

WHOSE ZOO?

[Captain Roald Amundsen, the Arctic explorer, will drive Polar bears in his sledges instead of dogs on his next expedition.—*Daily Paper*.]

SUMMONED for exceeding the speed limit with his team of tigers in Piccadilly, a Hindoo gentleman deposited a tiger in court and challenged anyone to drive it at twenty miles an hour.

The Censor has prohibited the introduction of living asps by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE into his next piece.

The Admiralty are considering the advisability of employing armoured whales and hippopotami to carry torpedoes in war time. A letter of remonstrance has already been received from the GERMAN EMPEROR.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE has raised an emphatic protest against the new

Royal Panther Artillery being despatched against the Indian frontier tribes.

From the "Legal Answers" in *The Sunday Chronicle* :—

"Take 10 grains of bicarbonate of potash in an ounce of infusion of buchu three times a day, and wear a wide woollen belt."

Probably the wretched man had written up to ask if he could claim rebate on the ground of *force majeure*; the answer will put him in a very awkward position.

The Cynic on The Hearth.

To the question: "State what kind of guest you would prefer?" addressed by the Hospitality Committee of the Pan-Anglican Conference, one answer was received: "I do not wish any guest who does not believe in everlasting punishment."

THE PIPARIAN HERESY.

"HEARING there was dissension in anti-carnivorous circles over the spread of 'piparianism,'" writes a correspondent, "I called upon Dr. PEPIN, the eminent digestive scientist, in order to ascertain what is precisely the bone, or rather the pip, of contention. . . .

" 'You ask me,' said Dr. PEPIN, 'whether I think the Piparian theory has come to stay? May I venture in turn to ask whether you are aware of the nature of that theory?'

" 'Well,' I replied, 'I understand that piparianism is the dietetic creed of those who regard nutarianism as a needlessly gross form of alimentary sustentation, and believe that by substituting the pip for the nut a more refined and equally nourishing diet can be provided.'

" 'You are very nearly right. But when you say "equally nourishing" you understate the piparian claim, which is that the pip is, almost without exception, a more highly condensed form of the vital essence than the nut. You follow me?'

" 'Certainly. But are not the quantity and variety of pips exceedingly limited as compared with nuts?'

" 'Ah! There you touch the weakest point of the piparian system as at present practised. But this obstacle is in a fair way to early removal. Mr. LUTHER BURBANK, who, as you are probably aware, has introduced the pipless apple into commerce, is expected to produce an appleless pip of a size commensurate with the fleshy envelope thus displaced, and it is practically certain that by judicious crossing a large variety of giant pips will be attainable. A similar process will no doubt succeed as well in the case of the *Orangeadae*, or citronic group, as in that of the *Cideraceae*. And, moreover, the resources of chemistry are quite equal to the pip-tonisation of many food substances not naturally pip-tonic.'

" 'I suppose, then, that at present the pip is usually employed rather as an adjunct to the nut than as a complete diet in itself?'

" 'By many people. I myself am not yet a strict piparian. Indeed, only this morning I ate part of a brazil-nut at breakfast. Yet I believe it is far better for the piparian to restrain the occasional desire for the coarser indulgence of general fruitarian nutrition.'

" 'Thank you. May I now ask if you will give me a few particulars concerning the ordinary meals of a piparian?'

" 'Certainly. Suppose I tell you what I and my family—whom I never allow to transgress in the direction of nut-foods—had on our table yesterday. Let me see. For breakfast we had hot-pip broth, pip-flour scones spread with pipper, and orange-pipskin tea. For luncheon—or rather dinner, for it is our principal meal—we had *pipkin-au-feu*, a savoury stew of pipposse force-meat, followed by a pipsy cake, and a dessert of roasted lime-pips, a delicious finish to any meal. Tea, save for the absence of broth and the presence of a dish of appetising piprock cakes, resembled breakfast. Supper was a light meal, consisting of lemon-pipwiches, and pear-pip tartlets, with pipley water to drink. You will gather that, to use the common parlance, we did ourselves well.'

" 'Undoubtedly. But now, and it is almost the last question I will trouble you with, is it true that a special disease not infrequently attacks piparians? I have heard—'

" 'You may take it from me that the cases of the disease to which you refer are so rare that the liability to contract it is exceedingly remote. Of course, there is no

denying that the very name of that complaint points to its connection with a piparian diet. But, as I have said, the pip is so uncommon a disease among human beings—and it is a remarkable fact that even in the lower orders of creatures only parallelo pipeds are subject to it—as to be no more a bar to piparianism than is chicken-pox to the eating of spring-poultry.'

" 'In conclusion, Dr. PEPIN, can you give me any idea as to the extent to which the piparian diet has been taken up in this country?'

" 'One instance alone will give you a pretty fair notion of the widespread popularity of the new diet,' replied the distinguished foodist. 'You will readily admit that motorists are just now the most prominent type among the upper classes. Well, I am not only frequently informed, but I know from personal experience that so much is the growing piparianism of motorists a matter of notoriety that even the children in village streets are accustomed to chaff them as they dash past, calling out "Pip! Pip!" in every key of childish treble. Ah! there goes the dinner gong. I am sure Mrs. PEPIN will be delighted if— No? You have an appointment. Well, perhaps another time. I am very glad if I have been of any use to you.'

" I thanked the famous scientist for his courtesy and information, and hailing a taxi-pip, went off to lunch at the club."

THE BRITISH TERRIERS.

(A long way after the "Vicar of Bray.")

WHEN Good VICTORIA ruled this land,
Lest England were invaded,
The Volunteers, that gallant band,
They mustered and paraded,
They learned to fight, they learned to shoot,
Their aim was true and steady;
Had foemen come, at roll of drum
Each man had answered "Ready!"
Then give three cheers for the Volunteers,
In "sections," "line," or "fours," sir,
The Volunteers for fifty years
Safeguarded England's shores, sir.

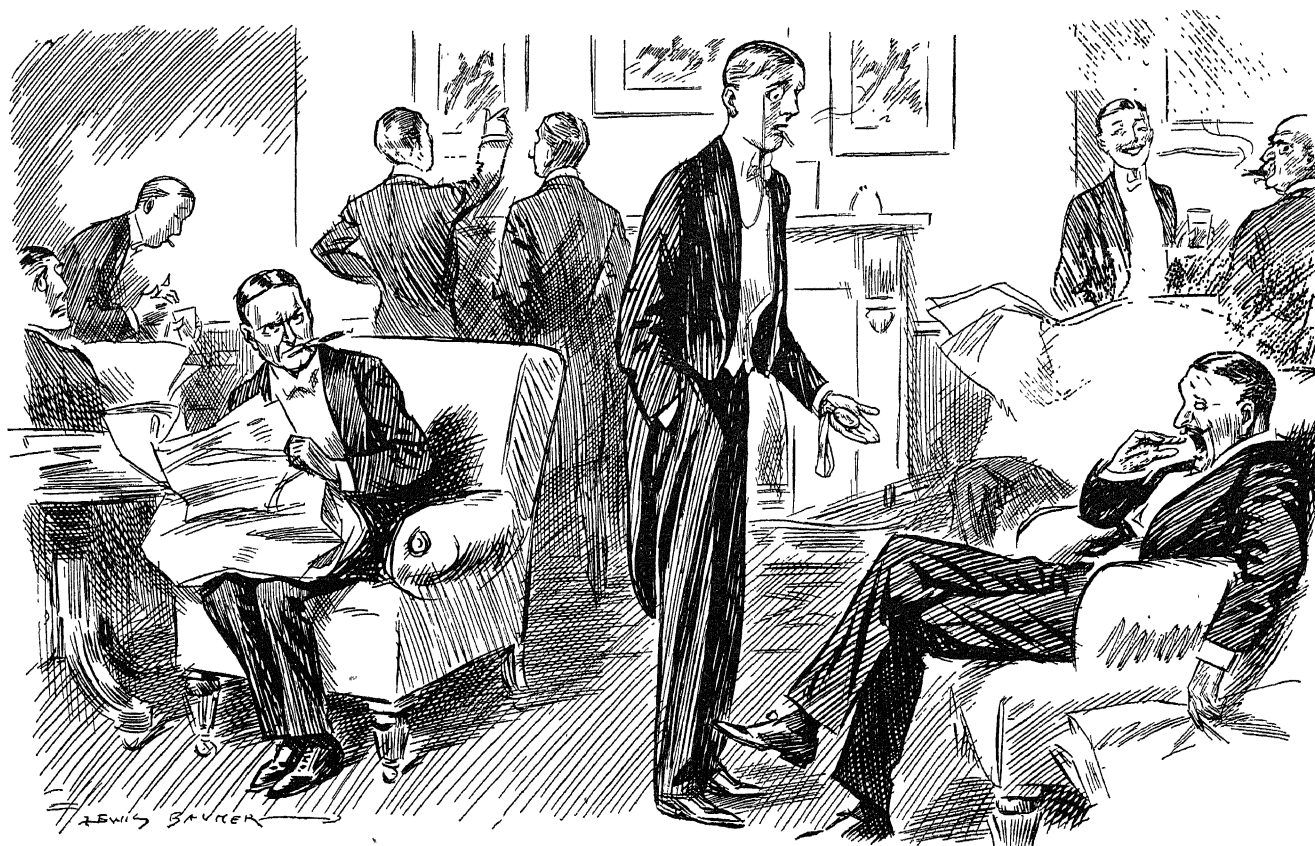
Now Great KING EDWARD rules this land
(No nobler King wore crown, sir),
The Volunteers as Volunteers
No longer come to town, sir,
For Mr. HALDANE boiled them down,
(At first they thought it sin, sir),
But what came out of his melting-pot
Is as good as what went in, sir.
For this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That though the Volunteer has gone,
The "Terrier" 's come to stay, sir.

The Volunteers were true and tough,
No foe were they afraid of;
But 'tis the same old fighting stuff
The Territorial's made of.
He knows his work, he's learned to shoot,
His aim is straight and steady,
Let foemen come, at roll of drum
Each man will answer "Ready!"
Then give three cheers for the Volunteers
And the Territorial Army,
While that's your Second Fighting Line,
Old England, none can harm ye!

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



AS A MAN'S FRIENDS MIGHT LISTEN TO HIS LATEST LOVE AFFAIR.



AS THEY DO.



ECHOES OF VARNISHING DAY.

R. A. Attendant (who has been fetching and carrying for Exhibitor for some time). "WELL, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN BRING YOU?"
Skied Painter. "ER—A BUYER!"

SHOULD ONE LEND ONE'S CAR?

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

THE question, Should or should not a gentleman consent when asked by a friend to lend him his car, is one which never fails to excite warm discussion in motoring circles. Under the impression that it cannot be too widely considered we print the following letters:—

DEAR SIR,—I have long made it a rule never to lend a first folio of SHAKESPEARE, and I don't think it has cost me the friendship of any one

worth considering. I should extend this principle to a motor-car.

Yours, etc.,

SIDNEY LEE.

DEAR SIR,—It depends on the friend. There are some friends to whom it would be a clever thing to lend a car—provided the car was in a sufficiently unsatisfactory condition, and the steering gear liable to lock. I keep several cars for this purpose.

Yours, etc.,

TIMON.

DEAR SIR,—My answer is No. I did it once, and am still having to pay for it. The friend who borrowed

it was most reckless, and the car was returned to me with little pieces of pedestrian all over the wheels. He is now in prison, and I am in bankruptcy.

Yours, etc.,

"NEVER AGAIN."

DEAR SIR,—I should say No. The best way, if you do not wish to run the risk of offending your friend, is to promise it to him and then arrange an accident to the car trifling in character but sufficient to keep it in dock till the horrible day is over. The trouble is that if this occurs often he will begin to suspect your *bona fides*, and that, of course, among friends, is beastly.

Yours, etc.,

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

DEAR SIR,—I never lend my car.

Yours, etc.,

KEIR HARDIE.

DEAR SIR,—Never having had a car I cannot say; but if for car you read toothbrush I should reply No.

Yours, etc.,

CONSTANT READER.

DEAR SIR,—I have found it very profitable to lend a car, if it is lent to a man at once wealthy, open-handed, and a fool. I obtain a guarantee as to repairs before he starts, and in this way I have succeeded in getting several old concerns made as good as new. I was only had once, when the friend was so suspicious and ungenerous as to have the car overhauled before he started, and then he said quite plainly that on second thoughts he would not borrow it at all.

Yours, etc.,

NATHAN LEWINSKI.

DEAR SIR,—In my opinion it depends largely upon the size of the friend. I once lent my car to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Dr. W. G. GRACE, and the results were terrible. But a slim believer in Eugenics may have it any day.

Yours, etc.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

DEAR SIR,—I know little of motor-cars, but I once borrowed a pan-technicon and it led to lots of trouble.

Yours, etc.,

CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"The present market price of a four-legged duck is £5. It has been stolen once."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

This paragraph came to us from the blue, without a word of warning from the Editor. Anybody with the dramatic instinct less strongly developed would have led up to it gradually.



THE BLOT ON THE BILL.

THE REAL SUFFERER (to Mr. Asquith). "IF YOU WANT TO HELP US, YOU WILL CLOSE THAT AS WELL AS THE PUBLIC-HOUSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—One of the most difficult tasks from time to time falling to lot of Ministers or ex-Ministers is that of worthily, appropriately, lamenting death of a great statesman. On a memorable occasion DIZZY, not in this or other respects habitually "conscious of his own infirmity," borrowed a passage from a funeral speech delivered by a French orator, embodying it in his own composition. In modern times GLADSTONE was supreme in the field. His speech on the death of PEEL, with felicitous quotation of WALTER SCOTT's lines on PITT, beginning, "Now is the stately column broke," not only lives in English history but adorns English literature. ROSEBERY is a master of this branch of an art in whose various developments he equally shines. PRINCE ARTHUR holds a worthy place in the small companionship.

To-night ASQUITH was enrolled in it.

Scene in House quietly impressive. Benches filled on both sides. Every man in decent mourning; all heads bared when the PRIME MINISTER, in voice broken with emotion, sounded the opening notes of his lament. Had written out his speech. Manuscript lay before him on the desk; skilfully avoided appearance of reading. The verses from WORTON with which he finally rounded off his speech were declaimed without a glance at the manuscript. When he resumed his seat a murmur of cheers from both sides paid tribute to one of the finest funeral orations spoken from the familiar place within the memory of the oldest Member. Listeners felt how happily its conception and style were attuned to the simple character of the man they mourned.

With the exception of moving the adjournment on the day of C.-B.'s death, this was ASQUITH's first appearance as Premier. It will have permanent effect on the relations between himself and the House. Hitherto Members had been accustomed to regard him as a man of iron compared with fellow-mortals of flesh and blood. His intellectual capacity freely conceded, what was lamented was apparent absence of the grand emotion that sometimes flooded GLADSTONE's speeches, or the mellow humour that illumined C.-B.'s Parliamentary manner. Listening to him this afternoon, watching his struggles to master his emotion as he thought of the friend who was gone,



"ROBBERY! CONFISCATION! SPOILIATION!" ETC, ETC, ETC.

Bung: "Lor, wot a nice, kind gen'l'man that there Mr. Cave do be . . . An' 'ow LOVELY 'e do talk! 'Pon my word, when 'e was a-talkin' about me I felt like a sort of Joan of Harc, I did;—I halmos' fancied as I could 'ear voices an' such like!"

(Mr. G. Cave, K.C., and his grateful client)

the House discovered it had made a mistake. It began to suspect it is shyness that has been accountable for ASQUITH's habitually cold manner, his studious restraint of anything approaching emotion.

The error corrected will not hereafter prevail. The revelation suddenly flashed upon the House will have miraculous influence in smoothing the way of the new Premier.

Business done.—House, meeting after Easter recess, forthwith adjourned in reverent token of memory of C.-B.

Tuesday.—French Premier, looking down from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, much struck by singular breadth of mind with which British legislator approaches consideration of controversial questions. To-day the hosts met in battle array round Licensing Bill. On one side measure is denounced as ruthless attack on rights of property. On the other it is upheld as effort designed in best interests of the public to diminish drunkenness.

Second reading of Bill first order of the day. Before it is reached there is sort of reconnaissance in force conducted by Members presenting petitions for and against the Bill.

Among them is GORDON HARVEY, Member for Rochdale.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I beg to present a petition from 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire in favour of the Bill." Looking again at the document, he hastily added, "I mean against the Bill."

Did this changed condition of



"QUEL PEUPLE!"

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.



"We have deep and even turbulent streams to cross before we come to the end of our journey. But we know where we are going—(loud cheers)—and we shall not lose our way." (Renewed cheers.)

(Mr. Asquith at the Reform Club, April 30.)

affairs affect the tone or attitude of the hon. Member? Not a bit of it. Nor was he disturbed by fresh discovery made. Whilst the petition purported to come from North-East Derbyshire, he found, as he put it, that "the signatories hailed" from Birmingham, London, Sittingbourne, West Hartlepool, Doncaster, Burton-on-Trent, and other places—as if there could be many other places.

"*Quel peuple!*" M. CLEMENCEAU murmured under his breath as he closely watched the countenance and bearing of Member for Rochdale. "What a nation! What *sangfroid!* Or, as I believe they write it on their menus, what *chautfroid!* Here is a Member finds himself entrusted with presentation of a petition on burning question of day. He announces it as friendly to a certain Bill. Whilst Ministerialists cheer, glorying in approval of 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire, he looks again at petition and finds it is against the Bill. Is he flustered? Does he drop on floor and, like BEERBOHM TREE in *Merchant of Venice*, rend his garments or, by preference in the case of a business man, those of his neighbours? *Pas du tout*. Trojan and Tyrian are one to him. He calmly announces that so far from petition being in favour of the Bill, it is hostile to it. Whereupon the crest of Opposition rises. They cheer in turn.

"This gives Monsieur from Rochdale fresh opportunity of studying petition. What does he now find? Why, that the 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire 'hail' (or, as some would say, 'rain') from other

places scattered about the island. Surely this upsets Rochdale? Ah! *nous autres* do not understand *ces Anglais*. Rochdale thinks it well casually to mention the matter. This done, he walks up to Table and drops into pendent sack (hence, *le membre pour Sark, homme très gentil*, tells me, comes the phrase 'giving it the sack') a petition which is at once against Licensing Bill, is in its favour, and is signed by 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire, who live in Birmingham, London, Sittingbourne, West Hartlepool, Doncaster, Burton-on-Trent, and other places."

Business done.—PREMIER moves second reading of Licensing Bill.

Friday.—REES (of India), fortunate at the ballot, gives notice to call attention to length of speeches in debate. No new thing this. Whilst CARNE RASCH was still with us, he, session after session, protested against the practice. Once he found opportunity of moving resolution affirming desirability of limiting duration. In admirable argument, for whose exposition ten minutes sufficed, he supported his plea. Might have carried his motion but for unforeseen, unfortunate accident. Hon. friend who seconded it so carried away by conviction of its soundness, so angered with habitual transgressors, that he was on his legs for full forty minutes. This rather threw chill over proceedings, fatally checking CARNE RASCH's crusade.

Example better than precedent, or even abstract resolution. ASQUITH'S

accession to Premiership likely to have important influence upon practice in this matter. It was Mr. G. who, more than forty years ago, set and saw established practice of prodigiously lengthened speeches. Example was fatal to that child of Nature, Dizzy. He was unapproachable when, according to earlier habit, he confined himself to twenty minutes or at most half an hour for delivery of speech. With Mr. G. taking five hours and a-half for exposition of Budget, never making interjectory remark in debate of less than an hour's length, it would not do for Dizzy to be content with his modest measure of time. He sometimes held forth by the hour, and was comparatively ineffective accordingly.

ASQUITH goes back to the time limit of Dizzy's prime. Rarely exceeds half an hour; commonly demonstrates to observant audience how (apparently) easy it is to pack into twenty minutes masterly conglomeration of argument, illustration, persuasion. Never a superfluous word in his speeches, and yet everything said.

PRINCE ARTHUR of the same cult. Something more bounteous in wealth of words: never uses them for purposes of marking time. With these two shining examples in high places there is promise of new style of Parliamentary debate when, to quote from a classic, we shall "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

Business done.—Discussion on DILKE's Bill dealing with shop hours of labour.

The Press on Albert Square, Manchester.

"The people were literally packed together like herrings in a barrel. I am assured by those who know the capacity of the square that the crowd numbered certainly not less than 20,000."—*Morning Post*.

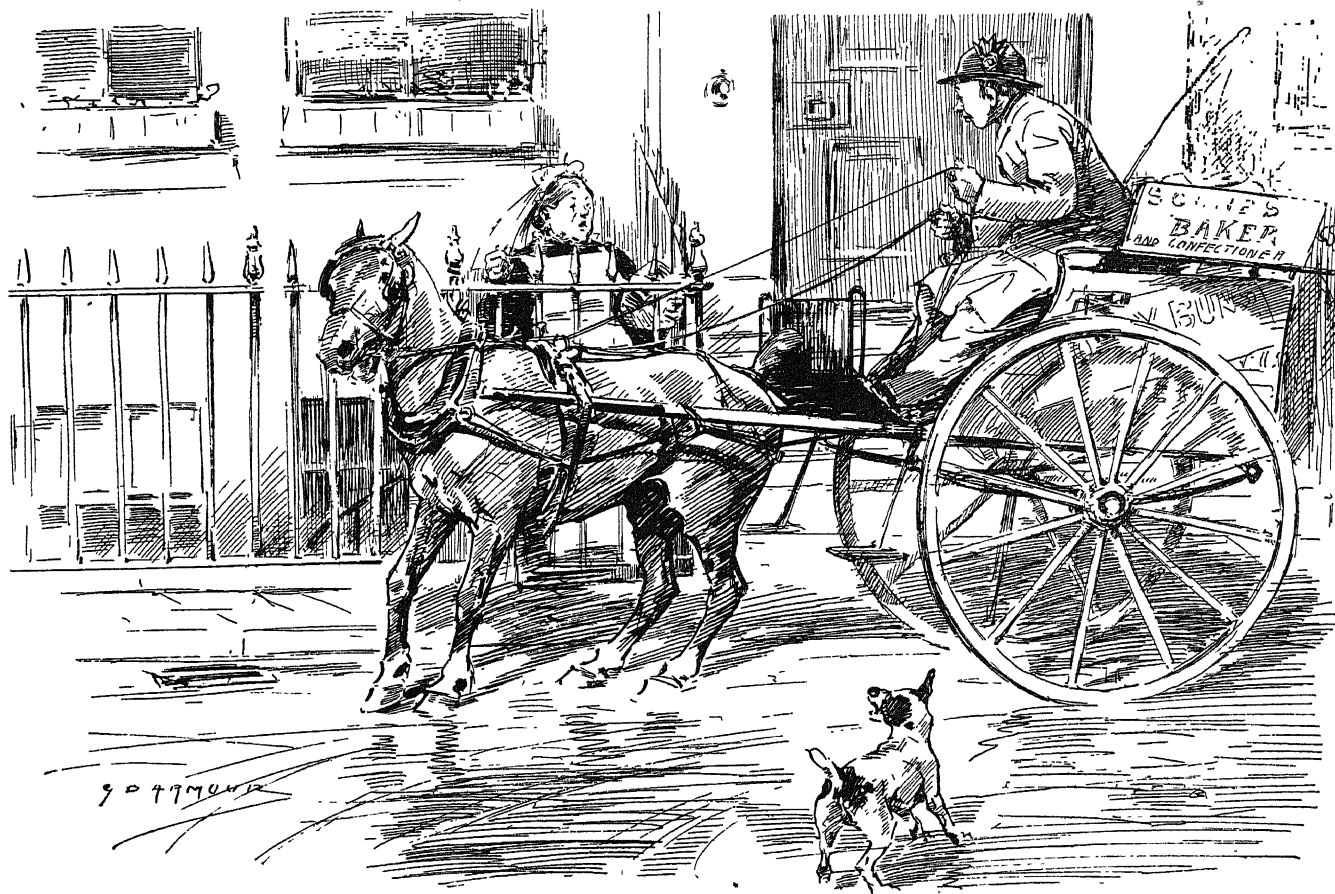
"It is hard to calculate how many were packed in it, but at any rate there must have been 50,000."—*Daily Mail*.

"The crowd must have numbered about 100,000, probably more. When Albert Square is crammed, it can accommodate 200,000 persons."—*Daily Telegraph*.

From a story by a woman writer in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"There were five men in the room, all regarding one another with that glaring affability usual to clubs. Two of them were smoking, leaning back in their chairs and gazing at the ceiling. Another lay stretched on the sofa, the look he had been reading lying open across his sleeping face. The fourth was writing what appeared to be a most important despatch. . . . The fifth was sitting right in the window, gazing into Pall Mall."

This is how we usually regard one another in clubs.



UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH.

Cook. "WOT 'AVE YOU GOT THAT THING IN YOUR 'AT FOR?"

Baker's Boy. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, COOKIE. THEY'VE MADE THE GUV'NOR A J.P."

MAXSE.

[The publication in the May issue of the *National Review* of Mr. GLADSTONE'S *vers de société* on "Margot" must be our excuse for printing the subjoined translation of a spirited unpublished poem by an August Personage which has enjoyed a considerable vogue in Court circles in Berlin.]

WHEN the Reichstag is up, and poor BUELOW is able
To win a brief respite from wrangling with BEBEL,
Though I steer for the Mediterranean or Black Sea,
I cannot escape the surveillance of MAXSE.

If I go to Corfu in the search of some rest,
He discovers a sinister aim in the quest;
And though other opponents their efforts relax, he
Allows me no quarter, does LEOPOLD MAXSE.

I've long wished to visit the home of HALL CAINE,
A man of stupendous, Shakspearean brain;
But were I to land near the village of Laxey,
'Twould poison the island, according to MAXSE.

If I wish SCHOPENHAUER or KANT to discuss
With HALDANE or TWEEDMOUTH, he kicks up a fuss;
And when AVEBURY begs him to bury the axe, he
Replies, "Go to Potsdam," does Editor MAXSE.

I'd love to run over to London *incog.*,
And chat with Lord ESHER, that humorous dog;
I'd like to go whizzing about in a taxi,
If it weren't for the risk of detection by MAXSE.

I can speak in six languages, paint and compose;
I can scribble in verse just as fast as in prose;
I can eat mutton cold—when it isn't too braxy;
But I cannot allay the suspicions of MAXSE.

Do I favour the Junkers or yield to the mob,
Do I flatter the Tsar or with ABDUL hobnob,
Is my attitude prudish or Maréchal SAXE-y—
It's exactly the same to this truculent MAXSE.

How then shall I please this implacable foe
Whose censure pursues me wherever I go?
Shall I shave my moustache, so ferociously waxy,
In the hope of appeasing the anger of MAXSE?

Alas! such expedients are destined to fail,
Against such resentment no arts can prevail.
And unless I retire to remote Cotopaxi,
I never shall win the approval of MAXSE.

"'F. C.' (Croydon).—The present Crown Prince of Germany was the Duchess Cécile Augustine Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin."—M.A.P.
That will teach F. C. not to ask silly questions.

More Commercial Candour.

Notice in a Leeds ready-made clothing shop:—

SMART ATTIRE

PROCLAIMS THE GENT.

HOW TO GET A MOTOR-CAR FOR NOTHING.

By UNCLE EPHRAIM.

I.

I WANT to talk to you a little about my Motor-car. Now I am, speaking temporally, a poor man: how comes it, then, that I own a nice clean motor-car? I will tell you in a little while.

II.

I dare say all of you wish that you, too, had Motor-cars; but, being good Britishers, you swallow your bitter pills of vexation like sensible men and women.

III.

Now I am going to tell you something: I got my Motor-car without paying for it. No, I did not steal it, because that would not have been British.

IV.

We could all have Motor-cars if we wished. Yes, even though you are a poor man (as I am, speaking temporally), you could have one and not pay for it, and still not do anything un-British.

V.

Now how must you set about getting your Motor-car? Well, I will tell you. You must make it yourself. It is a matter of home industry.

VI.

But, you say, the things to make it with will cost money. But I will tell you this, that no, they will not cost money. They will not cost money, because they are not that kind of thing.

VII.

Listen to me. What I tell you is the truth. I made my Motor-car with my own things, and it took a long time. But I got it at last.

VIII.

The things that I made my Motor-car with were not Tyres and Iron and Petroleum. No, I made it with Temperance, Endeavour, Patriotism, and Strength, and one or two more.

IX.

You see, we are all our own Motor-cars, and we must try to make them as good as possible. That is why we

have to use such unusual materials.

X.

Now I dare say you are a little disappointed that it has turned out to be this kind of Motor-car. But this is a very good kind, too, as you will see if you try it.

XI.

You see, once it is made it never breaks down. It does not fly along, I admit, but it goes quite nicely, and you have a pretty good time.

XII.

Now I want you to try and make one, just to please your Uncle EPHRAIM.



IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL MOTOR-RACE.

Denizen of the North. "LUCKY WE PICKED UP THIS TIN OF CONDENSED SOUP THAT WAS DROPPED BY THE PALE-FACES WHO RODE THE THING THAT STINKS. WE SHALL ENJOY OURSELVES PRESENTLY!"

OUR BYE-ELECTION.

"RED ruin hovered o'er us
And chaos would begin"
(So ran the pressmen's chorus)
"If Mr. SMITH got in:
Contempt for such a craven,
So faithless to his vows,
Was legibly engraven
On Little Mudby's brows."

Yet though such awful reading
Might well have sent the whole
Electorate stampeding
Like bull-calves to the poll,
Through accident or error
It grieves me to relate
That loathly Rule of Terror
Was almost England's fate.

I know the strife is ended
And Mr. PORTS, M.P.,
Has triumphed by a splendid
Majority of three:
But still my pulse beats faster
To think how near we came
Through one absurd disaster
To wallowing in shame.

Just at a ticklish juncture
(On top of Hangman's Head)
Our motor had a puncture
Three furlongs from the shed:
But caring more for honour
Than mere desire to mote,
The stalwart hinds upon her
Agreed to walk and vote.

So now a country smitten
With sore disease is
saved,
Once more the brass-bound
Briton
Declines to be en-
slaved:
But had that tyre ex-
ploded
Before we reached the
hill,
Who knows? the storm
that boded
Might brood on England
still.

AN APRIL HONEYMOON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was married in April because all my friends told me it was unlucky to be married in May, and I should like to protest against this foolish superstition in the name of hundreds of other suffering victims besides myself. Even supposing it is bad luck to marry in May, I cannot say that, in the light of our united experience, it is particularly lucky to be married in April. Where is the luck in going to your wedding in a blizzard, and getting a long wheel mark of mud on your white satin train? Where is the luck in having one's hair out of curl all through one's honeymoon, a red tip to one's nose every time one goes out, not to mention hiding one's trousseau frocks under a mackintosh cloak; and finally where is the luck of having a husband who pays such unremitting attention to the cold in his head that one gets justifiably jealous of the quinine bottle? It is said one must learn by experience; but there is no comfort even in that when one is denied a chance of doing differently another time.
Yours forlornly, APRIL BRIDE.

A VOTER'S WOES.

I AM a voter. Please don't blame me for it. Blame this wretched climate which compels me to live in a house. Though on second thoughts I must admit that I am partly responsible for my misfortune. I might have appeared before the revising barrister and objected to myself as an alien. It would not have been true; but then most objections to voters are not true, so I don't see that it would have mattered.

But anyhow I have a vote, and, worse luck, it is in a critical constituency on which the Government has forced a by-election. I should have voted against the Government on this account if I had not borne an equal grudge to the Opposition for contesting the seat. And in this constituency I am set down by both political parties as "Doubtful"—a waverer, as Mr. Pott, of Eatanswill, would have said. I am the pendulum, and I don't know which way to swing. Every paper I take hold of has an appeal to me either to support a great, virtuous enlightened Government, or to overthrow a set of unscrupulous thieving brigands. When I look for news of county cricket prospects I come across these tremendous appeals, and they unnerve me. I wish Providence had made me a voteless Suffragette. But the Leagues annoy me most. The United Kingdom Alliance demonstrated before my house by sending a waggon-load of dirty barefooted children with a banner "Less Beer—More Boots." My wife ordered me to vote against the Temperance Party on the ground that the presence of these children might give the baby small-pox. An hour later the same children appeared in another waggon—these infant politicians will do anything for a ride—as publicans' children ruined by the Licensing Bill. I was ordered instantly to vote against the Beer Party as well.

Then, again, now that Mr. BALFOUR has defined his position, I

believe that I am the only person in England without fixed ideas on the Fiscal Question. I am the common battlefield of Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. My head is a maze of figures—all inaccurate—twelve million starving people in England—twenty million unemployed in the States—happy lot of the German worker—black bread and horse-flesh sausages—Germany bankrupt—England triumphant—England ruined by

take a lot of accounting for. This, too, made trouble with other lady canvassers, for they were all regarded as barmaids and refused access to me. So the Suffragettes rang my door-bell for two hours, till I imagined myself a Cabinet Minister without salary.

I dared not leave my house by day for fear of being torn to pieces by the conflicting stalwarts of the Coal Consumers' League and the Miners' Federation. When I went out for a stroll at night a representative of the Anti-Tea Duty League waylaid me, and a Humanitarian League canvasser threatened me with personal violence because I would not pledge myself to the candidate who supported the Abolition of Flogging (Wife-beaters) Bill. As for the Anti-Vaccination League, I reserve my opinion of their conduct till I know whether my dog, which snapped up the sample of vaccinated veal they left me, survives.

Well, I voted. I wavered till the last moment. But the representative of the Better Weather League caught me on my way to the poll, and on his representation that there was no hope for the cricket season unless I plumped for SNOOKS I gave that gentleman my suffrage.

And now I am puzzled as to whether I am an illiterate, benighted, bigoted, beer-sodden voter in a slum-suburb, or whether I am an enlightened, high-minded, patriotic resident in one of England's great commercial and intellectual centres.



RESOURCE.

Facetious Youth. "Hi! I say! Your beastly thing says ONE-AND-EIGHT, AND I'VE ONLY GOT EIGHTEENPENCE. JUST BACK A BIT TILL YOU WORK OFF THE EXTRA TWOPENCE, WILL YOU?"

German traders—large loaf and no wages—large wages and no loaf. For my own part I am in favour of a Royal Commission to enquire into the Fiscal Problem, conditionally on its not reporting for fifty years. By that time I hope to be out of the reach of fiscal squabbles.

Then there was the Barmaids' League—it was cruel for them to canvass me. They may be right in their views, but my wife insists that the hussies would never have dared to call unless I had made their acquaintance previously. And there were twelve of them. Twelve barmaids

"The grace and refinement, or nothing there is nothing because to prepare for it or nothing to the melody and the humour of his music must please every taste."—*The Referee.*

This sums up the situation perfectly, and it only remains to add "or nothing."

"No matter how the form may change, the unalterable law of things has said that the essence must ever remain the same here, and that essence is such of the soul of truth as the heart may absorb and reflect in an expression which never does more than half-justice to what the heart feels at the time."

Daily Chronicle.

Obviously.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN preparing for the writing of *Hyde Park: Its History and Romance* (EVELEIGH NASH), Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has made exhaustive research, consulting all the records dealing with the Park from and before the day when HENRY VIII. and ANNE BOLEYN went there a-hunting. The result is not only a complete description of the locality, but the presentation of a series of social and historical pictures going back to Tudor days. Amongst other familiar names cropping up is that of Sir THOMAS WYATT, who raised the standard of rebellion in protest against the Spanish marriage of QUEEN MARY. Coming up from Kent, he and his men "marched all night through the rain without food, and tired and wet reached Hyde Park Corner early in the morning of the 7th of February, 1554." Mrs. TWEEDIE does not mention the circumstance, but one may surmise that WYATT was surprised to find no throng of 'buses, not to mention motor cars, at the Corner. In their absence he and his men were obliged to walk to Charing Cross. In connection with habits at the dinner table in the time of HENRY VIII. Mrs. TWEEDIE quotes ERASMUS, who, in his discourse *On Behaviour at Meals*, insists that "it is very rude. . . . to wipe your fingers on your neighbour's coat." There is a good deal to be said for this injunction. Not the least interesting chapter in a fascinating book is devoted to the grim chronicles of Tyburn. The last man hanged in this now fashionable quarter passed away on the 7th of November, 1783. Thereafter Newgate had a turn. A number of old prints and maps contribute to the interest and value of the book.

Three Miss Graemes (MURRAY) is a title that recalls (if you say it slowly enough) the tragic melody of the blind mice, and as a matter of fact the ladies in question were almost as ingenuous in their manners, though not so unhappy in their fate, as those ill-advised rodents. Miss MACNAUGHTAN has given them an island on the west coast of Scotland for their upbringing—a place where they learnt French and history but nothing at all about the world except the "latest winners," which interested their papa in his solitude. From here, orphaned and nearly penniless, they are introduced into the house of *Lady Parfield*, and made acquainted with the barbarous customs of London, S.W. I don't think this book is as good as the *Lame Dog's Diary*, for there is a suggestion of farce about one or two of the characters, and whereas one expected to make friends with a

whole trio of *ingénues*, *Agatha* appears only for a short while, and I should not know *Jean* if I met her. But their innocence of Metropolitan life gives rise to some very amusing situations, and Mrs. Batt and Mrs. Jocelyn, who come under the category of "poor relations," are cleverly drawn. Also there is a moment of suspense at the end, when we are not sure whether *Major Hanbury* will despatch a tiresome little expedition into the heart of Thibet or somewhere before getting back to the business of proposing to *Helen*. To ascertain this, it is quite worth while to read *Three Miss Graemes*, and see how they run.

There are a good many paths open to rebels, and Mr. REGINALD FARRER gives a pleasing selection of them in *The Ways of Rebellion* (ARNOLD). Rebellion depends a good deal on the point of view. Thus, when you are born to great estates and have innumerable titled relatives, you are a rebel if you throw over the lot and go in for social reform on new lines. That is the path which *Michael Hallibon* took, and nothing that could be said about him by Society was bad enough. Another way to rebel is to decamp with the right man after having married the wrong one. *Elinor* went that way. She married *John*, and went off with *Michael*, simply because she felt she must. *Michael* died, and *John*, well satisfied when she told him all about it, took her back, and loved her all the more for her honesty. Personally, I think that is rather revolutionary too, though it doesn't actually count among the author's "ways," because he takes a great deal of trouble with his psychology, and succeeds very cleverly in making *John* plausible. Indeed, he makes all the characters plausible, from that dignified, quaint little figure, *Princess Anne Komnena* and the rest of the host of clearly drawn minor persons, to the ascetic *Michael* and beautiful, majestic *Elinor* herself, who is quite a dear, in spite (or perhaps because) of that light-hearted carelessness of hers, which to her own surprise does incalculable harm to people who don't deserve it.

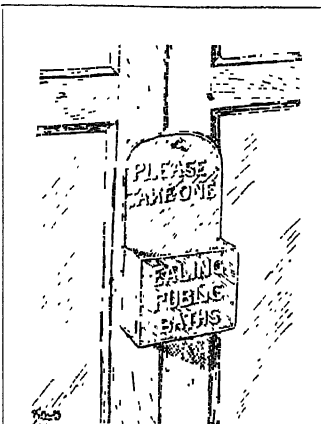
The election expenses of a candidate are pretty heavy. According to the *Manchester Evening*

Chronicle Mr. DAN IRVING's votes worked out at thirty shillings each. It was just as well that he didn't poll any more.

Great Bowlers: Their Methods at a Glance.

Mr. LUGTON in *The Scottish Review* on a certain nut-brown, black-haired cricketer:—

"His deliveries were generally dead on, full-pitched, and occasionally broke with a twist from both sides."



ADVICE FROM THE BOROUGH COUNCIL IN THE ENTRANCE HALL TO THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

It is to be hoped that Ealing is sufficiently grateful for the delicate hint.



STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

SAGES OF CHELSEA.

[According to *The Daily Mail* neither DICKENS nor *The Jungle Book* are ever asked for in the children's reading-room of the Chelsea Free Library. The ages of its *habitués* vary from five to sixteen, and during the year many applications were made for works dealing with science, sociology, fine arts and religion.]

O AGE of light and learning!

O worthy of all praise,
When Wisdom's torch is burning
With such a brilliant blaze;
When Youth, no more benighted,
Declines to grow excited
O'er rubbish that delighted
Our simple boyhood days.

While yet brief knickerbockers
Left bare my nether limbs,
My favourite fare was shockers
And fairy tales of GRIMM'S;
Boys' books I had in plenty
To fill my *far niente*,
VERNE, BALLANTYNE, and HENTY
Amused my youthful whims.

But when on those romances
That our young fancy took
The enlightened babe now glances,
Contemptuous grows his look.
No more the infant vogue is
For fairies, imps, or bogies,
And only old, old fogeys
Will read the *Jungle Book*.

Where Indians, wildly whirling
Red tomahawks to kill,
Set my young scalp-locks curling
With many a glorious thrill,
The hair of these young sages
Of tender, tender ages,
Curls as they turn the pages
Of NIETSCHE, SPENCER, MILL.

Now, bidding youth defiance,
The big-browed bantlings pore
O'er works of social science
And strange eugenic lore.
Ignoring prams and nurses
The learned babe immerses
His soul in controversies
About the Open Door.

O happy, happy nation,
Where culture so can thrive,
Where one finds Education
So very much alive;
Where, by the grace of heaven,
We've savants of eleven,
Deep scientists of seven,
Philosophers of five!

"Wanted a young man for farm work; must be able to drive, milk, float; live in winter."
Agricultural Times.

Employer: And can you float and live in the winter?

Applicant: Well, sir, I've had experience. I had a job in April in the Thames Valley. (*Engaged.*)



He (alluding to music the band is playing). "THIS IS THAT NEW WALTZ YOUR SISTER WAS RAVIN' ABOUT. IT SEEMS TO ME RATHER ROTTEN. I EXPECT SHE MUST HAVE DANCED IT WITH SOMEBODY RATHER NICE."

In a Liverpool shop window:

"This beautiful oil-painting, only 21s. The price will be reduced 6d. every week until sold." Everything comes to him who waits. We are thinking of waiting forty-two weeks.

"For Sale, Trap to seat four, no room for same."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*

It would have been much funnier not to have said anything until afterwards.

Heard after the First Act of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum:

Elderly Lady: Yes, I think it is very nice; the words are so pretty.

"The ball beat the bat at Cambridge, but the bat didn't do very well."—*Daily Mirror.*

It is with these significant words that *The Daily Mirror* opens the cricket season.

"The most astounding example of Nature's power to jump into a new season when the leash is off was to be seen in the hop."
Daily Mail.

Naturally.

"Gentleman's Bicycle, cost £16; sale £210, or near offer."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

One might offer £195, for instance, in confidence that it would not be rejected offhand.

ENGLAND'S WEAK SPOT.

[Dedicated to my host and hostess of Jerez de la Frontera in gratitude for the best luncheon I ever handled.]

ALL roads to England ultimately lead
(Mostly by water, which is often rough),
And there a man may buy his every need,
Including all the best exotic stuff.
This thought has cheered me up in many places
When sick to death of bargaining with foreign races.

Take Spain. You want mantillas, brodered shawls,
Or clattering castanets? Why cross the foam?
Why hunt for spoil among Alhambra's halls
When we've our own Alhambra here at home?
Yet there are spots on even England's sun,
And her indifference to sherry-wine is one.

Can she provide that potion, pale and *sec*,
Dear solace of my exile eve and morn?
Or let that liquid amber lave my neck
Sampled in Jerez where the same was born?
Never of that divine exalting glow
Can they be cognisant who only England know.

Great memories haunt the traveller fresh from Spain—
Córdoba's shrine by Paynim knees impressed;
The minaret towering over Seville's fane;
Nevada in her dazzling ermine dressed—
Precious are these; yet cannot they efface
The memory of a meal for which I still say grace.

Ah! luscious *déjeuner* and long drawn-out
With ever some fresh tap of mellower age
(Each one a surer antidote to gout);
And then to view the barrels, stage on stage,
Whereof the fumes, enjoyed by inspiration,
Would furnish of themselves a liberal education!

England, you underrate this noble juice!
And let me tell you frankly, heart to heart—
If still, when I have left you no excuse,
You spurn the highest, then we two must part;
I shall elope to Andalucian Jerez
And rent a vine, and sit beneath its sherry-berries.

O. S.

THE CULT OF THE MICROBE.

AFTER Dr. JOHN EYRE's lecture last month to the Members of the Institute of Hygiene on "Beneficent Bacteria," it was simply inevitable that there should be some change in the general attitude. Till then, most of us had no idea of drawing any distinctions between them; we included them all in a vague antipathy and distrust. But Dr. EYRE has compelled us to realise how cruelly many most respectable micro-organisms have been misunderstood. So far from infecting us with disease, it seems that they are actually defending us from it! And millions of industrious microbes are also rendering invaluable services in the manufacture of food-stuffs and textile fabrics, in the tanning of leather and the curing of tobacco! So it is not surprising that, by way of reaction, we should be tempted to apotheosise the blameless Bacillus, or that the Press (always responsive to the latest trend of popular opinion) should combine to boom him for all he is worth. But really there *are* limits. *Mr. Punch* cannot help thinking that the thing is being just a little overdone. For it is becoming impossible to open one's daily paper now without coming across such paragraphs as these:—

BRIXTON'S BRAVE BACTERIUM.

"Early yesterday morning, Mr. GEORGE STODGKINSON, 15, Eaton Crescent, Brixton, discovered that his interior was being violently disturbed by a gang who are believed to have effected an entrance under cover of a pork-pie of more than usual indigestibility. Mr. STODGKINSON owes his life, which was for a time in serious danger, to the vigilance and courage of a lactic acid bacterium, who had cleverly concealed himself on the premises in some curdled milk. After a desperate struggle the intruders were eventually overcome, and the bacterial benefactor, with characteristic modesty, withdrew without leaving either name or address. Mr. STODGKINSON, though still suffering from the shock, was able to go up to business as usual."

MILLIONS OF BERMONDSEY MICROBES IDLE TO-DAY.

"To-day all the bacilli engaged in the Bermondsey tanneries are out on strike, as a protest, we understand, against the excessive length of their working-day. The campaign is being conducted, so far, with dignity and quiet. If it is the fact that a microbe is expected to labour for twenty-four hours a day, this obviously leaves him but little time either for recreation or self-improvement, and the strikers may be assured of sympathy from the Public. Considering that, as Dr. EYRE has demonstrated, the tanning industry depends entirely on bacterial co-operation for its successful prosecution, the employers will be wise in adopting a more conciliatory attitude. It seems to us that this is eminently one of those disputes in which the President of the Board of Trade should be asked to intervene."

SONS OF THE SOIL!

"A scene of unusual interest, we learn from a correspondent at Fallofield, Blightshire, occurred yesterday afternoon on the platform of the local railway station, where one of our most respected residents and agriculturists, Mr. CHARLOCK, welcomed the first detachment of bacterial fertilisers whom he had been anxiously expecting from London to assist him in the improvement of his land. The sturdy little fellows, who arrived punctually by the 3.35, seemed little the worse for their long journey, and, after being conveyed in one of Farmer CHARLOCK's own vehicles to the scene of their operations, were immediately set to work on the soil. It may be confidently hoped that the next Harvest Supper at Couchgrass Farm will, thanks to their presence, be a far cheerier function than has been the case during all these years of agricultural depression."

REMARKABLE REFORMATION OF A COMMA BACILLUS.

Reuter's Agent cables from Calcutta: "Some sensation has been caused here by the announcement that a Comma Bacillus, one of a society notoriously engaged in the dissemination of Asiatic Cholera, has recently become one of its most determined opponents. His conversion is entirely due to the efforts of Professor SEARUM, and is a striking proof of what culture and suitable surroundings may effect in eliminating evil tendencies in the most virulent bacillus. After having gone through various probationary stages, the Comma is now the guest of a native gentleman, whom he has undertaken to protect against any further choleraic attacks."

"On p. 8 will be found portraits of the Converted Comma, and also of Mr. CHANDRA LOLL PRAGANATH, his present host."

WELL-KNOWN SURGEON CHARGED WITH CRUELTY.

"At the Maryborough Street Police Court yesterday, PAUL PRIOR, F.R.C.S., of 235, Harpole Street, W., ap-



Bernard Partridge del.

FÊTE

GALANTE

[The Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush is announced to open on May 14.]



THE THREE R'S.

Lisette (to Jules, just returned from a year's study in London) "DIS DONC, JULES,—QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST DONC QUE CES TROIS R'S DONT ON PARLE EN ANGLETERRE?"

Jules "LES TROIS R'S? N' SAIS PAS—TIENS—C'LA ME R'VIENT—V'LÀ!—*ROTTEN, RIPPIN ET RIGHT O.*"

peared to answer a charge of alleged cruelty to several microbes, by confining them in a solution of solidified gelatine in such a manner as to deprive them of all power of movement. The defendant, who conducted his own case, denied that the microbes suffered any appreciable pain. The Magistrate (*severely*): 'How can you possibly say that, sir? Who can tell what pain and annoyance may be experienced by a sensitive microbe when compelled to remain motionless for hours at a time while it is being examined under a powerful lens?' (*Applause in Court.*) It was monstrous to treat the humblest of our friends and allies in this cold-blooded fashion, and the defendant must pay a fine of 40s. and undertake to set the poor creatures at liberty at once. The defendant, who seemed surprised at this decision, left the Court amidst hisses."

HE DIED IN HARNESS.

"An elderly bacterium, while engaged in assisting to cure a consignment of cabbage-leaves which had recently been delivered at Messrs. Nomeny, Corlees and Company's well-known British Regalia Factory, expired quite suddenly yesterday afternoon. The deceased, who had been in the company's service from a mere spore, has left numerous descendants, all of whom are em-

ploiyés of the firm, to deplore his loss. The mournful event has cast a gloom over the entire neighbourhood, shutters being generally closed as a mark of respect."

MAIMED RITES!

(*From our own Correspondent at Christiania.*)

"I hear that the heroic bacteria who perished so gallantly in defending little PRINCE OLAF from those formidable assailants the Micrococci of Whooping-cough are not to receive a public funeral after all, a majority in both Houses of the Storthing having decided that the proposal is for various reasons impracticable. The obsequies will therefore take place in private. The decision has excited considerable dissatisfaction throughout the capital."

* * * * *

Mr. Punch yields to none in admiration of the Microbes' many excellent qualities, but he does submit that it is unwise, in their own interests, to invest them with quite so much importance as all this. Hitherto one of the most endearing traits in our Bacilli has been the shrinking self-effacement with which they have sought to avoid public recognition. Surely we cannot wish to see them all going about with swelled heads!

F. A.

LONDON LETTERS.

V.

DEAR CHARLES,—I am learning to dance the Minuet. I say "the" instead of "a" because I am sure mine is a very particular kind of one. You start off with three slides to the left, then three to the right, and then you stop and waggle the left leg. After that you bow to your partner in acknowledgment of the interest she has taken in it all, and that ends the first figure. There are lots more, but one figure at a time is my motto. At present I slide well, but am a moderate waggler.

Why am I doing this, you ask. My dear CHARLES, you never know when a little thing like a Minuet will turn out useful. The time may well come when you will say to yourself, "Ah, if only I had seized the opportunity of learning that when I was young, how. . . etc." There were once two men who were cast ashore on a desert island. One of them had an axe, and a bag of nails, and a goat, and a box of matches, and a barrel of gunpowder, and a keg of biscuits, and a tarpaulin, and some fish-hooks. The other could only dance the Minuet. Years rolled by; and one day a ship put in at that island for water. As a matter of fact there was no water there, but they found two skeletons. Which shows that in certain circumstances proficiency in the Minuet is as valuable as an axe, and a bag of nails, and a goat, and a box of matches, and all the other things that I mentioned just now. So I am learning in case.

My niece, aged twenty months (do I bore you?) has made her first joke: let it be put on record and handed down to those that come after. She walked into the study, where her father was reading and her mother writing. They agreed not to take any notice of her, in order to see what would happen. She marched up to her father, stroked his face, and said, "Hallo, Daddy!" No answer. She gazed round; and then went over to the writing-desk. "Hallo, Mummy!" Dead silence. She stood for a moment, looking rather puzzled. At last she went back to her father, bent down and patted his slippers, and said, "Hallo, Boots!" Then she walked quite happily out of the room.

However, we won't bother about MARGERY, because I have something much more exciting to tell you. McGUBBIN has signed on for the something Rovers for next season! I saw it in the paper; it had a little paragraph all to itself. This is splendid news—I haven't been so happy

about anything for a long time. Whaur's your WULLY GAUKRODGER now? Let us arrange a Pentathlon for them. I'll back McG., and you can hold the towel for GAUK. My man would win at football of course, and yours at cricket, but the other three events would be exciting. Chess, golf, and the Minuet, I think. I can see McGUBBIN sliding—one, two, three, one, two, three—there, now he's wagging his left leg. CHARLES, you're a goner—hand over the stakes.

Look here, I smoke too much, at least I have been lately. Let's give it up, CHARLES. I'll give it up altogether for a week if you will. Did you know that you can allay the craving for tobacco by the judicious use of bull's-eyes? ("Allay" is the word.) You carry a bag of bull's-eyes with you—I swear this is true, I saw it in the Press—and whenever you feel a desire to smoke you just pop a bull's-eye in your mouth. In a little while, they say, your taste for tobacco—and I imagine for everything else—is quite gone. This ought to be more widely known, and then your host would say, "Try one of these bull's-eyes, won't you? I import them direct;" and you would reply, "Thanks very much, but I would rather have one of my own, if I may." "Have a bull's-eye, if you like," your partner would say at a dance. Of course, too, they would have special bull's-eye compartments on trains; that would be jolly. But it would ruin the stage. The hero who always lights a cigarette before giving off his best epigram—I don't know what he'd do. You see, he couldn't. . . well, he'd have to wait such a time.

Why are they called bull's-eyes? I don't believe I've ever seen a bull's eye really close. If you look a bull in the eye he doesn't go for you. Which eye? He might be a left-handed bull; you'd look at the wrong eye; then where would you be?

The world is too much with me, CHARLES, but all the same I've just ordered a flannel suit which will make Castle Bumpbrook stare. Sort of purplish; and it makes up very smart, and they can do me two pairs of trousers in it, whatever that means. I should have thought that they could have done me as many pairs as I liked to ask for, but it seems not. They only print a limited edition, and then destroy the original plates, so that nobody else can walk about looking like me. I asked the man if he thought it would play croquet well, and he said, Yes.

By the way, I have learnt some

more about croquet since I wrote last. First then, you can go round in one, if you're frightfully good. I should like to go round in one: I suppose that would be the record? Secondly, if you're wired from all the balls, so that you can't get a clear shot at every part of any one of them, you go into baulk, and have another turn. This must happen pretty often, because you could never have a clear shot at the back of a ball, unless you went right round the world the other way, and that would be too risky, besides wasting so much time. No, I can see there's a lot to learn in the game; but patience, CHARLES, patience. I shall go round in one yet.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

QUITE a feature of the present Royal Academy Show is the number of Eves—sufficient, almost, to populate a Garden City. The costume picture is clearly out of fashion.

It is said that the abolition of speeches at the R.A. Banquet (the effect of which was, an Irish paper informs us, to make the speakers feel more comfortable) is to be followed by other innovations. Next year, it is rumoured, something is to be done for the artists. An attempt is to be made to increase the sale of pictures by hanging them commercially, and the visitor will be confronted by such a notice as "ALL IN THIS ROW ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS," while another room is to be devoted to misfits in portraits at bargain prices.

The Daily Mirror offers a prize for the best design for a piece of sculpture to be erected in honour of OUIDA. "The designs," it is laid down, "should comprise incidents or ideas or characters in one or more of her works, like *Under Two Flags* and *Two Little Wooden Shoes*, and in some way indicate OUIDA's intense devotion to dogs and other animals." This reads like a direct incitement to Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE to desert painting in favour of the plastic art.

Mr. GOOCH's Old Masters fetched such poor prices on the first day of the sale that he decided, with admirable discretion, to postpone the disposal of the rest of them until they became a little older.

"Why not Trees at the North Pole?" asked Professor HYDE at the Royal Society of Arts. *The Winter's Tale* certainly seems out of place at His Majesty's.



Mrs Giles (anxious'y asking after Rector's health) "WELL, SIR, I BE GLAD YOU SAYS YOU BE WELL. BUT THERE—YOU'BE ONE OF THESE 'BAD DOERS,' AS I CALLS 'EM. GIE 'EM THE BEST O' VITTELS, AND IT DON'T DO 'EM NO GOOD. THERE BE PIGS LIKE THAT!"

A French gardener has erected a sun-dial in the grounds of the Franco-British Exhibition. As an expression of confidence in our English sun this strikes us as rather pathetic.

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A monster petition against the Licensing Bill, containing nine miles of signatures, required the services of ten men to carry it into the House, and it is now proposed that the six-mile limit shall be extended to petitions.

**

It was rumoured that, in addition to a Viscount WOLVERHAMPTON, there might be a Re-count Wolverhampton.

**

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been giving further pledges. He is determined to maintain his reputation as the most promising member of the Liberal Party,

The Observer points out that at Dundee the Liberal colour, red, was annexed by the Labour candidate. Fortunately Mr. CHURCHILL is used to sailing under almost any colour.

**

The Liberals at Dundee took exception to some of the Unionist candidate's placards. They forgot that BAXTER prints, to be correct, must be highly coloured.

**

"Marylebone seems to be falling to pieces in all directions," remarked Mr. FLOWDEN, the other day at the Marylebone Police Court, where he himself has frequently brought the house down with very little exertion.

**

Exception continues to be taken in certain quarters to the "property" head which Miss MAUD ALAN uses in her Salome dance, but it is pointed out that if a real head were intro-

duced it would mean that a fresh actor would have to take the part at every performance, and it would be almost impossible to find sufficient supers willing to fill the rôle.

**

A mass meeting of recent criminals is, we hear, shortly to be held in Notting Dale to protest against their exclusion from the provisions for Old Age Pensions, while in Parliament itself several members may be relied on to voice sympathetically the claims of the Lunatics.

**

When Mr. MOBERLY BELL was asked, in a recent sensational action, "What have been your relations with Mr. MURRAY?" he answered, "I have always been on the best of terms with him. We both belong to the same club." The club referred to is, we understand, the Athenæum, and not The Times Book Club.

In art circles a pretty tale is being told of a Scotch sculptor. He was showing an acquaintance a bust of a gentleman who was known to them both. "Frankly, I don't think it is much like him," said the acquaintance. "Ah, weel," said the sculptor, "ye maun ken that it's no gi'en to every man to be like his bust."

THE LONG ARM AGAIN.

"A correspondent of *The Glasgow Herald* draws attention to a curious coincidence in connexion with three of the foremost living portrait-painters—Sargent (whose portrait of Mr. Balfour will probably be one of the features of this year's Academy), Shannon, and Solomon. Their names begin with the same letter, but the full initials of the famous trio are much more noteworthy:

J. S. S. (Sargent).

J. J. S. (Shannon).

S. J. S. (Solomon).

The initials of the first and third are identical, the order only differing. There are three famous "B's" in music, but the parallel of the painters is much more striking."—*Westminster Gazette*

Now this is perfectly amazing; but there is more to follow. Let us look at literature. Mr. J. M. BARRIE is a well-known writer, and he is beyond criticism and speculation. Who would believe that the assistant editor of *The Sphere* has the same initials? Yet, he has—J. M. B. The literary gossip of *The Westminster* again is J. A. B.; while is there not a militant publicist and Member of Parliament named J. M. ROBERTSON, or J. M. R.?—and everyone knows how like R is to B. All this is wonderful, and fills one with a sense of impending doom.

So much for the miraculous B's. Look, too, at the A's, all you who are superstitious. Is there not the Laureate A. A.? That is remarkable enough—a double first, so to speak, in initials—but behold there is ALGERNON ASHTON too. It is almost, if not quite, too much. Add Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND, and we have the deadly and mystical three, so strange to *The Glasgow Herald* and *Westminster Gazette*.

Perhaps even more sinister is the case of the late Mr. GLADSTONE and the present Librarian of the House of Lords. Both men of letters, both connected with politics, both of the same sex, both using the organs of speech for communicating their ideas. Will it be credited that the Grand Old Man's initials, W. E. G., were also those of Mr. GOSSE, a little differently placed—E. W. G.?—and is not Mr. RUSSELL, the anecdotist, G. W. E. (mark you!) RUSSELL, an acquaintance of both men? It is marvellous, and uncanny too.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE phenomenal attractions of the opera season have now been raised to high-water pitch by the arrival of another *diva* of superhuman accomplishments and fascinations—we refer, of course, to Madame ADELAIDE PASTALANI, the golden-throated Bulbul of Calabria. Madame PASTALANI, who was the favourite pupil of PORPORA, LAMPERTI, GARCIA, SBRIGLIA, and other famous *maestri*, was specially destined by WAGNER to create the principal rôle in the new opera, which unhappily he did not live to complete. She is only forty-seven years old, and her figure is as *svelte* as if she were only seventeen. She has already amassed a fortune estimated at anything from £500,000 to £2,000,000, and is the happy possessor of ten motor cars, a turbine yacht, and a golden Turkish bath.

Madame PASTALANI is a lovely-appearing woman of the dolicocephalous type, with an opulent profile and abundant hair of a beautiful natural terra-cotta tint. Her voice is a dramatic soprano of the finest quality, ranging from the double D in *petto* to G in *altissimo*. Its *timbre* is distinctly mezzanine in the lower register, but approximates to the *piano nobile* in the *tessitura* of the *voce di testa*. As one of her admirers, the Count BELGIOJOSO, happily put it, "her voice is as soft as velvet and as glutinous as a Carlsbad plum." It was Signor TITTONI, the famous Italian statesman, who gave her the sobriquet of the Bulbul of Calabria, and the most desperate members of the Mafia and the Camorra worship her with a fanatical ecstasy rare even in tropical climes.

Madame PASTALANI received Mr. *Punch's* representative in the boudoir of her new house in Park Lane, and even to his seasoned optics, satiated with the magnificence of three generations, its dazzling splendour came somewhat as a surprise. Even members of the Royal Family have been denied a peep as the work progressed to a completion, which in classic beauty and chaste decoration eclipses anything ever before attempted in this or any other century. The scheme of colour is salmon, emerald and Botticelli-blue, and there is not another note of colour in the mouldings and cornices. Again, some idea of the width of the doors may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than twelve peeresses can pass abreast without the slightest risk of

rumpling their gowns or disarranging their chevelures.

Madame PASTALANI not only surpasses all other *prime donne* in the magnificence of her mansion, but in the size and number of her pet animals. In her palmiest days Madame PATTI never had more than nine parrots. Madame PASTALANI has twenty-three, besides four cockatoos, three penguins, one albatross, and a splendid barnacle goose, which has been taught to sing the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. On her roof garden there are cages containing lions, tigers, tapirs, dingoes, jerboas, and other choice mandibles, presented to her in every case by Oriental potentates of the greatest altitude.

The honours showered upon Madame PASTALANI might well have unhinged her mental balance, but in spite of everything she still retains considerable vestiges of sanity. Thus when she was at St. Petersburg the Tsar used to make tea for her between the Acts, and the late M. POBEDONOSTZEFF used to let her call him "papa." President ROOSEVELT sent her a canvas-back duck, which he had shot with his own hands, and wrote a set of verses in her album, beginning:

"I guess that Madame A. Pastalani

Knocks spots off the Lily of Killarney."

Other contributors to her album are Count TOLSTOI, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Mr. HENRY JAMES, and Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE.

It is not, however, only as public performer that Madame PASTALANI eclipses her rivals. Phenomenal as her artistic gifts are they are not more remarkable than the domestic virtues and accomplishments which lend an added lustre to the aureole of her divadom. She is pre-eminently a woman of simple habits, her only weakness being in the matter of tiaras, of which she is the happy possessor of seventeen. (It must be remembered, however, that she has sung before more crowned heads than any living artist.) Plain living and high thinking are the order of the day with this redoubtable *cantatrice*. She rises with the lark—whose most profuse strains she has long since reduced to insignificance—and, after attending to her voluminous correspondence from 7 a.m. to 10 a.m., takes horseback exercise for an hour in the Park. At lunch she seldom drinks anything stronger than Château Yquem.



"THERE'S MY SON'S PORTRAIT THAT YOU PAINTED. IT'S JUST LIKE HIM."

"HE NEVER PAID ME FOR IT."

"JUST LIKE HIM."

On the days on which she sings at the opera she takes a light repast at 4 p.m., abstaining with stoical endurance from any further refreshment until midnight. MADAME PASTALANI is an omnivorous reader, her favourite authors being ANNIE SWAN and MARCEL PRÉVOST. In short, whether we consider her intellectual or her natural gifts, we can safely say that we seldom, if ever, expect to look upon her like again.

The Cambridge Chronicle makes out to quote *Cassell's Saturday Journal* on Mr. CHURCHILL as follows:

"Photographs flattered him with a merry boyish look. As a matter of fact, he is pale to the verge of being haggard; he is short-sighted. He is by no means gifted in oratory as the phase is generally understood."

Later on there is a reference to his "btain" and his "jeeting" remarks; and no doubt the editor felt justified in making these improvements upon what cannot have been in the original a very exciting story. But after the "RITA" case he should be careful.

A THEATRICAL REFORM.

JUDGING from an Italian newspaper the relations between managers and first-nighters are about to be placed on a more business-like and less vocal and emotional footing. We learn that a new method by which approval or disapproval of a play can be shown without disturbing the performance is being introduced by the dramatist TRAVERSI. Before leaving the theatre every person is to drop a ticket into one of three boxes marked "Good," "Indifferent," and "Bad." Meanwhile other suggestions for securing a silent but effective verdict are pouring in upon us.

CLASSICAL STUDENT advocates a return to the humane and considerate etiquette of the Coliseum, when, without making any fuss, a simple gesture of the thumb indicated that the spectators had no further desire to spare their victims' lives.

A RETURNING OFFICER, in view of the popularity of by-elections, and the excellent practice to be obtained in conducting the same with decorum

and self-control, would hold a poll of the whole audience between every Act, to determine whether the play should continue or not.

STAGE-FRIGHT asks plaintively for the Safety Curtain to be lowered during the whole of the first performance should any section of the pit or gallery show signs of restiveness.

FIREMAN says: "What's wrong with the hose? It could be turned on from either the stage or the auditorium."

AN OLD CLUBMAN maintains that the only gentlemanly way of expressing one's dislike of an actor's personality is to blackball him.

If any or all of the above proposals be adopted, we feel sure that the bad old practice of "booing" will speedily become extinct.

From Mr. E. F. BENSON's latest novel, *Sheaves*:

"Tense silence; but after some ten minutes somebody blew his nose. Pure simple pathos, the striving of a weak man to do his best, and finding his best failing, was there." He should have tried again.



Belated Arrival. "ARE THEY ALL OF ONE MIND HERE TO-NIGHT, CONSTABLE?"
Shivering Policeman. "HADN'T OUGHT TO BE, SIR—NOT WITH THIS WEATHER!"

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

(From our special correspondent with the "English Daisies." With acknowledgments to "The Evening News.")

Monte Carlo.

WE soon got over our disappointment at the appearance of the St. Lazare Station, which we had been led to suppose was even more beautiful than Cannon Street, and on driving through the streets of the French capital (Paris) the girls could hardly restrain their delight. Everyone was much amused at the appearance of the people in the streets, and Miss ROBINSON was quick to notice the difference between the Paris policeman and his English confrère. (They are called "gendarmes" here, by the way—doesn't it sound odd?) Lunch was followed by a

drive to the Bon Marché, and thence to Les Invalides, and later we entertained for Monte Carlo, leaving dear Paris (which we already felt we knew and loved) with feelings of regret.

As the train proceeded we discussed the Parisians and their quaint customs. "The way the children do their hair makes me sick," said Miss BROWN, "and I object strongly to their legs." Miss HARDY thought this was rather an insular view to take, but she confessed she was entirely with Miss BROWN re: legs; they were not a bit like honest English children's legs. Miss GREEN said it was rather unfair to blame the children for this defect; it was only to be expected, seeing that they had not had the advantage of English mothers!

Monte Carlo was reached without

further comment; the sky here is a deep blue; so is the sea; you can hardly tell which is which. In the evening we went to the Casino. The "Daisies" were particularly struck by the beautiful paintings in this wonderful building, which contrasted strangely with the haggard faces of the players.

"I don't like it," thus commented Miss JONES, "and I'm sure the County Council wouldn't allow it in London."

"I only hope Mother won't find out I've been here," said Miss GREEN.

Now we must be off to pack up, for the day after to-morrow we are due in the Eternal City (Rome), which our own HALL CAINE has immortalised. There we shall come in contact with the Past, so no more for the Present.

THE SLUMP IN DRAMA.

[It is stated that the past winter has been remarkable for the number of theatrical failures]

This is sad news; the patriot must pale

To see his country's sock and buskin fail

(You gather what I mean?)

Must lose his customary self-command

To think of glories (hope you'll understand)

Which are not, but have been.

Can it be that our clinging like grim death

To that destructive Free Trade shibboleth

Occasions this distress?

Our suicidal, muddle-headed plan
 Of starving out our fellow-countryman,

And so on? (See *Express*.)

Can it be that the Halls, ornate and cheap,

Have gone and knocked our drama in a heap,

As some had said they would?

Can it be that a Puritanic wave
 Has made the nation more than merely grave,

Intolerantly good?

Can it be— No, it isn't that at all
 Which brings about this lamentable fall,

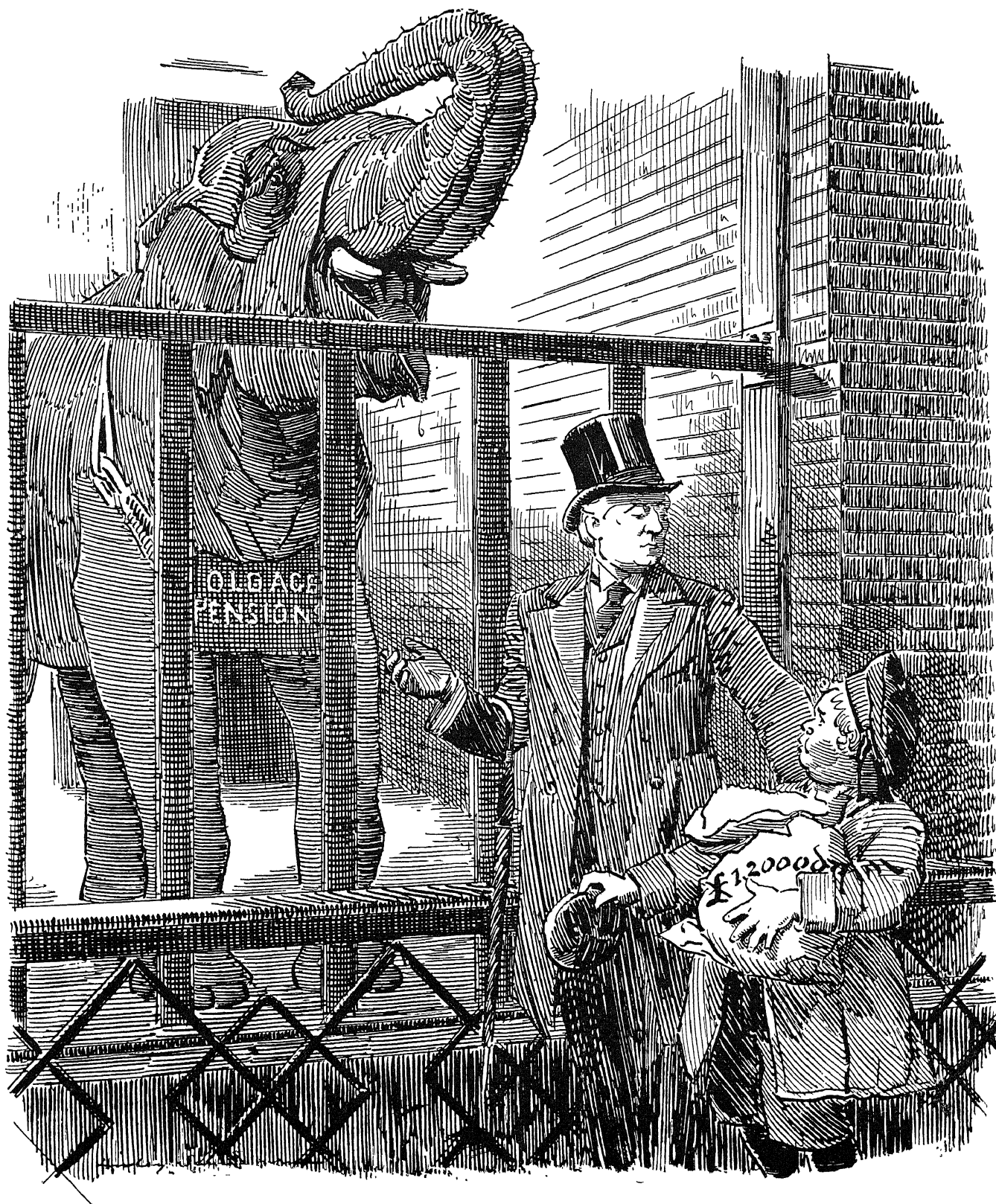
This ominous decline.

It is that Managers will never glance
 (Short-sighted idiots!) by any chance
 At any plays of mine.

"Can Gentleman recommend handy-man,
 Undertaking vegetable garden, fruit-trees,
 And (if possible) cows?"

The Guardian.

The incomprehensible sex.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

UNCLE ASQUITH. "WE MUSTN'T FORGET THE POOR OLD ELEPHANT, MUST WE?"

JOHNNY BULL (*without enthusiasm*). "WILL HE WANT ALL THE BUNS I'VE GOT HERE?"

UNCLE A. "YES, MY BOY, AND ALL THE BUNS YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO GET!"



OUR LOCAL HUMORIST.

Old Jarge (to new curate with a reputation as a fast bowler) "Now, ZUR, DON'T EE PUT UN DOWN TOO FAAST, FUR IF EE DO I CAN'T 'IT HE, AND LIKE ENOUGH HE 'LL 'IT I!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—Shortly after SPEAKER took the Chair a flutter of excitement ran along crowded benches. Glass door below the Bar flung open. Enter two men with the dinner dress that waiters wear at mid-day, carrying between them three parcels neatly covered with serviettes. With joined hands they upbore a central package, each carrying another with his free hand. Proved to be the pioneers of a long procession similarly burdened. When the advance guard were within touch of the Table on which it marched the rear end of a long line was entering by the doorway.

What did it portend? What was under the toothsome napery? From time to time demand has been made by patriotic members for free postage, free baths, even free railway tickets. Was it—could it be—that what was now brought in was free lunch?

Ecstasy of expectation rudely

shattered by ROBERT CECIL. Announced that the parcels just deposited in front of the Table were nothing more nor less than the signatures to petition against Licensing Bill of Londoners registered within area of Metropolitan Police districts. Signed by over half a million sturdy citizens. Comprised 32,175 sheets of paper, and was nine miles long.

"Will the noble lord bring the petition to the Table?" said the SPEAKER, using the formula customary to the occasion.

This more than Lord ROBERT had counted upon. In resistance of confiscation, robbery, burglary, and the rest of it, he would do all that might become a man. When there came question of bundling into the petition bag by the Clerk's chair a document nine miles long, he must really reconsider his position. It was, if he might put it so, outside the cab radius. Walking slowly down gangway, he stood ruefully regarding the many packages.

"Take them up," shouted the jubilant Ministerialists. "Drop 'em in the bag!"

Lord ROBERT squared his broad shoulders, furtively pinched his biceps. At Eton he was a well-known athlete. At University College he made a record with the caber, hurling it 14½ yards further than the best fling of BAYLES of Balliol. Give him time and training, he would even now dump the petition in the bag as if it were a bale of American hops landed in Kent.

The SPEAKER, observing his hesitation, kindly came to the rescue.

"Will the noble lord," he said, "bring as much as he can?"

Gratefully availing himself of this compromise, Lord ROBERT, amid enthusiastic cheering, took a handful of sheets from one of the bundles and dropped them in the bag.

After this JOHN WILSON's performance partook of character of anticlimax. Well conceived; had it had stage to itself would have been a success. Was in charge of petition in favour of the Bill, signed by 169,510 members of the Primitive Methodist Church. Happy thought occurred to him of having it wrapped up in cylinder form to represent con-

signment of telegraph wire. Carried in by two sturdy messengers, it was calculated to have appreciable effect upon course of debate and results of division.

"It's a mile and a-half long," said JOHN WILSON, proudly.

"Pooh!" retorted BOB CECIL, his spirits risen since the SPEAKER helped him out of his dilemma with the nine-miler.

"Lord ROBERT needn't be so cock-a-hoop," said Almanack WHITAKER. "Temperance is a power in the land; but I confess that, considered as an allurement to signing a petition, a glass of beer is twice as potent as a cup of tea or a mug of lemonade."

JOHN WILSON now faced by difficulty that had baffled Lord ROBERT. Rule inexorable. A Member presenting petition may avail himself of services of messengers as far as the Table; he must with his own hand place the document in the bag prepared for its reception.

"Roll it along," cried a sympathetic Member, as JOHN WILSON stood forlorn by the cylinder.

Not a bad idea, but there was no room by the passage between the Table and either Front Bench. It was the SPEAKER who again solved the difficulty.

"Will the hon. Member," he blandly said, "bring to the Table as much of the petition as is possible?"

Severing from the bulk about an eighth of a mile, JOHN WILSON staggered up to the bag and dropped it in. After which House regretfully got to business.

Business done.—Second reading of Licensing Bill agreed to by majority of 246 in House of 542 Members.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"Man and boy, I've been in Parliament thirty-five years," mused the Member for Sark. "If, ten years ago, someone had told me that early in the new session BOB REID, then Member for dour Dumfries, would sit on the Woolsack with Bishops cooing round him like flock of ringdoves,

and Tory Lords-Lieutenant extolling his impartiality in the matter of nominations to the Magisterial Bench, I, entering into the spirit of the joke, would with extended forefinger have touched him in the ribs and remarked 'Garn!' Had another foretold that, perched up here in the pen in Gallery over the Bar, grudgingly allotted to mere M.P.'s, I should see Mend'em or End'em JOHN MORLEY arrayed in the robes of a Peer, I should have resented unseemly jest. There are some things that should be sacred to the *sapcur* of humour.

dream? Are there visions about? Safer to go down to the Terrace, have a walk in the fresh air, and think of days that are no more."

Business done.—House of Lords meet after Easter recess. New Peers sworn in. CREWE makes first appearance as Leader of the House *vice* RIXON, not so young as he was. Pretty interchange of stately compliments between new Leader and Leader of Opposition. C.-B. not forgotten. The Lords coming late, with not less sincerity than the Commons, lay their tribute on the quiet grave in far-off Meigle churchyard.

House of Commons, Friday.—In spite of apt alliteration's artful aid. BYLES of Bradford not yet made a Peer. However, there's plenty of time before the Lords are disestablished. Meanwhile cherub-like, he sits up aloft on back bench below Gangway, and keeps watch over the PREMIER.

The latter in rather tight place. WINSTON, wooing the Irish vote at Manchester, made what he described as authorised statement of Ministerial intention with respect to Home Rule, which resulted in Irish vote, under pressure from headquarters, being polled for him. Unionists naturally want to know

exactly what this means. Are the Government definitely pledged to nail Home Rule to the Liberal mast at the next General Election? Or was WINSTON obtaining votes on false pretences?

A little awkward this for the PREMIER. In unskilful hands it meant either throwing over a colleague and setting up backs of Irish voters at pending by-elections, or pledging himself to course notoriously objectionable to important section of his Party. Conscious of JOHN REDMOND, in corner seat below Gangway opposite, intently regarding him, weighing every word that dropped from his lips, ASQUITH skilfully evaded difficulty. Open enemy

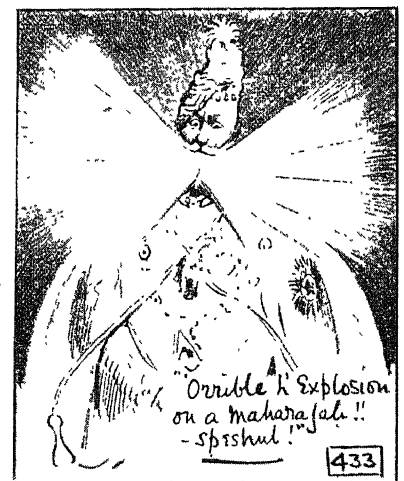
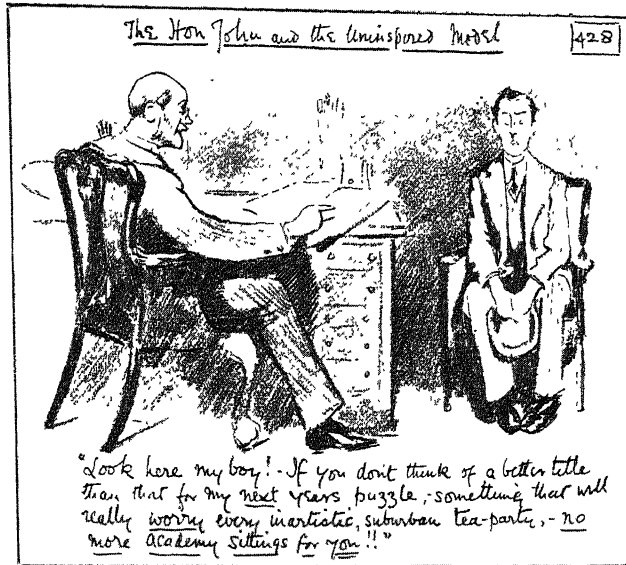


FREE LUNCHES?

Arrival of Lord Robert Cecil's light refreshment—a Titanic petition against the Licensing Bill.

"Either of these extravagantly problematical cases would, stated ten years ago, have been regarded as fantastic ebullitions of a disordered brain. What of realisation of double event? What of the spectacle of JOHN MORLEY, now Viscount MORLEY of Blackburn, on bended knee presenting his patent of nobility to a portly figure seated on the Woolsack in flowing robes, full-bottomed wig, just now quaintly crowned with three-cornered black hat, under which beamed the familiar countenance of the BOB REID of olden days, now first Baron LOREBURN, Lord High Chancellor? Shall I pinch the leg of Mr. CALDWELL, who sits near me, to see if I am awake? Do I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



driven back discomfited, up gat BYLES of Bradford.

"Is there any manner of doubt," he sternly asked, "that Home Rule for Ireland is still a cardinal point in the Liberal programme?"

A poser this. No beating about the bush with BYLES of Bradford. A hurricane of cheering from Unionists helped the flight of his dart. Surely PREMIER must answer "Yes" or "No." Either monosyllable disastrous.

Storm of cheering hushed. The Irish Members bent their glance with increased intensity on PREMIER. Slowly he rose and spoke.

"The opinion of the Liberal Party and of the Government on this subject was sufficiently and plainly expressed in the amended resolution to which we agreed the other day."

"Well played, sir!" murmured ALFRED LYTTLETON, instincts of the cricketer temporarily overmastering prejudices of the Party man.

Later in the evening the PREMIER had interview with the Whip.

"What do you think about North Salford?" he asked. "Is it a safe seat?"

"BYLES had a majority of 1,187."

"Hum," said the PREMIER; "and at Wolverhampton HENRY FOWLER's majority of 2,865 was reduced to eight."

GEORGE WHITELEY, who sees as far through a ladder as most men, fancies the Liberal minority in the House of Lords will not just now continue to augment.

Business done.—Second reading of Bill repealing Irish Crimes Act carried by large majority.

From a notice on the Piccadilly Tube:

"No person shall wilfully, wantonly or maliciously . . . remove any carriage using this line."

The culprit might make the feeble defence that he had removed it inadvertently, or in a sudden moment of weakness, but the strong arm of the Law would have him all the same.

WINSTON (to his Suffragettes). Down with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

THE DRY FLYER IN WINTER.

[Mr. Punch apologises to the Editors of *The Field* and *Land and Water* for trespassing in their special preserves; but makes no apology for publishing this article in May, since winter may return at any moment.]

THE Marshmag water is notorious for several large trout and a grayling or two that have never been known to rise to a fly; and added zest was promised to the day's sport accorded to us by the generosity of Sir BRUM HOGGENSTEIN, by the fact that no trout would be feeding at that time of year, and, if landed, would have

Fly man has recourse to drugs and dies insane. It also obviates the weary return home from the river, perhaps twice in a day, to fetch some necessary adjunct of the art which has been forgotten. How many a Dry Flyer has felt his joy turn to homicidal fury because he has forgotten his blotting-paper or his anatomical forceps! It is not necessary to give our list in full, but a few items will indicate our methods:—

46. One half-sheet white blotting.

47. Do.—do.—do.—pink do.

The colour used should contrast with the prevailing tone of the landscape to facilitate pursuit in a high wind.

53. One brace of flasks of paraffin. This should be "low flash" to guard against undesired fatalities.

107. Piece of india-rubber.

115. Adhesive gum in solution.

For affixing the india-rubber to the forehead, where it is always at hand except in moments of panic.

172. A flageolet.

We always take this instrument to the river to soothe and re-establish the nerves after a series of harassing episodes.

Blue spectacles, deer's fat, gold-beater's skin, powdered snails' shells, vacuum pump, and so forth; all in accordance with the Dry Fly fashions for last season.

At four in the morning we are up, and after a hasty breakfast—the only kind of breakfast, be it said, the Dry Flyer ever gets—we start for the river at 8.37 of the clock, merrily

trundling our hand-cart, without which, and in the absence of a brace of caddies or half a brace of railway porters, we suffer from reduced vitality on arrival at the river bank. And here something may be said of the flask and the sandwich-case. . . .

It is a glorious morning. The sharp frost of the previous night has not yet begun to yield to the pale rays of *Phœbus*—ahem! . . . At last we arrive at the spot we have selected for an initial cast. . . . In little over an hour and a quarter, thanks to the careful preparations of the night before, we are ready. Taking the rod grasped in the hand. . . we advance with extreme caution to the bank. Not a ripple disturbs the



"LOOK, DADDY, LOOK! AIN'T THERE A LOT OF 'EM IN STEP?"

to be returned to the water as being out of season; while as regards grayling there were very few of them and it was almost certain the river would be entirely frozen over. We were therefore filled with the keenest anticipations by the difficulties before us, for under such conditions as these we might expect, with reasonable luck, to get a brace of excellent articles into the Sporting weeklies.

It has long been our practice when preparing for a day's sport to refer to a carefully drawn list of requisites and to tick off each item as it is stowed away in creel or hand-cart. This saves us from mental fatigue and preserves in us that elasticity of spirits for lack of which the Dry



Hostess. "I'M SO SORRY, MRS. SPOTT! I QUITE FORGOT THAT YOU TAKE ONLY MILK IN YOUR TEA, AND I'VE GIVEN YOU CREAM. LET ME CHANGE YOUR CUP."

Mrs. Spott (anxious not to give trouble). "OH, PLEASE DON'T, DEAR LADY PRETTIWELL. I DON'T NOTICE THE LEAST DIFFERENCE!"

surface of the stream; the river is locked in the crystal fastness of winter—ahem! A water-hen walking on the frozen surface takes wing with a cheerful note. A robin. . . A sparrow. . . A brace of dead worms. . . Now is an opportunity to test the Dry Flyer's proudest art. A preliminary cast shows we are standing on the line; a second that it is caught up on a button. At the third attempt the line floats out and the tiny Blue Upright settles above the water just behind that projecting spur of the opposite bank, where a good fish or two are perfectly certain to be lying. We picture the heavy swirl of the goodly trout that would rise to us if such were to be, and after a few more casts we wander up the stream, keeping well out of sight by crawling on the ground, and placing our fly with perfect accuracy in the alluring recesses of the banks. . . . At last we see a spot where *Phœbus' fires have thawed the icicles of winter*—ahem! The circumstance demands a supreme effort, and we draw off the longest line imaginable. Alas! before the fly can reach the water there is an ominous

crack at our ear and it is gone. No matter. In twenty minutes we have tipped our lash anew, dipped the fly in paraffin, dried it on blotting-paper, straightened out the gut collars with india-rubber, dressed the line again with deer's fat, polished up with shammy-leather, lighted our pipe, and are ready for a new attempt. Crack! Again the fly is gone. We are using such an incredibly long line that it is almost impossible to throw it without flicking off the fly. Soon all is ready again, and, after forty minutes for luncheon, the long line glides out straight and true. Was that a rise? It was not; but the suspicion makes our blood surge. Steeling our quivering nerves we make a new effort, casting $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the left of the point where we had seen what we judged not to be a rise. The Blue Upright sits temptingly on the water. It is the perfection of Dry Flyer's skill. We dwell upon the tiny speck fondly. We fall into a gloating ecstasy. . . . At last with a sigh we raise the point of the rod preparatory to making another cast. What's that? What's—Our heart has stopped! The line is

fast! It throbs! It yields and draws tight! We drop our pipe and it breaks! Oh, delight! No, it's a snag. We are fast in yonder bull-rush. But that thrill—that exquisite tug of the line, tingling down the rod to our very toes—these are delights that only the Dry Flyer knows.

And so the day wears on. . . . A gentle fall of snow powders the frozen river and *softly the moon appears*—ahem! Our day on the famous Marshmag water is at an end. And now, as we are about to turn homeward, the good fortune which sometimes crowns the patient endeavour of the Dry Flyer is ours. At our feet, frozen in the edge of the stream, lies a member of the finny tribe. He is a grayling, and such an one as had promised, had fate so willed, to become one of those "goodly denizens of the stream" of which we write so much. He is in perfect condition, weighing $9\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, and a trifle over when wet, and cannot have been dead many days before he was claimed by Nature's cold storage; and we decide to send him to Sir BRUM with a graceful note of thanks for the day's sport afforded.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVERY now and then, thanks to the mad Mullahs, our parochial intelligence wakes to the fact that there is a place called India (where the ink comes from), which has something to do with this country. Before our present lucid interval comes to an end and we return to our slumbers, I recommend everyone to read *The Great Amulet* (BLACKWOOD), by MAUD DIVER. I have not come across Mrs. DIVER's other book, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, but I am told that it is first-rate, and if the *Desmonds* are as pleasant in their own story as they are in this I can well believe it. In *The Great Amulet* they are only an attractive side-show. The centre of the stage is occupied by a gunner friend of theirs and his difficult but charming wife. As I make it a rule never to interfere between a man and his embittered half, I will only say that their reasons for deciding, on their wedding-day, to lead separate lives seem to me, from an artistic point of view, rather thin. Otherwise I have no fault to find with the structure or technique of Mrs. DIVER's book, which ends only when the happy couple, who, of course, meet again in India, have permanently fallen in love for the third and last time. But *The Great Amulet* is much more than a mere love-story in three parts. It gives a wonderfully clear idea of the difficulties and dangers, the heroism and self-sacrifice, and the fine romance of faithful service to both countries which are of the essence of the life of most English men and women who live in India. Next time I go down to Tilbury Docks to wave a parting handkerchief from that dismal tender, I shall think of Mrs. DIVER's fascinating book, and feel more than ever proud to belong to a country which produces the quite ordinary-looking passengers who crowd the sides of the departing liner.

You know the France that men call gay,
The *Entente Cordiale* France you know;
You've witnessed (from the train) the way
Her far-flung fields and orchards blow.
But would you fan to flame the glow
Born of this scanty passing glance?
Go, then, to Mr. PROTHERO
His book, *The Pleasant Land of France*.

Haply you've spent a fleeting day
Among the woods of Fontainebleau,
Where revelled FRANÇOIS PREMIER
And BATTISTA DI JACOPO;
Where DIAZ, too, MILLET, COROT
Painted the pomp of circumstance.
These fragrant names more fragrant grow
Read in *The Pleasant Land of France*.

By river, homestead, fold, café,
The writer takes you *en sabot*;

He walks a while with RABELAIS,
Smiles with the *gros rire tourangeau*;
SULLY-PRUDHOMME, GRESSET, HUGO,
Who wed new truth with old romance,
Sing for you in the puppet-show
That makes *The Pleasant Land of France*.

Prince, pauper, be you high or low
(MURRAY, the vendor, takes his chance),
Beg, steal or borrow, buy or owe
This book, *The Pleasant Land of France*.

Crossriggs (SMITH, ELDER) is a clever study of contrast between selfish natures and one purely unselfish. The story moves within the limits of a family circle. There is the father, Mr. Hope—"Old Hopeful," as he was known to his friends—beaming benevolent eyes upon the world at large, but a little embarrassing in a small household of limited means. There is *Matilda*, the eldest daughter, who marries, goes abroad, loses her husband, and after many years returns home, dumping a considerable family of young things upon an impoverished home. "Old Hopeful" rather likes this. It is good to have children around you: only as he never before earned a penny to meet current expenses he does not now begin. It is upon *Alexandra*, the younger sister, that the burden falls. Meanwhile "Old Hopeful" and *Matilda* support the situation with unflinching equanimity. A mere domestic story, you see; but MARY and JANE FINDLATER, working together so harmoniously that, save for admission on the title-page, dual authorship would never be guessed, tell the story very well indeed, lighting it up with many flashes of fancy and humour. One of them—I fancy it is MARY; girls named JANE don't



WANTED.

AN UMBRELLA WITH GUTTER AND SPOUT ATTACHED.

do that sort of thing—possesses in rich quality the gift of reproducing landscape with a few broad touches.

Letters from Queer Street (A. & C. BLACK), by J. H. M. ABBOTT, purports to be a record of experiences amongst the submerged tenth. The letters are supposed to be written by one John Mason, an Australian stranded in London, to his friend "Jimmy" at the Antipodes. John is having a pretty bad time of it, and he takes care to let Jimmy know all about his sufferings and his degradation. Jimmy, however, who is often invoked as "My James," does not appear to have been moved, though he was living in "God's own country," which in this case happened to be Australia. In spite of John's lurid language in regard to the iniquities of London, he leaves him to his fate, until on the last page "John Mason was found leaning over the last unfinished sheet of this letter. He lies in Waverley Cemetery, Sydney." We are thus led to suppose that Jimmy came to *Queer Street* when all was over, and to a certain extent made up for his previous neglect. It is not a very convincing book, and I do not quite understand why it was written.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Canadian Government is to invite a number of former Governors-General to tour the Dominion "in order that they may see how the country has progressed since they left." The compliment seems a doubtful one.

It is denied that the Franco-British Exhibition is to be followed up by a German Exhibition. As a gentleman from Berlin points out, it is unnecessary. Nearly every shop in London is already a German Exhibition.

"The Exhibition," remarked a certain distinguished visitor, "is as far advanced as any I have seen at this stage." We suppose this would be so.

To judge by the Directoire dresses which smart women are to wear this year Miss MAUD ALLAN will shortly be face to face with serious competition.

Meanwhile some people are evidently going further still. We have seen a circular, issued in connection with the forthcoming Chelsea Pageant Ball, which boldly states that at that function costume will not be essential.

In Paris a new Salon has been organised by the Society of French Poets, the object of which is to give poets an opportunity to recite their new productions to a mixed audience. It is curious, and something of a paradox, that this should be possible in a country where capital punishment has practically been abolished as being inhumane.

A volume entitled "Sewage Disposal Works" has just been published. Librarians, we fancy, will be grateful for this as a classification title for a certain type of objectionable novel.

"Drink freely between meals of pure water," says *The Family Doctor*. Well, when are we to eat, anyway?

Since Mr. Justice A. T. LAWRENCE, at the Cardiff Assizes, ordered the "cat" for men found guilty of robbery with violence, no such robbery has taken place in the town. This is no doubt due to a fear on the part of the criminals lest they shall become brutalised.

The party of Japanese tourists who visited the House of Commons were chiefly struck, it is stated, by the fact that many M.P.'s wore their hats while sitting in the House. This news has fallen like a bomb-shell

made of all the speeches of Members of Parliament, and that section of the public which likes to get value for its money is furious.

"Now that the time is drawing near when many fine bands will be playing in our lovely parks," says a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*, "would it not add to the enjoyment and health of the public if the audience were encouraged to sing during the performances?" The answer is No.

The Mohmands, *Reuter* tells us, have sent their wives and children to hiding-places in the hills. The men, it is hoped, will have their hiding in the open.

Two thieves who robbed the Baker Street branch of the National Provincial Bank took by mistake five bags of coppers instead of five bags of gold. It is, we believe, on occasions like this that new oaths are invented.

At the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition, the PRINCE OF WALES wore the uniform of a British Admiral. Very seasonable.

A "Salon des Humoristes" has been opened in Paris at the

Palais de Glace. The selection of the *locale* is peculiarly happy, for some of the artists, we hear, skate on very thin ice.

At a general meeting of the Pyecombe Golf Club it was resolved that Rule xi. should read as follows:—

"No person under the age of 18 shall be elected a member or introduced as a visitor or temporary member unless he is over the age of 15, and being a son of a member pays 15s for the Club year, or whether the son of a member or not is accompanied by a member and pays a fee of 5s. per day on Saturdays, or 1s. per day on any other day provided Rule xi. is complied with. The above privileges only apply to persons under 18."

By the time a father had mastered this his boy would be 19, and he would have to begin all over again.



Faithful Wife (unable to restrain her feelings). "FRANKIE, DEAR, SURELY IT'S NOT WORTH SPOILING YOUR NEW SUIT!"

among the little band of Members who thought they had impressed the visitors by their orations.

Old Age Pensions, it is now feared, will have an unpleasant effect on Centenarians. Hitherto these have been pampered by the public, but now the poor old fellows will undoubtedly be scowled at for scooping more than their fair share of the revenue.

Hundreds of ladies who have lost little pet mongrel dogs have been paying visits to Earl's Court to see the "What is it?" on the chance of its proving to be Fido.

The Government proposes to spend £12,000 a year in having full reports

OUR SO-CALLED OPENING DAY.

Cheerful holder of invitation ticket (after waiting in steady rain and a seething crowd at the Uxbridge Road Entrance of the Franco-British Exhibition, long after the advertised hour of opening). It's all right, my dear. I wrote and told Mr. KIRALFY that we were coming. But there's always so much to be done at the last moment. I expect he's busy starting the water-works and hasn't had time to take the hoarding down in front of the main entrance. But they'll be sure to bring some ladders directly.

Choir (delivering itself of the DUKE OF ARGYLL'S Inauguration Ode):

"Take our welcome, comrades all!
England's May
Greets you."

"Give welcome to France,
Jolly Britons, advance!"

"Jolly Briton" ("advancing," soaked and chilled to the bone, towards a group of policemen on guard at an exit in a remote part of Wood Lane, a desolate road in the wilds of one of the Home Counties). Can any one tell me where the nearest station is?

Constable. Where do you want to go, sir?

"Jolly Briton" (irritably). London, of course.

Constable. Any particular line?

"Jolly Briton." No, I don't care which. I just want to get away out of this beastly mess and clean myself.

American (to compatriot). That's so. It's right there that the Britisher has the pull of us. We can't run to ruins like these in a new country.

Genial Sportsman (scraping mud off his knees with a splinter of a loose plank in what is reported to be the vestibule of the Imperial Sports Club, of which he has the privilege of being a member). Very convenient, having a club like this to entertain in. Ought to be able to give you a sandwich here in a couple of months. They've got the roof on already.

Fretful Matron. Must we climb over all that rubble and stuff to get to the Stadium? I've ruined my new gown as it is, and ripped both my heels off.

Husband of above. Well, my dear, I thought you'd be sure to want to see the Finchley Harriers. You don't get a treat like that every day. They're going to run races as soon as the Stadium has got properly dedicated. I should never forgive myself if I let you miss the Finchley Harriers.

Paying Visitor (Lady). Who are all those gentlemen jumping into the water-tank?

Ditto, ditto (man). I expect they're the Executive Committee. You see, they wouldn't like us to go about saying we'd had nothing for our five shillings.

First Observant Female. I should think some of these rooms will look a bit brighter when they've put up a few of the stalls and exhibits and things. Don't you?

Second Observant Female (but less articulate). I thought there was something wanting, though I couldn't give it a name. Of course, I see now. It's the Exhibition that isn't here yet.

Chorus of Entente Trippers (to bewildered policeman). Pardon, Monsieur; mais nous venons d'arriver. Où est la sortie?

Reporter (phrasing his periods for a paper in which the Exhibition authorities advertise lavishly). To one who has not visited the superb pleasantries of the Franco-British Exhibition since yesterday, it seems past belief that all this finished perfection of floral beauty, this iridescent wealth of gardens that breathe the subtle atmosphere of faërieland, should have sprung up in a single night. Truly the hands of genii have been at work here with their wands and wizardry; it is like a page out of the stories of Arabian Magic. (Heavens! where shall I go to when I die?)

O. S.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

[So far from the best British workmen being dead before they reach the Old Age Pension standard of 70 years (as alleged by the dissatisfied Labour Party), we now have it on high authority that much of the world's noblest work has been produced by septuagenarians]

Courage, mon brave! That, ARCHIBALD, is French; "Buck up, old boy!" would be a free translation.

*Once, eager as Achilles in the trench,
(That for the rhyme) with great determination,
And each his special aim,
Did you and I strive manfully for fame.*

*Once, like Achilles, as I said before,
You vied with me in strenuous toil, but lately
We've lost our (figurative) thirst for gore,
And seem content to look on things sedately,
And even, now and then,
Fancy ourselves just ordinary men.*

*We thought we might, at five-and-sixty years,
Approach the last and feeblest of our stages;
In fact we grew, depressed by foolish fears,
A little sensitive about our ages;
You winced when you were called,
With questionable humour "ARCHIE-BALD."*

*Courage, mon brave! (you know the meaning now);
The Star of Hope above us plainly twinkles.
I see the laurels on your lofty brow,
Ditto on mine, effacing all our wrinkles.
Yes, ARCHIBALD, I'll bet
A shilling that we do the business yet.*

*Do you recall how once an Editor
Retained your Sonnet for a week or longer?
Do you recall that match in which my score
Crept up to nine, and I was never stronger?
He sent you back your Sonnet;
I knocked the wicket down, and sat upon it.*

*But what's our failure here? (as BROWNING said);
For now no pang of disappointment lingers;
Although our hopes were pretty nearly dead,
We'll spread our manly chests and snap our fingers.
If the above be truthful,
We've only failed through being far too youthful!*

*When we are seventy! I shall smite with glee
Till I've made ten—my lifelong hope, as hinted;
And after years of waiting you will see
Your Sonnet to the Shades of Evening printed.
Be patient for a time,
We shall do wonders—when we reach our prime.*



WORKING AND SHIRKING.

CITIZEN SOLDIER. "NOW THEN, MATE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?"

LOAFER. "NOT ME. I LIKE MY LIBERTY. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY."

CITIZEN SOLDIER. "WELL, IT WON'T BE A FREE COUNTRY MUCH LONGER IF EVERYBODY GOES ON LIKE YOU!"



He (at end of fishing story). "MY WORD, IT WAS A MONSTER. 'PON MY SOUL, I NEVER SAW SUCH A FISH IN MY LIFE!"
 She. "NO. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVER DID!"

THE REAL REALISM.

(By Our Special Observer, author of "Things Actually Heard.")

SCENE—A Luncheon Bar.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Elderly Barmaid, Major Gold, and Alfred.

Major Gold (entering). Has my friend been in?

The Barmaid. He's only this minute gone.

M. G. Then I've missed him.

B. Yes.

M. G. It's a most extraordinary thing. He said he would be here.

B. He hasn't been gone more than a minute. You must have passed each other.

M. G. Isn't that extraordinary? You wouldn't think it possible. There's no place like London for missing people.

B. So near and yet so far.

M. G. (laughing). By Jove, yes. He must have gone one way just as I came in the other. I told him I should be here too. He ought to have waited.

B. Of course he ought. I can't think why he didn't.

M. G. I suppose he's gone to the

club. The rum thing is I've just come from the club, but I didn't meet him. Isn't that strange?

B. He must have gone by another way.

M. G. Yes, by Jove! But isn't it extraordinary, missing anyone just by a minute like that? I had seen him earlier in the morning too, and he said he'd have to lunch here. I suppose he had some lunch?

B. Oh, yes, he had some plovers' eggs and sandwiches, and a whisky and soda.

M. G. He did, did he? And all before I came in. He must have had them pretty quick too. I can't think how I missed him.

B. He went out just before you came in. Not a minute, was it, ALFRED?

Alfred. No, miss, not a minute.

B. He said he wondered why you didn't come.

M. G. Oh, he said that! Well, I think he might have waited. I came along as quick as I could; and one can't be quicker, can one?

B. (laughing heartily). You're right.

M. G. London really is a wonderful

place. You can miss people by a second. They're round the corner, and you're done.

[The telephone bell rings.]

Alfred (at the telephone). Are you Major GOLD?

M. G. Yes.

Alfred. I think this is your friend. (To telephone.) Yes, Major GOLD is here. Yes, yes, yes. (To Major GOLD.) It's Mr. SALTER. He says will you come down to the club?

M. G. Tell him I will. Tell him I must have missed him here. Say I'm having a very delightful lunch and talk, and will be down directly.

[ALFRED does so.]

M. G. (later, to Barmaid). Well, good morning. I shall go down to the club, and find out how it was I missed him.

B. Good morning.

"Of course, the old-age pension is not equitable. A poor deserving woman will be deprived of the little income from the State because he or she is not poor enough or old enough."—The Western Morning News.

Wait till Woman has the Vote, and then she or he will put all this right.

'ADONAI'S.

[The extinction of the Sea-elephant (*Macro-rhinus angustirostris*) is now said to be complete. A few specimens have, however, been secured for museums.]

NEVERMORE shall Amphitrite
Fondle that beloved snout,
Fallen, fallen are the mighty,
Behemoth has just pegged out!
Nereid nymphs, what were ye doing
When some sealer pinked his side?
Heard ye not a voice hallooing
When the local Hathi died?

In what wave-engirt arena,
Where, I think, his playful feats
Charmed the sirens, has there been a
Falling-off of gate-receipts?
In what weed-embroidered pleasance
Does the lonely merchild weep,
Orphaned by the obsolescence
Of that Two-tails of the deep?

Louder, though, than all the dirges
Over *Macrorhinus* dead,
There beneath the dark-blue surges
Where he lived and loved and wed,
Greater than the grief of ocean,
Where the sea-mews mop their
eyes,
Was the present bard's emotion
When he heard of that demise.

Never to have heard him trumpet,
Never to have cast him cakes,
That, though I must strive to lump it,
That is where the anguish aches.
Down the pathway dim and dusty
He was snatched to Hades' thrall,
Ere they told me that *Angustirostris* ever lived at all.

Still there is a term to weeping,
And, although I missed his bloom,
Doubtless I shall see him sleeping
Sometimes in a glassy tomb.
Also I have lately cherished
In my heart a sanguine glow:
When they say his tribe has perished,
Do these *savants* really know?

What if in some coral antre
Proteus, BARNUM of the blue,
Where the tame sea-horses canter,
Keeps a docile mammoth too?
What if with his noblest feature
Round some ocean-dainty linked,
He survives, deluded creature,
Unaware that he's extinct?

"One member of the M.C.C. team resembled a Triton among the minions."—*Yorkshire Post*.
Seven minions for 44 was HAIGH'S analysis in this match.

"At Carnarvon, on Saturday, a man was fined the ridiculously small penalty of twenty shillings and costs for selling water as milk."
Cambrian News.

No punishment would have been too severe for such a heartless deception.

LONDON LETTERS.

VI.

DEAR CHARLES,—Are you coming up to town this month? If you do we will make a journey into Shepherd's Bush together, and see the Exhibition.

I am afraid I have been doing Shepherd's Bush an injustice all these years. JOHN and I once arranged a system of seven Hells, in which we put all the men we hated. Nobody known personally to either of us was eligible (which may have saved you, dear CHARLES), so that they had to be filled with people in the public eye. The Seventh Hell contained two only. One a Socialist, who is thought a good deal of—by himself, I mean; the other a Novelist who is always writing about Duchesses' children. The punishment for this class was simple; perpetual life in an open boat on a choppy sea, smoking Virginian cigarettes. JOHN's idea chiefly, he being a bad sailor. The doom decreed for the unfortunates in the Fifth Class—now I am coming to the point of this reminiscence—was more subtle; they had to live at Shepherd's Bush, and go to *The Chinese Honeymoon* every afternoon.

There were four men in the Fifth Class. Three of them we need not bother about, but the latest arrival was a certain headmaster who advertised a good deal. One day we met somebody who knew him well. We broke the sad news to him gently, and he was much distressed about it. He asked if there was any hope. We replied that if his friend turned over a new leaf, and kept his name out of the papers for a bit, he might in time be promoted into the Fourth Division—where you had mutton sandwiches for lunch every day and read *The Daily Mirror's* cricket notes. He was so glad to hear this that he made us promise to let him know when any such step was meditated. Accordingly, after a month of perfect quiet on the part of the learned gentleman we sent his friend a telegram: "EDWARD left Shepherd's Bush by the nine o'clock steamer this morning."

And now it looks as though the Bush were much more of a place than we thought.

Every week or so I have an inspiration; and I had one yesterday, when the thought struck me suddenly that it would be a good idea to buy some post-cards. You get them at the post-office—six stout ones for ninepence. Oh no, that can't be right—nine stout ones for sixpence. I shouldn't think a post-card would

ever get too stout—not unpleasantly so, I mean; you hardly ever see an obese post-card. I don't believe I have used one of any dimensions for ten years; yet they are such handy things when you want to say "Right O," or don't quite know whether you are "very truly" or "sincerely." The post-card touch is hereditary. Some families have it, ours hasn't. But now it is going to begin. Tomorrow I buy as many stout ones for sixpence as they will give me.

Talking of buying croquet mallets and such—I went into a tobacconist's a little while ago (What for? Guess), and while I was there a man came in and ordered a pipe, two ounces of bird's-eye, and a box of matches. I wanted to tell him that you really required a rubber pouch as well, and a little silver thing for pressing down the tobacco. It must want some nerve to start straight off like that, especially at his age—forty or so. I am about to play golf seriously, and I shall certainly get my clubs at different shops; a driver at the Stores, a putter in Piccadilly, a niblick (What's a niblick? Anyhow, I shall have several of them, because of the name)—and several niblicks in Fleet Street. It would be too absurd to buy a dozen assorted clubs, one ball, a jersey, and the little red flag all at the same place.

Yes, I should love to come down and play cricket for Castle Bump-brook, and many thanks for asking me. I don't make runs nowadays, CHARLES, but if you feel that the mere presence of a gentleman from Lunnon would inspire and, as it were, give tone to the side, then I am at your service. (You do say "Lunnon" in the country, don't you, when you mean London? And you say "bain't" too. How jolly! "I bain't a bowler, zur"—and you pronounce the "b-o-w" as if it were a curtsy and not a cravat?) "Put Oi—" It's no good, I can't keep it up. Put me in last, and I'll make 3 not out, and that will bring me top of the averages. (If you divide 3 by 0 you get an awful lot, you know.) You have an average bat, I suppose? I like them rather light—or I would take the money; whichever would be more convenient.

I have just written myself a letter, pleasantly stand-offish, but not haughty. The reason is that I have my doubts about the post-office, so I am giving them a test. My address, as you have discovered, is an awkward one. There are nine distinct ways of getting it wrong, and most people try two or three of them. But the letters do get here eventually,

after (I expect) a good deal of sickness on the part of the postman. What I am beginning to wonder now is whether a letter with the *right* address would arrive; I fancy that the chief of the detective department would suspect a trap, and send it somewhere else. And as I am certain that I have never received one or two letters which I ought to have had, I am writing to myself to see.

It is a great art, that of writing nicely to yourself; to say enough, yet not too much. When JOHN was getting engaged he wrote to himself every day. Before he started doing this he used to spend hours sitting and wondering whether the postman had been. The few letters he had had from her came by the 8.30 post. At 8.15 he began to look out; nothing happened. An awful quarter of an hour followed. 8.30—no postman's knock; never mind, perhaps he's late. 8.35—well, it is rather a busy time; besides, he may have fallen down. 8.40—one ray of light left; he did come once, you remember, at 8.42. 8.45—despair. A half-an-hour's agony, you see, CHARLES. Then he thought of writing to himself in time for that delivery. The result was that he remained quite calm, knowing that the postman was bound to come. "Ah, there he is. Will there be a letter from her? Yes—no." You see? Your heart in your mouth for five seconds only.

I never saw any of these letters. But, knowing JOHN, I should say that at the beginning they were sympathetic—"Buck up, it's all right"; or hopeful—"Never mind, she'll write to-morrow." Later on they would tend to become cynical: "Done in the eye again. What on earth do you expect?" And finally, I expect, insulting: "You silly ass; chuck it." . . . Then, of course, she wrote.

Good-bye. Don't forget I am going to play for you. Would it be side to wear flannels? White boots would be a bit lofty, anyhow. I shall wear one brown pad on the right leg.

A. A. M.

"I should add that Liberals believe that with a better understanding of the Licensing Bill and a modification of some of its provisions it will not prevent anything like the trouble it has done."—*Eastern Morning News*.

If a man could believe that sentence, we believe he could believe anything.

"Directly after Hardstaff's defeat a wicket was again thrown away, and this time the man who was run out was the victim."

Daily Telegraph.

This looks like sound umpiring.



Financier. "SO YOU'RE THINKING OF PAINTING PICTURES? IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL PAINT LIKE REYNOLDS. THERE'S MONEY IN IT!"

Answers to Correspondents.

"WEARY WILLIE."—Your case is a very good one. You will be seventy next December. Your income, derived from your professional occupation as a tramp, averages 9s. 11d. per week. It is $4\frac{3}{4}$ years since you last came out of gaol, after serving time for a felony. You are not a lunatic, but in full possession of your senses, having never suffered from anything approaching brain-fag. Indeed, apart from an occasional burglary, you have never done a stroke of work in your life. You are, therefore, the very man for the Government's pension, and you have an indubitable claim upon the income-tax derived from the working community.

"OPIFEX."—You are not a genuine

correspondent, and I shall therefore not answer you. Another time you had better disguise your handwriting, and not make use of the headed paper of the *Punch* Book Club.

"CONSCRIPTIONIST."—Yes, we think you owe a deep debt of gratitude to those employers who refuse wages to their men while engaged in voluntary service in camp. They are playing your game for you in a most masterly way. And very nobly too, as they would be the greatest sufferers in the event of the failure of Mr. HALDANE's present scheme, with universal service as the only alternative.

"LADIES' KENNEL CLUB."—No, the water-tank in the Stadium is not intended to be used for the Olympic Regatta.

THE SCIENTIFIC PARENTS.

[Visitors to the Exhibition in Southampton Row, which was organised by the Sociological Society to teach parents how to select their children's toys, have been introduced to the toy as "a profound educational agency." They have learnt, *e.g.*, by means of graphic curves on scientific charts of pleasure, all about "biting and tasting plays," of "social," "individual," and "intelligent play," of "competitive" and "co-operative group games," and some have gone away congratulating themselves that they were born in the days when their own parents were not also Sociologists.]

JONATHAN PRATT at six weeks old
Was as healthy a babe as you could behold;
Pink and creasy and soft and fat—
A wonderful baby was JONATHAN PRATT.

JONATHAN's joy no limits knew
When they brought him a coral to chump and chew:
He grinned and gurgled in huge delight,
And chawed at the coral with all his might.
But suddenly JONATHAN grew aware
Of four keen eyes with a serious stare—
Four great eyes, round, grave, intent,
On poor little JONATHAN always bent.
Scared and timid the babe became;
He would not play at the biting game,
But dropped his jaw and his coral too,
And uttered a long and a loud "Boo-hoo!"

Months rolled by till the babe could crawl,
And bread and milk began to pall,
When one fine day they gave him to eat
Something sticky and red and sweet.
Laughed his dimples and danced his soul,
As he smeared his face with divine jam-roll—
Till, all of a sudden, he found those eyes
Watching him still in their solemn wise.
Scared and timid the babe became;
He would not play at the tasting game,
But dropped his jaw and his jam-roll too,
And uttered a long and a loud "Boo-hoo!"

Master JONATHAN, *et*at four,
Met with some nice little friends next-door,
And oh, with what glorious fun were made
Castles of sand with a bucket and spade!
Shouts of joy were heard to rise,
Till they all grew aware of those four great eyes
Fixed on them, solemnly taking note
How they made battlement, bridge and moat.
Hushed were the shouts, and the joy was killed,
For how can youngsters contrive to build
If you treat them as specimens that portray
The earlier ages of social play?

Master JONATHAN, *et*at seven,
Went to school, and he thought it heaven,
For here was cricket, and JONATHAN PRATT
Learnt to play with ball and bat.
Ah! why must father and mother itch
To study their boy on the cricket pitch?
Why must they want to observe their son
As he made for the school his very first run?
Cricket is rare, but it's not the same
If it's called a competitive ball-group-game,
And if your parents are watching you
From the sociological point of view.
Poor little JONATHAN PRATT grew pale;
The first ball carried away a bail.
He fled from the wicket in tearful flight,
And his taste for cricket was killed outright.

Weep, if you will, for the martyred brat—
But what of Mr. and Mrs. PRATT?
Fain would they study with chart and plan
The stages of play in the embryo man;
But though there's a will there is not a way
For JONATHAN mopes and he will not play;
He's thin and haggard, a mass of nerve,
Who simply declines to be placed on a curve.

THE SPOKEN WORD.

[It has been decided that, in future, the speeches of all Members delivered in the House of Commons shall be reported in full and without correction in the Official Report. We venture to give an example of the result of the new method. We have, of course, suppressed the speakers' names.]

First Hon. Member (perorating). We do not say, Mr. SPEAKER—at least Honourable and Right Honourable gentlemen opposite will do me the credit which I think I have fairly deserved, and nobody is more entitled to say that, for, I believe, it is acknowledged on both sides of the House—but what I do say, and I say it with a very firm and rooted conviction, a conviction I have entertained for many years, as a result of the investigation I have conducted on this subject for a long time past; and I should like the House to take note of what has been written on this subject by men so distinguished as Professor JACKSON and Sir WILLIAM BOOTLES, whose authority in this matter nobody can venture to contest. If the House, Mr. SPEAKER, has carefully followed the argument which I have laid before it they will perceive, Mr. SPEAKER—and this, after all, is the main point, though I am far from denying that there are many other points of equal and possibly superior importance. But that, after all, is not the question with which we are at this moment dealing, though on another occasion I shall be quite ready to state my opinion on it without any reserve, and it is for that reason that I now confidently support the motion before the House. (*Loud cheers.*)

Second Hon. Member. In rising, Mr. SPEAKER—ahem—um—er—to address a few remarks, Mr. SPEAKER—er—um—ahem—I should like, Mr. SPEAKER—um—or rather if I may say so, Mr. SPEAKER, I desire to preface the few remarks which—um—ah—if the House will grant me its indulgence for a few moments. (*Cheers.*)

Encouraging voice from the Irish benches. Go on, CICERO!

Second Hon. Member (continuing). I am well aware, Mr. SPEAKER, that such remarks as—erra—um—ah—which I am addressing—ah—um—are not palatable to all sections—

Voice from the Labour benches. Don't you mind our feelings, Sonny. We can bear it.

Second Hon. Member (resuming the thread of his discourse). The figures show, Mr. SPEAKER, that the Right Honourable gentleman has not only—er—um—ah—connived at outrages, but has actually been ignorant of their occurrence, which for a Right Honourable gentleman, erra—um—ah—in the Right Honourable gentleman's position—um—ah—is a most reprehensible position, I had almost said a thoroughly unsatisfactory position.

Encouraging voice from the Irish benches. That's right; you say what you mean.

Second Hon. Member (concluding). And much as I wish to speak with all courtesy—erra—ah—the Right Honourable gentleman, Mr. SPEAKER, has not acted in accordance with the high traditions—um—ah—of the office—um—erra—ahem—which the country has a right to expect.



GUNNING-KING

Mother. "JUST RUN UPSTAIRS, TOMMY, AND FETCH BABY'S NIGHTGOWN."

Tommy. "DON'T WANT TO."

Mother. "OH, WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE UNKIND TO YOUR NEW LITTLE SISTER, SHE 'LL PUT ON HER WINGS AND FLY BACK AGAIN TO HEAVEN."

Tommy. "THEN LET HER PUT ON HER WINGS AND FETCH HER NIGHTGOWN!"

AN ECHO OF DUNDEE.

[Dedicated, with profound admiration, to
Miss Malony (or Moloney?) of Clare.]

ELECTIONEERING ladies
My sympathy repel,
For politics a trade is
Sordid and fierce and fell.
And yet the application
Of wholesale condemnation
I bar, in admiration
Of her who bore the bell.

Some names there are that linger
Like jewels rich and rare
On Time's outstretched forefinger,
And hers will sparkle there.
For mightier than BONEY,
Or stout COLOCOTRONI,
I ween, is MISS MALONY,
The pride of County Clare.

Some play the pianola,
Some on the harp excel,

Some use the *mezza gola*
According to MAUREL;
And others tangle-tangle
The frivolous triangle;
But she preferred to jangle
The simple muffin-bell.

Mid markets marmaladen
Or blocked with bales of jute,
This unrelenting maiden
(Like Orpheus with his lute)
With frequent raid and foray
Still hounded down her quarry,
And never, sick or sorry,
Abandoned the pursuit.

Though, on the far Equator,
By lions undismayed,
The fiscal gladiator
Grew mightily afraid
Of Mad'moiselle MALONY,
And summoned, per MARCONI,
Full many a trusty crony
To come and lend his aid.

When crowds ran helter-skelter,
When missiles flew around,
She never sought for shelter,
But grimly stood her ground;
And dauntlessly debating,
Orating, imprecating,
And tintinnabulating,
All opposition drowned.

Then *slainté!* MISS MALONY,
To you I raise my cup,
You made old Caledony
Effectively sit up.
You popped up like a puffin,
And, spite of all his bluffin',
You nearly knocked the stuffin'
Out of the "Blenheim pup."

"Moffat golfers intended having a match to-day (Thursday). To-morrow (Saturday) a Moffat team will visit Dumfries."

The Moffat News.

This is carrying the Friday superstition to absurd lengths.



Artist (whose picture is not exactly on the line) "HULLO, COLONEL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR NECK? BEEN ROOK-SHOOTIN'?"

Colonel. "No, SIR. THIS IS THE RESULT OF TRYING TO FIND YOUR INFERNAL PICTURE IN THE R. A.!"

RULES FOR DINING OUT.

["When in Rome, do as the Romans do," is excellent advice for those who happen to be in Rome; but how about those who happen to be in London?]

THE INVITATION.

THE question whether you should accept depends entirely upon whether, if you go, it will cost you less in fares than it will save you in food.

Ignore any invitation which is not

accompanied by an addressed and stamped envelope.

ON THE DOORSTEP.

If there is a red carpet from the street to the door walk right up the centre of it. There is nothing like having one's money's worth.

When (if ever) they open the door ask if your hostess is in. If they say she is out, do not believe them.

Remove all valuables from the pockets of your overcoat.

IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

These things should be carried off with a bold face. Keep your hands in your pockets, therefore, and whistle anything that occurs to you. It is well to be considered non-chalant, even though you cannot pronounce it.

If your host instructs you to take his wife in to dinner there is nothing for it but to make a start with her. Your only hope is to lose her on the way.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Thank goodness that you are here at last.

Say anything, but be very careful what you eat.

When you at last succeed in getting the stuff into your mouth work your lower jaw up and down quickly, forcibly, and often. It is not wise to leave everything to your digestion.

Above all, do not go to sleep until you are certain there is nothing more to eat.

WHEN THE LADIES HAVE WITHDRAWN.

Again thank goodness that you are not a lady.

Help yourself and pass the bottle. Be sure, however, to replace the stopper. Otherwise the twopence on the bottle will not be returned.

Insist upon seeing the label.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AGAIN.

You are requested to proceed to your seat in an orderly manner, and not to loiter in the gangways.

If you have seated yourself next to Miss A. you must talk to her. This is, of course, your own fault; you should have seated yourself next to Miss B.

SAFE ON THE DOORSTEP ONCE MORE.

Examine your change before leaving.

Refuse to depart until you have had just one more drink, even if the butler murmurs in your ear:—"Closing time, *please*, gentlemen."

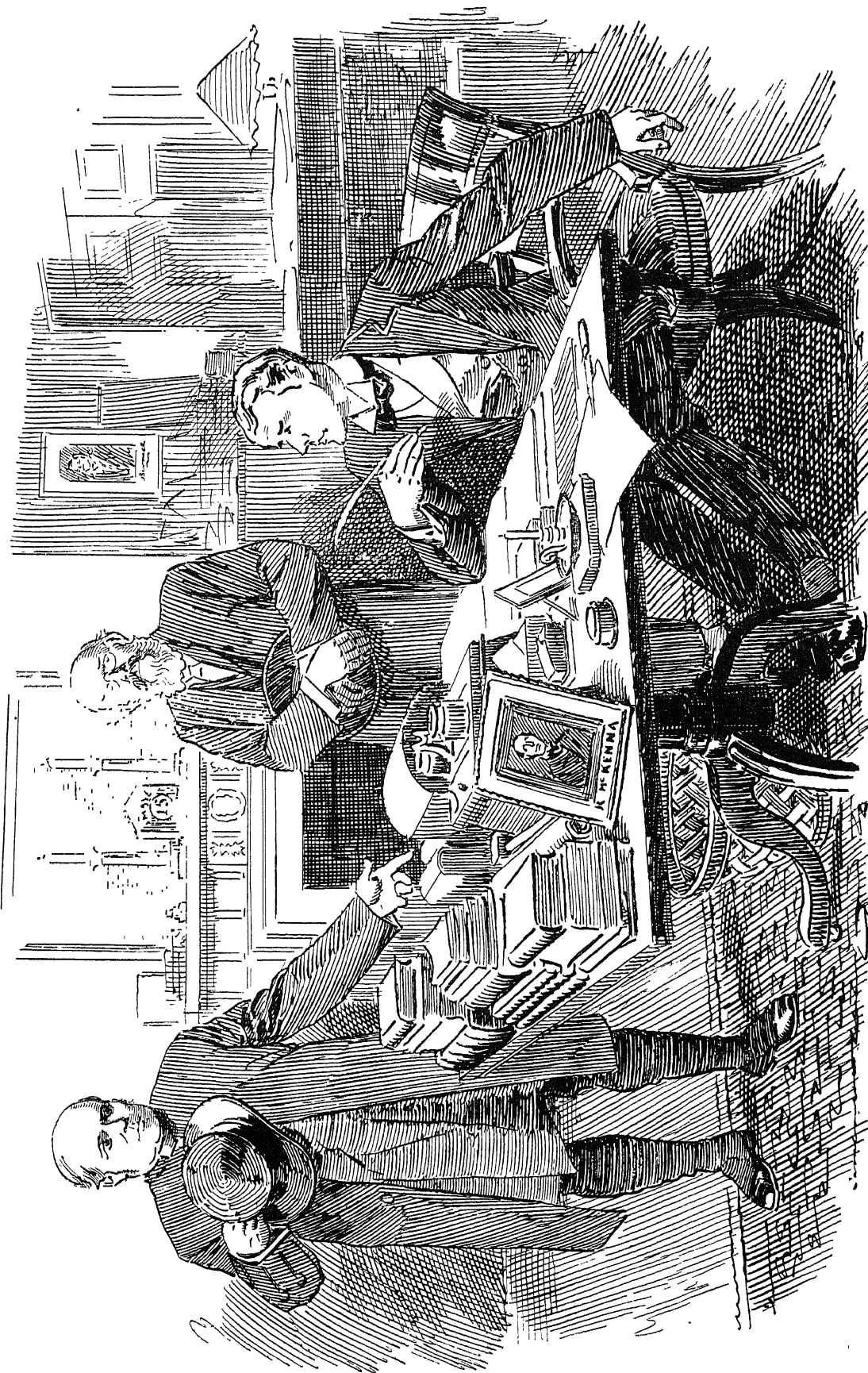
On no account tip this butler fellow. He is the richer man of the two.

If they threaten to call you a cab indicate that for this once only you almost feel inclined to walk. The tube station is first to the right and second to the left.

From the advertisement of a Bournemouth hotel:—

"Caution.—This Hotel is fully licensed, and situated on the East Cliff."

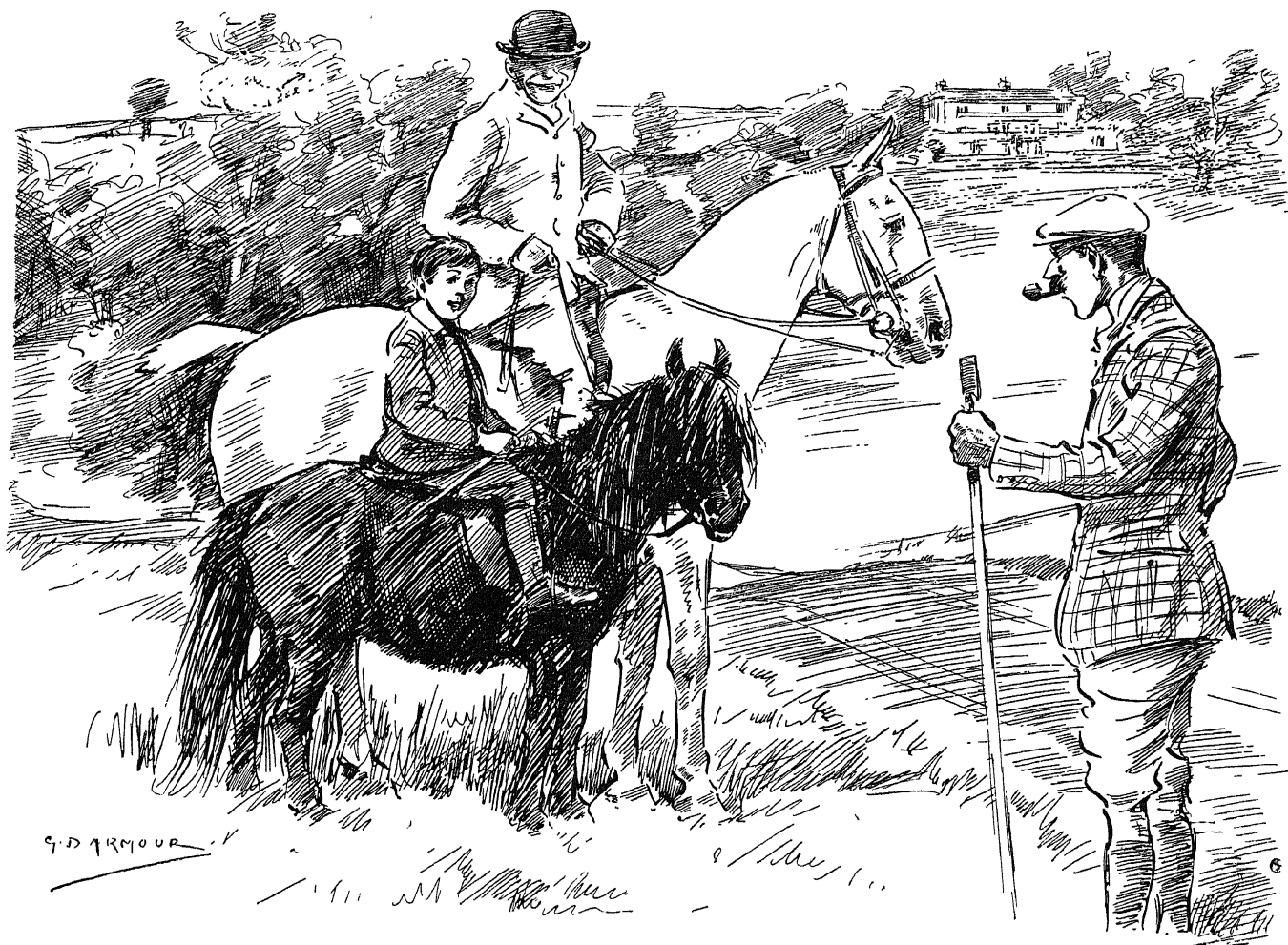
Truly a dangerous combination.



THE SIMPLE SOLUTION.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and Dr. CLIFFORD (*together—in new Minister of Education*). "YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE NEW TO YOUR WORK, AND YOU SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT OF OUR LONG EXPERIENCE. WE HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT IS BETTER TO SETTLE RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT!"

MR. RUNCIMAN. "ODDLY ENOUGH, GENTLEMEN, THAT'S THE VERY FIRST THING THAT OCCURRED TO ME."



"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY."

Father. "GOT A FALL, DID YOU? WELL, I HOPE YOU DIDN'T CRY LIKE A BABY?"

Son. "No, DAD, I DIDN'T CRY. I JUST SAID ONE WORD—THE SAME AS YOU'D HAVE SAID!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.—With present Government still in power, Captain CRAIG is prepared for anything. Have already suffered cold wet spring of unprecedented severity. Only this morning Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, turning over his blue books, came upon one testifying to the fact that in the year 1907, being the second of existence of Liberal Government, the birth rate was the lowest on record. It is a self-evident mathematical proposition that if this process goes on unchecked at by-elections the Englishman will in due time be as extinct as the dodo.

To depression of feeling consequent on these reflections came sudden discovery that the House of Commons was in the hands of the soldiery. What would be misleading affectation to speak of as "a thin red line"

gleamed in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. There's nothing thin about the Cameron Highlanders, at least not about the specimens on view to-day. A brawnier set of men never wore kilts. Captain CRAIG's keen eye, trained in the service of the North of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, noted that whilst this detachment of the Camerons was almost within sword stroke of the Bar of the House the rear was protected by another file occupying a Bench of the Strangers' Gallery. He further detected a lighting up of the martial eye of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE seated in mufti on the Treasury Bench. When it fell on the band of warriors in the gallery it flashed the light of battle. Almost imperceptibly, certainly unconsciously, N. B. H. squared his massive shoulders what time his right hand instinctively moved towards his left thigh in search of the accustomed sword hilt.

Had been announced that WINSTON proposed at the sitting to take his

seat for Dundee. Word went round that the warriors in the gallery were a body-guard that had accompanied the successful candidate on his journey southward. Was said that as President of Board of Trade advanced to take the oath they, on preconcerted signal, would spring to their feet, draw their claymores, and shout their battle cry. That, of course, would be distinctly out of order. But there are occasions when might is right, and what would the Serjeant-at-Arms be amongst so many?

Suggestions and apprehensions turned out to be groundless. The martial array in the gallery was merely a muster of the Cameron Highlanders, who, having attended the KING'S Levee, looked in at the House. They sat unmoved when, amid ringing cheer from the Ministerialists, WINSTON walked up to the Table escorted by the PRIME MINISTER and the Master of ELIBANK. Unmoved they remained when, the new Member being formally intro-

duced to the SPEAKER (who seemed to have somewhere seen him before), the jubilant cheer rang forth again, and WINSTON with characteristic modesty withdrew behind the SPEAKER'S Chair to escape further notice. Questions over they rose as one man, made sharp turn to the right, and marched forth, leaving behind no trail of blood or booty.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Universities Bill carried by rattling majority of 313. Promise of end to controversy that has rent Ireland for forty years, incidentally embarrassing, in one case routing, successive Governments. On introduction PRINCE ARTHUR warmly welcomed measure. To-night in his absence CARSON blesses it. Only the Ulster men, stalwart to the end, go out to hopeless divisions with intent to delay the Bill, since they may not destroy it.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Looking in on Lords to-night, the experienced eye recognised that one of two interests must be at stake. The Opposition benches swarmed with Peers. Ministerial ranks, though, as division when taken testified, they presented no appreciable increase owing to recent augmentation, were by comparison with ordinary occasions well filled.

What was up? Church or Land? Glance at Orders showed that business was proposal to go into Committee on Land Values (Scotland) Bill. Then it was Land. Figure long familiar in House of Commons stood at Table uttering solemn words of warning. Odd, when we come to think of it, that a statesman known to the Commons as ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS should, when he went to the Lords, retain in another form the saintly appellation. He is now Viscount ST. ALDWYN. This better, inasmuch as whilst it preserves old associations it is briefer.

For a while it seemed the majority would get rid of the measure at this midway stage. But there are more

ways of killing a cat than serving it up as rabbit pie. The night young; nothing to do till dinner dressing-bell rang; much better allow Bill to go into Committee, and then let these depredators, these confiscators of private property, breaking out in fresh place, be taught a lesson.

This course adopted. In Committee, with majority of 119 to 32, adoption of Act by local authorities made optional.

"Better have no valuation at all than a chess-board valuation," moaned the LORD CHANCELLOR, surveying with pained look his noble friends on left of Woolsack.

Peers obdurate. In the Commons Ministry might do mischief with

Sark, "is the presence of the Squire of MALWOOD. He lived long enough to walk up the floor of the House to introduce LOULU when he took his seat as Member for Rossendale. But at that time (four years ago) his party was still in the wilderness, and the opportunity of sharing in the loaves and fishes seemed yet far off. He had gone to another place before his big boy established the position of most popular of First Commissioner of Works, speedily leading to Cabinet rank. To-day there are once more two HARCOURTS in the House, as there were thirty-five years ago, when the Squire from the Liberal benches faced his brother, the Colonel, owner of Nuneham, a mute pillar of Toryism, seated behind Dizzy."

Business done.—Committee of Supply. All over by 8.20.

In the Lords Opposition slice up what was left of Land Values Bill. On behalf of Government CREWE declines further responsibility for measure. Crisis? Not a bit of it. Bill will be dropped, and next session we shall start a third time.

THE NEW RESTAURANT.

No sooner had the door swung to behind me

than I guessed I had made a mistake. But since at the last moment to change one's mind about a restaurant is fatal, I took a seat.

"Bring me," I said to the waiter, "a loin chop and a grilled tomato."

He looked at me with pity. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but this is not that kind of restaurant."

"Well, what can I have then?" I asked. "What is it? Is it vegetarian or is it corrupt? I mean have I got to have either cabbage cutlets or *caneton à la presse*? Have I got to spend a shilling or a sovereign?"

He pitied me again. "You've made a very natural mistake, sir," he said. "Our food wouldn't satisfy you at all. It's mind food, worked up into little messes. I know the look of the place is misleading, sir,"



How Winston *might* have come up the floor of the House—if a full use had been made of Sir John Dewar's colossal Cameron guests who flooded the gallery with unwonted splendour.

assistance of majority of two to one, occasionally of three to one. By majorities of four to one the Lords riddled the hapless measure, with pleased consciousness that no one, either in Scotland or England, could say they had denied it full consideration.

Business done.—In Committee on Scottish Land Values Bill.

House of Commons, Thursday.—LOULU and the Master of ELIBANK brought up new Member. It was ROBERT HARCOURT, who has held the fort at Montrose, lately abandoned by Viscount MORLEY OF BLACKBURN. Hearty cheer greeted the bearer of a name ever honoured in House of Commons.

"Only thing lacking to pleasure of the moment," said the Member for

SECOND IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



The Departure. This glorious and opulent work by Braugwyn has been inadvertently hung upside down at the Royal Academy, but it makes no difference whatever. For some unexplained reason it is also entitled "The return." (The Hon John Collins is much pained by this intrusion into his special department of enigmatic nomenclature.)

he added as I glanced round the room at the mirrors and lights. "They're local colour, sir. Like the candles in a church, sir, or the vertebrae in oxtail soup."

I nodded. It was perhaps as well, I remember thinking, that I wasn't really hungry.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "This is the new intellectual restaurant. It's not for honest tooth-work at all, it's for ideas. No one wants ideas in the

ordinary way, but the governor, he thought, sir, that if people were invited to take them in the form of food they might be induced to absorb a few. Eating's very popular, sir."

"You don't call this eating?" I said.

"They do," he replied, indicating the other diners. "High thinking and messy feeding are supposed to go together, sir."

I looked at them. They were read-

ing as they ate, many of them, and even making notes. Some were talking earnestly. There was no laughter. "I wonder what SHAKESPEARE ate?" I remarked.

"Roast beef, sir," he said in a whisper. "But they don't think much of him here. They know better than that."

"There don't seem to be many dishes," I said, looking down the menu.

"No, sir," he said. "There used to be more, but they're off now. Customers choose very much the same things as each other. We have fashions the same as milliners do?"

"What's the popular dish just now?" I asked.

"Many gentlemen nowadays begin with a little Clear Shaw," he said. "Some end with it too."

"Yes," I said, "and what else?"

"A few gentlemen take Zarathustra mince," he said.

"Any *hors d'œuvre*?" I asked.

"We keep a few Kick Shaws," he said. "The Smoked Symons isn't bad, but there's very little sustenance to it, if I may use the word, sir."

"Is there anything ready?" I asked.

"The Gicasée * of Mutton and the Clear Shaw are always the readiest," he said.

I did not seem to want either, and so looked down the menu again. "Purée of To-morrow—what is that?" I asked, as I read.

"It's rather popular," he replied.

"A little indigestible perhaps."

"Charlotte Russe?" I inquired.

"A la Tolstoi," he said. "A very primitive and homely dish."

"Baked Reich Pudding. Is that nice?"

"It's not very good," he said; "but there was rather a run on it a little while ago, but now they go in for Chesterbel pudding or Minx pies."

"Anonymous Pudding—what's that?"

"That's a mistake," he said.

"It's really Benson Pudding. Too stodgy for our people."

"And what do they drink?"

"Water, sir, chiefly. We have our own Wells."

What I should have ordered I cannot say, but at this moment two young women came in, in dark-green clothes and *pince-nez*, and calling for the waiter they told him to bring a little of everything, and be sure it was hot. They then ate very fast, and began to talk volubly about sex.

At this point I awoke—tremendously hungry.

* Could he mean G. K. C.?—Ed.

"At 134 there was an unmistakable click of Robson's bat from a lightning delivery of Brearley's, and Worsley's gloves closed over the ball with a unanimous shout of 'How's that?'"—*Bath Herald*.

It would save some wicket-keepers a lot of trouble if their gloves would appeal automatically every time the ball hit them.

MORE FEMALE FELONY.

THE adaptation of *Le Voleur* had had so long a run at the St. James's that I was quite ready for another Lady-Thief, with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER once more as the harrowed recipient of her confession. *The Thunderbolt* is a very conscientious piece of work, but, apart from the rather commonplace business of the theft and destruction of the will (already accomplished before we arrive), it is really not so much a play as a collection of character sketches on the lines of a novel in dialogue. Drama, after all, concerns itself with action—pre-



Miss Mabel Hackney (*Phyllis Mortimore*). "I do hope you're not too shocked at my confessing to a felony?"

Mr. George Alexander (*Thaddeus Mortimore*). "Not at all. We have one of those thunderbolts every time at the St. James's. But of course I have to look as if I were a bit surprised and pained."

ferably the kind of action that goes on in character under the influence of circumstances and environment. It is not enough to portray character, though this is obviously necessary at the start, that we may know what we have to work upon; the real business of the dramatist is with its development. Now, if we may, perhaps, except the assumption of her guilt by the erring lady's husband, and the evolution towards a suspicion of generosity that takes place in the tough heart of the eldest brother, there is in this play no sort of development of character. Everybody's internal system remains stationary. After the first half-hour, spent in the introduction of a group of personalities well enough differ-

entiated, one finds that the sentiments and almost the very words of each character under changing conditions are just what one might have guessed they would be; and the chief interest that remains for us is to observe very respectfully the meticulous care with which the author maintains the consistency of his fixtures.

I venture also to think that Mr. PINERO was ill-advised in the choice of a title which, as far as the audience was concerned, could only represent the sensation of a few innocents on the first night. From that date onwards there could be no possible question of a thunderbolt.

Nothing so much marks the glorious upward movement of British drama as the change in the fashion of its curtains. To end an Act on a dramatic exit would in these days be a sign of hopeless banality. Thus Mr. PINERO prolongs the first Act to allow a butler to enter the solitary room and extinguish a couple of lamps. This may, of course, have been a subtle touch suggestive of bourgeois economy, but it was not precisely of the nature of a culmination. At the end of the terrible strain of the third Act, when Mr. ALEXANDER's exit threatened to bring down the house, the tottering fabric was sustained for some moments to allow scope for several rather cheap pleasantries which might well have been left to the imagination of an audience by this time thoroughly instructed in the manners of the *Mortimore* family. And in the last Act I thought the curtain would never come down at all, so many little anticlimaxes clamoured, one after another, for a hearing.

I have seen and heard Mr. ALEXANDER's performance praised as a superlative feat. Perhaps I sat too far forward for the right perspective; but I confess that his acting in the more tragic scenes confirmed my conviction that his true *forte* lies in light comedy. Miss MABEL HACKNEY began on so funereal a note that she scarcely left herself anything in reserve for her thunderbolt. She failed, too, and that was partly the author's fault, to win the sympathy that we were all anxious to lend her. There was not enough of human appeal in the vague motives that actuated her offence. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as *James Mortimore*, and Mr. BEVERIDGE as *Elkin*, the lawyer, were really admirable; and to Mr. DRAYCOTT's *Colonel Ponting* I have pleasure in awarding a D.S.O. for his gallant efforts to relieve a very closely beleaguered house. Miss



Pompous Parent (fond of imparting information to his family). "ERE WE 'AVE THE OSTRICH. REMARKABLE BIRD, &C., &C. (Pause) SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT!"

STELLA CAMPBELL was a very gracious figure. She suffered, perhaps, from a slight taint of priggishness in the part assigned to her, as well as from a tendency to monotone and lack of suppleness; but her air of youthful dignity and aloofness and gentle breeding offered exactly the right contrast to the vulgarity of her uncongenial relations. If I went to this play again it would be for just the joy of watching her, and recognising certain little touches of her mother's fascinating manner. O. S.

"Thus the amount which the new Sugar Tax on large incomes was estimated to produce in the first year was £600,000."—*Irish Times*.

This gives you an idea of the luxurious habits of the rich, with their cellars of ginger-beer, and cabinets of priceless pear-drops.

A SCHOOL OF MYSTERY.

[According to *The Wizard* Mr. Maskelyne's Magic Circle aims at establishing a university for the study of magic.]

Honour Mods. Examination:—

1. Explain fully how a thing may be in two or more places at once. [Note.—Birds do not count.]
2. Extract a rabbit from the coat-tails to four places of decimals.
3. Reduce the above to a leash of guinea-pigs up the right sleeve.
4. State, within a yard or two, the possible cubic contents of a pair of hands after they have been conclusively proved to be absolutely empty.
5. Out of an ordinary silk hat are produced three cannon balls, six Chinese lanterns, two flower-pots, a parasol, and an assortment of flag-staffs. Give the size of the gentleman's head.

[Candidates will be required in the

course of a *viva-voce* examination to pick the examiner's pocket and then cause him to vanish.]

From the Editor's notes in *The Oldham Standard*:

"I am handicapped with this word; I will call them pigeons," said the Wigan Head Constable. The birds were petamigans, the spelling of which is often a test at 'spelling bees.'

We see, of course, where the catch lies; people would constantly be tempted to spell it ptarmigan.

"A sailor is a strange sea-beast. . . . He is never cold; he disdains the overcoat; weather apparently does not affect him. His clothes are extraordinary. He is also a man without ties."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

The writer need not go so far from home for his enthusiasm. There are lots of men walking about London with neither overcoats nor ties.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp (A. C. FIFIELD), by W. H. DAVIES, is a very remarkable book. I own I have no particular liking for the title. It is precious and affected, and harmonises badly with the style and matter of the volume itself. As a matter of fact Mr. DAVIES was never a super-tramp. He was a tramp with literary aspirations, and always at the end of every "beat" he had a vision of himself sitting at ease under his own vine and fig-tree, and composing great poetry to please himself. However, I suppose the "super" is intended as a gratification for Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who has written a preface to the book in his "well-known manner"—the words are his own. I have never in all my life come across so calm and at the same time so candid a narrator as Mr. DAVIES. With the utmost unconcern, though in admirably well-chosen language, he lays before his readers the story of his turbulent childhood, his youth, and his manhood. He organised a gang of boy bandits, stole confectionery and groceries, and having been captured was sentenced to twelve strokes with a birch rod, which he duly received. Later he turned tramp, not because he was unable to work, but because he did not want to work. He travelled over the greater part of the United States and England by road or by rail, associated with the queerest companions, and endured intolerable hardships. Finally, a railway train severed his foot from his leg, and brought his career as a tramp to an end. He is now the author of two volumes of poetry, and of the present book, in which he tells the story of his wanderings. Mr. DAVIES has a keen eye for character. He indulges in no high-flown language or maudlin introspection. Ruthlessly, but with perfect lucidity, he describes himself, his companions, and his adventures from the outside. It is a deeply interesting record, marred only by a few split infinitives.

Arms and the warrior I sing,
And those who like the strain should fill an
Indolent hour with studying
The Story of the Guides (MACMILLAN).

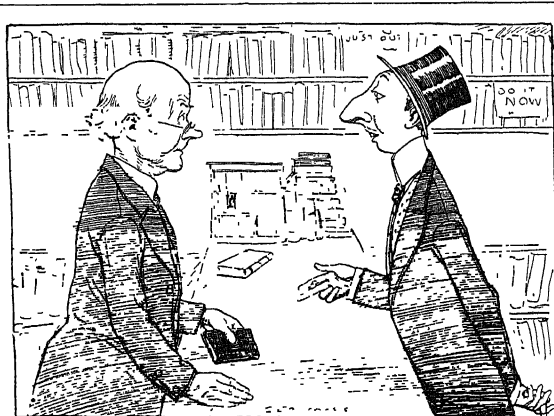
Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND shows the Corps
Established, winning fame, and growing—
Taking a hand in every war
(And India's had no lack) that's going.

There's stuff throughout the book to set
The nerves of subalterns a-quiver,
And make the half-pay man forget
Awhile his Anglo-Indian liver.

No writers, whether of history, poetry, or romance, can feel, I imagine, that they have treated themselves fairly until they have had a fling at NAPOLEON. Some of them admire, and some condemn; but Mr. H. C. BAILEY is one up on most of his predecessors, for he can

find nothing but pity for the Corsican adventurer. In *The God of Clay* (HUTCHINSON) we are introduced to ever so many people: aristocrats, *sansculottes*, Jewish financiers, English spies, an Irish monk with a donkey, and a Levantine buccaneer with a beautiful daughter; and one and all despise this thinker in Continents who has no time for the real business of life, which is obviously love. Where would the novelist be if it were not so? Ranging himself therefore on the side of the ANTONIES (MARK and HOPE), Mr. BAILEY has written a series of dramatic and romantic episodes which are very delightful to read, and not importunately true to historical fact. I became a little tired of descriptions of the hero's features (I must have seen a picture of them somewhere), but Mr. BAILEY's style is most refreshing, and several of the subordinate figures in the book, notably Barsac and Mr. Waring the midshipman, are quite irresistible. Insular pride is also abundantly satisfied by the complete humiliation of BONAPARTE before Jerry Wild, and the triumph of sentiment over sordid ambition. Rule Britannia!

If I were in love and the object of my affections would not or could not reciprocate them because she lacked



"I WANT A BOOK CALLED 'HOW TO THINK'—FOR A FRIEND"

"the marriage sense," I should leave her in the capable hands of Father Time. He knows better than I how to bring foolish young women to their senses. Certainly I should not ask anyone else, not even mine own familiar friend, to endeavour to "open her heart" (for all the world as if it were a sardine-tin), and expect him, if he succeeded, to retire in my favour. I have a feeling that the scheme, though ingenious, would not work. It would inevitably be my obliging friend who would lead the lady to the altar, while I proceeded with shame

to take a back seat. This is just what happens in *The New Galatea*, and Mr. SAMUEL GORDON, the author, apparently recognising that his original lover is a little wanting, is careful to explain that his father had died in a lunatic asylum. However, after *Galatea* marries the friend the story gains in strength what it loses in originality. At first she is a wife in little more than name. Her unopened heart is still a block of virgin marble. But you know that this cannot last. In due time she will fall in love with her husband when it is almost, but not quite, too late, and will pass through as many bad quarters of an hour as she has given him before they reach true connubial bliss and the end of the book. Messrs. GREENING, the publishers, are of opinion that Mr. GORDON "handles a theme which in its boldness is reminiscent of the most advanced Continental writers with a delicacy which cannot offend even the most Puritanical taste." Certainly I found nothing here to raise a blush on my own cheek, but then, perhaps, my innocence has suffered more than that of Messrs. GREENING from excursions into foreign literature.

From a Cairo Parish Magazine:—

"The Debating Society met twice during the last month. On April 23rd, Mr. Robinson advocated Female Suffering."

Poor Mr. ROBINSON. Nobody loves him.

CHARIVARIA.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR unveiled last week a statue of WILLIAM THE SILENT, who, we imagine, was with marvellous foresight so called to distinguish him from the KAISER, who made a speech even on this occasion.

The KING OF ITALY, it is now said, has given his consent to the betrothal of the Duke of the ABRUZZI and Miss ELKINS, but the engagement is to remain a secret a little while longer.

The Registrar-General's return for the first quarter of this year shows a distinct rise in the birth-rate. We attribute this to the rush for Old-age Pensions.

The Mayor of CAMBRIDGE has received the sum of one pound as conscience money from one who participated in the rags of November, 1905, when so much damage was done. This tends to bear out what we are so often told, namely, that as good hearts may beat beneath rags as behind fine silks and satins.

The Northampton Herald, in describing a meeting held to protest against the Licensing Bill, says of the speeches:—"It was possible to appreciate the many effective points, even though the exact words did not reach the ear of the listener. Enthusiasm and interest were always at a high pitch." This must have been so.

A School for Mothers has been inaugurated at Fulham, and the children are hoping that the classes will be held, not in the evening but in the day-time, when mothers are such a nuisance fussing about and interfering.

A German named NIEDEBAND married his wife's sister. She died last

spring, and now he has married the mother of his two previous wives. This, we suppose, is what is known as a Family Man.

Now on view at Shepherd's Bush: The Frankly-Unfinished Exhibition.

It is proposed that, with a view to reminding the French nation of the dangers of a dwindling population, the national motto shall be changed to "*Liberté! Egalité! Maternité!*"

At the fête in aid of the funds of

"In music," says *The World's Work*, "what we have chiefly to learn from Germany is how to listen." The behaviour of the average Englishman when a German band begins to play in his street would seem to point to the correctness of this remark.

Observant persons claim to see already a reaction against motoring. Certainly in Ireland there has been a recrudescence of cattle-driving.

"Intending competitors should, however, remember that there are two ways of throwing

the javelin—the free style, in which any hold is allowed, and the Athenian style, which nobody seems yet to fully understand."—*Daily Mail*.

"Sorry," you say to the umpire when you catch him in the wind or split his infinitive, "but that was the Athenian style."

The Real Herbert Spencer.

"That he had a sense of humour is shown repeatedly in this biography, and he always loved a hearty laugh."

Daily Dispatch.

"In brief, he was wholly devoid of humour. He could not laugh at the trivial forms of life."

Daily Mail.

This, then, settles the question of his humour.

"Dr. Duncan can say some things for Spencer that he could not say for himself—that he was kindly

and amiable at heart, that he had a deep and sincere affection for his father, and so forth."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Let us believe the best. Perhaps Dr. DUNCAN could have said all this for himself, but didn't think he ought to.

From an advertisement in *The Northern Whig*:—

"La Milo, the Inimitable, covered with fresh glory."

So now nobody can object.

"Solicitor, 16 yrs.' standing, going Australia for health."—*Glasgow Herald*.

He might try sitting down on the voyage out.



New Curate. "How's your wife, Jabez?"
Jabez. "'ER's VERY DOUBTFUL, MEASTER. 'ER DOUBTS AS 'ER WON'T GET BETTER, AND OF DOUBTS AS 'ER WULL."

St. Mary's Hospital a number of dangerous microbes were on view. We understand that a proposal that these should be let loose among the visitors unless the sum required for the Hospital were subscribed within ten minutes was vetoed by old-fashioned members of the Committee.

A Parisian gambler, it is stated, who had won £7,000 at the tables, was robbed of the money by two men, who then threw him into a lake. While we have no wish to mix ourselves up in the affair we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that it was too bad to have thrown the gentleman into the lake.

THE TOCSIN TREATMENT.

[THE PRIME MINISTER has capitulated to the Bell of Dundee. He has promised a negative support to the claims of the Suffragettes on the eve of dissolution, whenever that deplorable contingency occurs. The subsequent raid on Downing Street proves that the militant party is not satisfied with the terms of his surrender.]

Ring forth, wild bell, your lethal note!
Where'er a Liberal opes his lung,
Let go your clapper, loose your tongue,
And paralyse him in the throat!

Ring forth the old Dundee alarm,
The muffin-peal's importunate yelp;
Ring till the ringer cries for help,
Having the cramp all up her arm.

Behold the downy ASQUITH-bird
Is sworn to pipe a favouring tune,
When he delivers, late or soon,
His final music long deferred.

Meanwhile, till that elusive swan
Consents to speed his parting breath,
Give him no peace this side of death,
But just keep on, and on, and on.

Ring out the age of wordy strife,
Of argumental equipoise;
Ring in the rule of simple noise,
Ring in the ampler louder life.

Ring (as I said and still repeat),
Whether you sound a lonely knell
Or in conjunction with the bell,
At No. 10 in Downing Street.

Ring out the tyrant gods of tin,
Whose feet are on our gallèd necks;
Ring out the man, the futile sex,
And ring the Larger Female in.

O. S.

ON LETTING A CARAVAN.

LETTER No. I.

MRS. ANDREW MCGUPPIE would be glad to have particulars of Mr. BROWN's caravan. A friend showed me your advertisement. Please send *full* details. And what about the horse? It really seems an ideal holiday. She would like to have a reply from Mr. BROWN by return of post. And is it watertight? I want you to send *lowest* terms.

LETTER No. II.

DEAR SIR,—I feel I really must write to thank you for introducing me to caravanning. Your letter was most interesting, and I am sure that it is an ideal holiday, and such a nice way of seeing the country. My husband and I feel that we simply *must* go caravanning this summer. We are not quite sure about the date, but would you please reserve the caravan for us from August 15 to 19, unless one of them is a Sunday? My husband has such strong views; and we think Lowestoft would be a nice place to start from. My brother (did I mention that he would be of the party?) is so fond of that part of Westmorland. Will you please have it sent there by rail? My little boy WILFRED will be four months old next Michaelmas. Do you think he will be old enough to go? There are so many things that I want to ask you. Of course my husband will cook the breakfast. He was in the Volunteers, and is quite athletic. He used to play lacrosse for Upper Tooting. The post is just going, so I must stop. Do write me *definitely*. We are

quite excited to think that we will soon be on the Open Road.

I am, yours in haste,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER No. III.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Thank you so much for the plan of the caravan. It looks perfectly fascinating, and I think it will be a splendid way to see the country. I am going to get a short skirt with a leather binding, and my Aunt (did I mention that she is going to join us? She hopes to come if she can get away; but she has a *very* important position in an office, and is never certain if she can be spared. I am sure that it would do her so much good, and she thinks it will be an ideal holiday), says I should have a strong walking-stick.

Now, my dear Mr. BROWN, would it trouble you too much to make some small structural alterations in the caravan? (We think "Boa-constrictor" is such a pretty name—so unusual.) For one thing we would like the beds in the kitchen. Unfortunately I suffer at nights from cold feet, and the doctor tells me a little drop of something hot about 1.15 a.m. is *absolutely indispensable*; and it would be so much more convenient to be near the stove. Then is the roof removable? My brother-in-law (did I say that he will be one of us?) has been advised by his medical man to try the fresh-air cure for his laryngitis. I know I had some more questions to ask, but I must wait till my husband comes home, so I shall post this to-day, and you can let us know *definitely* by Sunday.

I am, sincerely yours,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER No. IV.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—We are so disappointed and surprised that it would cost £8 to send the caravan to Lowestoft, and as you say the rent will only amount to £2 12s. 6d. we can perfectly understand that you do not wish to pay all that. It would be most unreasonable of us to expect it. Would it not be fair to both of us if you were to pay half of it?

Please let me know *definitely* by return of post. We are so much excited at the prospect of becoming real gipsies.

I am, yours very sincerely,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

P.S.—What do you mean exactly by the expression "brake"? These technical terms are so puzzling.

LETTER No. V.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I feel that I must not take up *too* much of your time, but I should be so grateful if you would answer one or two little questions before we come to a definite decision.

(1) Would there be room to take a mangle? Of course we shall do all our own washing. I think that is the charm of it—don't you?

(2) Do you think the under-gardener (we shall have to take him) would be able to drive the horse?

(3) Will you kindly put in a hassock for my aunt?

(4) Is it best to take the horse out of the shafts, if we decide to stay *several* nights in one place?

Please send me *full* details.

I am, yours very sincerely,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER No. VI.

Mrs. MCGUPPIE is surprised not to have had any reply to her last three letters to Mr. BROWN. I hope he will



A MODERN ST. FRANCIS.

[Lord AVEBURY'S Bill to prohibit the importation of plumage, with exceptions in favour of the ostrich, the eider-duck and also edible wild-birds, has passed its second reading in the House of Lords.]



TAKING NO RISKS.

(Preparations for our French Visitors in June.)

CAUTIOUS ENGLISH TRAINER, AFTER VISITING LONGCHAMPS, BRINGS BACK SOME DIRECTOIRE DUMMIES, AND TRIES TO GET HIS ASCOT CANDIDATE ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW FASHION.

write at once, as she will not be able to take your caravan unless she knows definitely by return of post.

LETTER No. VII.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—Many thanks for your letter. There seem to be a dreadful lot of difficulties in the way. I am afraid we shall have to give up the Lowestoft idea after all, but we cannot possibly start from Chester, as my cousin (did I say that my husband had asked him to join us?) finds the climate there too bracing. I think it is very unreasonable of you not to make the small alterations I suggested; and I don't at all agree with you about the sleeping accommodation. I am sure we shall all be able to crowd in somehow. Of course we shall be roughing it, but I think that is half the charm of it—don't you? It seems so difficult to get anything settled, and now the under-gardener has a dreadful cold in his head. But cheer up, Mr. BROWN. We shall get everything fixed somehow, and I know it will be an ideal holiday, and much the best way to see the country. We shall be perfect *vagabonds*.

Always very sincerely yours,

EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

(Seventeen letters and three postcards omitted.)

LETTER No. XXV.

DEAR SIR,—I see from your letter that you have made up your mind not to let me the caravan under any circumstances. I cannot understand why you are so inconsistent. You have wasted a great deal of my time. I think it would be best to buy it. What price would you take for the "Boa-constrictor"? (We shall of

course change that ridiculous name.) Please write definitely, and send full details.

Yours faithfully, EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER No. XXVI.

DEAR SIR,—We have given up all idea of caravanning, and are going to the Austrian Tyrol instead, as my husband is very fond of the sea.

I remain,

Yours truly, EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

P.S.—I do not think you can have seriously meant the price you mention. It's ridiculous. One could get a second-hand *dog-cart* for that.

TO ANY WOMAN AT ANY BOOKING OFFICE.

YES, Fate was more than commonly perverse,

For, knowing I had cut it rather fine,

To see *you* head the long impatient line
Was simply diabolical or worse!

Oh, what an agony I had to nurse

The while you learned your fare was one-and-nine,
And with the utmost calm began to mine
The dark, unplumb'd recesses of a purse!

The senseless porter slams the infernal gate,
And far away the laden train has roll'd.

You always do it, always make me wait

While you enquire: "How much?" and, when
you're told,

Fumble with copper if the sum be great,
And if it be but tuppence tender gold!

LOOKING AT THE GIFT-HORSE.

SCENE.—A walk in Kensington Gardens. TIME.—Any Sunday Afternoon.

Promenaders discovered in the act of making their first acquaintance with an equestrian statue by the late G. F. WATTS, R.A.

First Prom. 'Ullo. That's noo, ain't it?

Second Prom. Noo? No! Bin done these 'undreds of years, and more. Can't yer see 'ow it's weather-marked?

First P. Then 'ow does it come to 'ave "Thames Ditton" on it?

Second P. (taken aback). 'As it? (*recovering himself*). Oh, I expect they 'ad it put together there after it was dug up.

First P. Ah, that'll be it. (*They saunter on, satisfied.*) *Intelligent Artisan.* It's a fine thing enough; but what's it mean? I don't make out the ideer of it myself.

His Missus. It says "Physical Energy" on the front. That's the same as Strength, ain't it?

The I. A. Pretty near. There's no denying it 'ud take some strength to 'old a big 'orse like that, with both reins o' one side, too.

His Friend. I expect it's intended to repperesent the way they used to ride in those days.

The I. A. What days?

His Friend (vaguely). Oh, the days when there used to be that kind of 'orse. Afore sterrups was invented, or yet saddles.

The I. A. He's got towels or somethink to set on—leastwise, there's girths.

His Friend. Oh, 'e'd 'ave them. One of the Ancient Britons, 'e is (*with a flash of erudition*). Didn't wear no clothes, they didn't. Dyed theirselves blue all over.

The I. A.'s Missus. So I've 'eard. Though why they chose blue—which ain't by no means everybody's colour—I can't think.

The Friend. 'Cause it was the on'y colour they 'ad.

The I. A.'s Missus. Well, they must ha' looked funny in it at funerals.

Polly. I do call it luvierly, ALF—don't you? The w'y the 'orse is poring the air an' all!

Alf. (who is in an unresponsive mood). Don't see nothin' partickler luvierly abart it.

Polly. I like that young man on the 'orse's back. Ain't 'e got a nahce fice?

Alf. Cawn't s'y what it might ha' been afore it got pitted wiv small-pox.

Polly. Oh, gow on. You'll be gettin' jealous of 'im next!

Alf. Jealous! Of a bloke wiv a pair o' trotters on him like them? Not likely!

Serious-minded Wife (to Frivolous Husband). There's something so simple and noble about it. And then, DICK, what a lesson it teaches!

Dick. What lesson? Ridin'-lesson?

His Wife. DICK! As if I could mean that! You remember how fond he always was of Allegory?—you see it in so many of his pictures. Well, I believe that what he really meant this to suggest was our Will controlling and subduing our Lower Nature.

Dick. Daresay you're right, AGGIE. But I tell you what. If our WILLIAM don't look out he'll take a toss yet. Too bad to put a young fellow with so little beef on him up on such a vicious brute as that!

His Wife. And is that all a great work of Art has to say to you?

Dick. No, dear, no. I'm beginnin' to see his meanin' now.

His Wife. Then how do you interpret it?

Dick. Why, as I understand him, he's sayin': "Don't you worry, cockie, the old gee and I are much too busy giving our exhibition of Physical Energy to have any time for teachin' morals. So I'd advise you to take your little missis off to the Refreshment Place over there, in case her lower nature feels equal to subduing a strawberry ice." 'Pon my word, you know, that's not half a bad idea of young Physical's! What?

His Wife. I do wish you would be serious sometimes, DICK! Still, perhaps some tea would be rather—(*they depart towards the Pavilion*).

Mr. Ernest Pinceney (to his Fiancée, whose mind he is endeavouring to form). Now, FLOSSIE, you get the best view of it from where I am. Marvellously strenuous piece of work, isn't it? And the massive force of it! Eh?

Flossie. Oh, it's very nice indeed, dear. I quite like it. Only—

Ernest (encouragingly, as she hesitates). Yes. Don't be afraid to say exactly what you think. Only what?

Flossie. I never saw any real horse with quite so many lumps and folds in it.

Ernest. Ah, you mean the modelling is rather rough. But you should try to look upon it not so much as a study of any actual animal as an attempt to express the abstract idea of a horse in a concrete shape.

Flossie. I see. That accounts for it. I'd been thinking it was bronze.

A Dogmatic Critic. The fault I find with the horse is that the 'ind-quarters are gallopin' while the front part's standing still. Now that's a thing you'll never see 'orses do.

His Companion. You see it in those instantaneous photos of 'orses gallopin'.

The D. C. Pre'aps. That may be. But that ain't my point. Statuary ought to represent not what is seen by the camera, but by the ordinary yumin eye. If you take the ancient sculptors—

His Comp. I dessay. But what you've got to remember is that Art has made some progress since their time.

A Worthy Matron (as she approaches the spot). Lor, is that a drinkin'-fountain, or what ever is it?

A Well-informed Person. I did 'ear it was put up as a memorial to CECIL RHODES.

A Better-informed P. Pawdon me, you're wrong there. That's over in South Africa. Not to mention that RHODES was a much stouter man than the one on that 'orse. I expect that'll be the monument to KING WILLIAM THE THIRD. 'Im as built Kensington Palace there.

The Matron. WILLIAM THE THIRD? Oh, it can't be 'im. Without so much as a stitch on him!

The Better-informed P. It's what is known as a Classical Statue, mum. That sort don't, as a rule, wear much clothing.

The Matron. But not even a crown on his 'ed! I don't call that respectful to Royalty!

The Better-informed P. I don't say it's intended as a portrait; but that's 'oo it's put in memory of. I know from having read all about it in the papers. Presented to KING EDWARD, it was, by the GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Matron. The GERMAN EMPEROR! Then let's 'ope there mayn't be nothink beyind it! (*She shakes her head in dark distrust of the Argive gift*).

F. A.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

FASCINATING OLD-WORLD LORE.

NOTHING being of such interest to the public as the presentation of unimportant subsidiary facts concerning an important event or personage, we have been at considerable pains to collect information around Shepherd's Bush, the *locale* (as our gay visitors would say) of the great Exhibition, which some papers would have us call the Ententeries, a thing which it is earnestly to be hoped no one will ever do.

Why Shepherd's Bush? Who was the Shepherd? When did he live? Of what did his Bush consist? Was it a gorse bush or a holly bush, a gooseberry bush, or a Bull and Bush? Why had he only one? All these questions we are prepared to answer, having spent much good time in the British Museum up to our necks in research.

To begin with, here is the story of the Shepherd. His name might have been, but was not, Norval. His name was Giles. Later this grew into Giles Shepherd, owing to his interest in sheep, which he carefully tended day and night for a hard taskmaster. From a shepherd he became in time a flock owner, and his sheep grazed on the luscious grass between Notting Hill Gate and Acton, in the days when neither of those pleasure resorts had been heard of. For Giles Shepherd lived a very long time ago, ere yet old Dan CHAUCER had tuned his rathe pipe.

It is difficult to think of Greater London in Giles Shepherd's days. Imagine a green plain, broken only by gentle undulations and bisected by a bad road here and there. That was London west of the City.

Imagine it. No Tube, no buses, no miles of houses, no Ealing spire, no Wormwood Scrubbs prison, no Olympia, and, more than all, no Shepherd's Bush Exhibition.

And that brings us to an interesting point. Giles Shepherd, when in his cups, or rather flagons, for he put away the mead to some purpose, would sink into a trance, in which he could see far into the future, how accurately none knew then, but all may know now. It was in one such cataleptic swoon, dead, as a later sage has expressed it, to the world, that he dictated to a learned clerk who shared his potations the famous shepherd's rede, as it is called, in which he foretold that a time would come when the fields on which his flocks were then grazing would be built over, and would no longer be



LOOKING FORWARD.

A "PROBLEM" ROOM AT THE R.A.

fields, and that one day a white city would be erected in their midst, which would not be ready for the public until months after it was thrown open. All this did Giles Shepherd see in his dream, and all this was written down in monkish characters by his clerk companion, and preserved piously for our own eyes to rest upon in the British Museum.

Is not that an interesting story?

Giles Shepherd, we have further discovered, lived to a round old age, much respected by his sheep, and finally died, leaving a sum of fourpence to be spent annually in providing teetotal beverages to a hundred poor toppers. Money was so much more valuable in those days that the fund,

being never applied for, has swelled to enormous proportions, requiring a board of directors to administer it, and offices and a banqueting-hall to administer it in.

So much for Giles Shepherd, who gave his name to the district in which this wonderful embryonic Exhibition is now being held. No one can go there without thinking of his brave and useful life.

"But," you say, "what about the Bush? You have forgotten the Bush!" So we have, it is true. "Bush" was the name of his dog.

"Good all-round painter, glazier, etc., wants work, charge or otherwise."—*Evening News*.

"Otherwise," by all means.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ—NEW STYLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Always—as becomes a stalwart and up-to-date Radical—a diligent and devout student of the "Social and Personal" column in *The Daily Chronicle*, I have been much impressed with the note of lyrical ecstasy which inspires the writer in the discharge of his exalted duties. More than any one else he brings home to us the profound and welcome truth that to be a successful and shining Liberal it is not necessary to lead a life of Spartan asceticism and self-denial; on the contrary, that the votaries of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform lend fresh lustre to their cause by the sumptuousness of their entertainments and the splendour of their attire. Only in one respect, however, do these records of the strenuous opulence of our enlightened plutocracy admit of improvement. *Facit assentatio versum*. So noble a theme ill assorts with a pedestrian medium of expression. I am only too well aware that the following efforts are crude and amateurish, but if they serve, as I humbly hope they will, to stimulate the competition of *The Daily Chronicle* I shall not have laboured in vain.

Believe me to be,

Yours with profound respect,
TARLEY BINDELLS.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

A Brilliant Banquet.

Quite a number of dinner parties were given on Friday night,
And the stately halls of Mayfair were ablaze with electric light.
Baron DE BOODLE had sixty guests at his palace in Grosvenor Square,
And a bevy of lovely women and gallant men were there.
The hostess was gowned in crimson crash with quillings of peacock blue,
And her sumptuous *chevelure* was crowned with a sapphire barbecue.
The Duchess of HULL was frocked in pink with elliptical festoons,
And Lady DEPEW wore electric blue encrusted with macaroons.
Miss SYLVIA SLACK looked sweet in black, with insertions of piperazine,
And the Countess of Bow's tiara looked as large as a soup tureen.

High Life in Hyde Park.

The Park was remarkably full on Sunday last at Church parade,
And the Liberal rank and fashion threw the Tories into the shade.
Lord COURTNEY, in terra cotta, with a lovely Leghorn hat,
Had buttonholed Lord BELLOC for a theological chat.
Lord BERRIDGE was splendidly garbed in bronze, with marigolds in his hair,
And Viscount DONES with Lord HENRY JONES escorted Miss PHYLLIS DARE.
Marquis MASON, in silver tissue, came late with Sir LEONARD BORWICK.
And a group of Labour Members, in plush, surrounded the Duchess of WARWICK.

A Memorable Ball.

The National Liberal Club last night gave their annual Fancy Ball.

Ten thousand guests were invited, and few declined the call.

It was roses, roses everywhere, in clumps and clusters and bowers,

And the revelry was continued into the wee small hours. In deference to the Party's views no alcohol was on sale, But there were oceans of ginger beer, Jeroboams of ginger ale.

Lord HALDANE danced the two-step in an Archimandrite's habit,

And the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appeared as a wild Welsh rabbit.

Lord PERCY BUNTING was much admired in the rôle of ALLAN-A-DALE,

And I also noticed Lord BAMFORD SLACK in a shining coat of mail.

Lord PERKS, as FRIAR TUCK, was garbed in a lime-green cutaway coat,

With an ostrich feather ruffle encircling his manly throat.

Lord HEBER HART looked very cool as LEONIDAS the Spartan,

And Viscount BYLES, as Lord of the Isles, appeared in a lightning tartan.

Count FISHER UNWIN in blue batiste made a spirited GRIMALDI,

And Earl CHIOZZA MONEY was quite superb as GARIBALDI.

Lord GIBSON BOTT looked rather hot as a Finnish Duke in furs,

Lord HAROLD COX as *Valentine Vox* wore pink silk socks and spurs.

Sir SIDNEY LEE as ROBIN HOOD donned spats of Lincoln green,

And Sir HENRY COTTON as SHAH JEHAN wore Indian bombazine.

"VEX NOT THOU THE POET'S MIND."

SCENE—A room. *He, with his right arm in a sling as before, is pacing to and fro. She is at the writing table.*

She. Well, what do you want me to do now?

He. I thought we would try to do a bit of verse.

She. Verse! You can't dictate verse. I never heard of anybody doing such a thing.

He. What about MILTON?

She. Oh, if you're going to write verse like MILTON, I'm off.

He. You needn't worry about that. It won't be like MILTON.

She. Is it going to be funny or serious?

He. Well, of all the silly questions that's the silliest. It's enough to put every idea out of a man's head. What can it matter to you?

She. Right! I see it's going to be funny. Well, fire away, I'm ready.

He. Hum—ah—stop a bit; don't write that down. Now then! Wait a bit. Are you ready?

She. Yes, yes; do get started.

He (reciting). "The leaves—"

She (wildly interrupting). Stop! Stop! My stylo's gone wrong. *(Taps with it on the paper.)* There doesn't seem to be any ink in it! Yes, there is. Oh, what a blot! Wait, wait; I must have a fresh sheet. *(Takes one.)* Now then.

He. Where was I? You've made my mind a blank.

She (meditatively). Wasn't it something about trees?

He. Trees be blowed! Now write what I tell you. *(Recites again.)* "The leaves that lately began to shoot have every one of them—"



Chauffeur. "It's ALL RIGHT, MY MAN; YOU'RE NOT HURT!"

Victim. "I DON'T KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THAT. I MUST SEE MY SOLICITOR"

She (interrupting). Isn't that rather a long line, dear?

He (furious). Great Heavens, can't I have a line as long as I like! Do keep quiet for half a minute, and let me get on.

She (placidly). Oh, of course, if you take it like that I've nothing more to say. I was only trying to help you.

He (continuing his recitation). "Shot."

She (putting down her pen, turns and faces him). What in the name of sense do you mean?

He (madly). Shot, shot, shot! Write down the word shot! It's the end of the line.

She. Well, that's something to be thankful for! Next line, please. Come on, there are any amount of rhymes: bot—cot—dot—got—hot—not—tot.

He (apostrophising the ceiling). Won't somebody take this person away?

She. Hurry up with the next line, MILTON.

He (ignoring the taunt, again recites). "They didn't seem many a week ago but now they appear a——"

She (interrupting in frantic enthusiasm). I bet I know what it's going to be. Don't tell me. Let me guess.

He. Guess away.

She (tentatively). It isn't k-n-o-t, is it?

He (shortly). No, it isn't!

She. Then it must be l-o-t—lot.

He. You've got it. (*She writes it down.*) Now read the lines out to me. (*She does this.*)

She. It doesn't seem very funny yet, does it?

He. How the dickens can anybody be funny with you talking all the time!

She (encouragingly). Never mind, I dare say it will get quite screaming in another line or two.

[*He seizes the paper, throws it down, and stamps upon it. Scene closes.*]

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I won't keep you a minute. I only want to protest against some of the idiotic names which are being showered on the Franco-British Exhibition. *The Daily Mail* is evidently determined that we shall call it *The White City* and only *The White City*. I daresay it paid Mr. BART KENNEDY a fabulous sum for inventing the title, and I don't blame it for trying to get its money's worth. But when I am asked by the Central London Railway to "*Go to the Busheries by the Tuberies*" (I am not romancing, this is an actual advertisement), I think it is time to protest. The next thing will be for the London General Omnibus Company to invite us to *Go to the Shepherdies by the Motory-Busseries*! If we must have an endearing name for the Exhibition (at any rate during its incoherent infancy), surely some of your readers could evolve something better than *The White City* and *The Busheries*, which suggest respectively a cemetery and a nursery garden.

Yours faithfully,

A READER OF PUNCHERIES.

P.S.—A friend, who has thought about it a good deal, sends me the following suggestion, the best that has yet reached me:—"Why not call it *The Franco-British Exhibition*?" he asks.



AN "ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS" FORECAST.

Gillie. "THERE'S NOT A SINGLE BEAST ON THE GROUND, AW'M THINKIN'."

Stalker. "WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WITH THESE INFERNAL TOURISTS ALL OVER THE PLACE, LIKE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE?"

Gillie. "WEEL—AW'M NA SURE IN MY AIN MIND YON'S NO A STAGGIE. THE LIGHT'S AWFU' DECEEVIN'; BUT MAYBE A CAREFU' SHOT NOO, WI' THE RIFLE—AT ABOUT SAX HUNDER—" (*Voice dies away.*)

FIGURES AND LETTERS.

The *Evening News*' announcement last week of "2½" as the title of its new serial story has started an interesting discussion among authors and publishers. For some time the clashing of titles has been a cause of trouble in the book world, and there is a feeling that perhaps in the use of figures a better way, for a time at any rate, may be found.

"Unless a title is either Biblical or Shakspearean," said a well-known publisher to our representative, "it is notorious that a book has little chance. Both those sources having been exhausted, the use of figures would carry us on for at least another six years. After that, something else would have to be found. Of course, the simpler the figure the more easily can it be remembered, and the better chance is given to the book. I have, therefore, entered all numbers from 1 to 100 at Stationers' Hall for my clients. '1' is to be

the title of the next book of our leading novelist, whose recent researches in Egypt——"

Calling on another famous publisher, our representative gathered the opinion that, while figures were good, the combination of letters and figures was better. "There will be a rush to register the title '1' for instance," said the senior partner with a smile. "Well, let them have it. Personally we have secured 'A1,' and that will be the title of our leading novelist's new book. You saw in the papers, no doubt, that she was reserving the announcement of the title for a few weeks. Well, you can take it from me that that is the title."

Looking in upon his tobacconist, who is something of a wit, our representative found him smiling gently over the title "2½." "An epitome of domestic life," he said darkly. "By the way, have you tried our 'Tertium Quid'? No married home is complete without it."

THE AMENDE FEMININE.

DEAR JACK, when we quarrelled last night

I told you to go, and you went,
And I've felt ever since I must write
To say I said more than I meant.

But your smile was so cuttingly calm,
Your manner so slightly short,
That my sensitive feelings found
balm

In the shape of a bitter retort.

I told you to go in disgust,
Omitting the usual kiss,
Our tender adieu, which I trust,
Like *mé*, you've continued to miss.

Till then I'd consistently shown
A character guiltless of flaws;
Last night you were treated, I own,
To a small exhibition of claws.

My temper was hot, I confess,
I really won't argue again.
Much love, yours as ever—P.S.,
I am sure I was right in the main.



A PRESENTATION MILLSTONE.

MR. ASQUITH. "IT IS MY PLEASANT DUTY, MY DEAR LLOYD-GEORGE, TO HAND ON TO YOU THIS TRINKET PRESENTED TO ME BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY. I NEED HARDLY ASK YOU TO BE WORTHY OF IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday.
 May 18.—PRINCE ARTHUR back again after latest wrestle with his ancient enemy influenza. Occasion led up to one of those little episodes that from time to time grace the course of Party strife. Catching sight of Leader of Opposition entering from behind SPEAKER'S Chair, all sections joined in a hearty cheer of welcome. Later, when PRINCE ARTHUR enquired about course of public business, the PREMIER prefaced answer with word of hearty congratulation on his recovery. Whereat there was another outburst of general cheering.

In both Houses resolution submitted proposing erection in Westminster Abbey of monument to C.-B. Leaders of Opposition heartily concur, but significantly suggest that time has come when such monuments should be housed elsewhere. The Abbey is a congested district of the illustrious dead. No room for fresh comers. LANSDOWNE recalls fact that when honour was done to late Lord SALISBURY it was found necessary to find space by chipping away the monument of a lesser hero. Some of the young men below gangway in the Commons do not altogether like the idea of closing the Abbey to possible Premiers. For PRINCE ARTHUR it is clearly an act of renunciation, which will doubtless have paramount weight throughout the dim and distant future.

Crowded benches in anticipation of second reading of Education Bill. Since it was last before House a

great deal has happened. Ministry reconstructed. Incidentally McKENNA, laying down ferule of schoolmaster, has taken up the trident of Britannia. Understood he had done with Education Board and all its works. But here he is, having laid aside his laced cocked hat, ungirded his sword, standing at the Table discoursing about contracting out, im-

the Interrogatory ASHLEY, number ran up to four-score. This all very well as far as it went. But, as it takes two to make a quarrel, so must there be duality in the matter of putting and answering questions. When ASHLEY rose with cluster of three to begin with, there were just as many Ministers on Treasury Bench. As the hour sped Member after

Member rose at call of SPEAKER, but the Minister addressed was absent.

Explanation of unfamiliar phenomenon presently dawned on wondering House. The patriots who sit behind Front Opposition Bench, and take good care the sun never sets on the British Empire, had arranged a sort of sniping expedition. The guns included Captain FABER, evidently depressed at rumoured retirement of WHITFLEY; Sir WILLIAM BULL (son of the late JOHN BULL); Captain CRAIG, and Earl WINTERTON, on whose head incessant cares of State are already sprinkling the snows of yesteryear. Each man had his target assigned to him. WINTERTON, indeed, had four, which seemed on face of it a regrettable truckling to rank.

The little game was to fire off questions addressed to Ministers in charge of Departments. Form identical save for variation of the style of Minister. It ran thus: "To ask the Under-Secretary of State for India whether, having regard to the almost universal recognition of Empire Day by the self-governing communities of his Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas, he will give instructions for the Union Jack to be flown on the India Office buildings on Empire Day?"

Thus FABER potting BUCHANAN.



"INCIDENTALLY McKENNA HAS TAKEN UP THE TRIDENT OF BRITANNIA."

perial grants, and the COWPER-TEMPLE clause, just as if there were no such things as battleships, dockyards, and scrap-heaps. For this time only. It is his Bill, as was the Budget the PREMIER'S. Accordingly he launches it on second reading course; thereafter RUNCIMAN will take the helm.

Business done.—Second reading of Education Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Extraordinary scene this afternoon. Sixty-seven questions on paper addressed to Ministers. Adding supplementary ones put by



THE BABE (UP) IN ARMS.
(Earl Winterton)

Next came BULL with intent to make a bull's-eye on Colonel SEELY as representing the Colonies. To Captain CRAIG's firm hand and sure eye were committed the life and fortunes of RUNCIMAN, just come to the Education Office. As for WINTERTON, he, firing right and left, was expected to bring down ASQUITH at the head of affairs, HERBERT GLADSTONE at the Home Office, BIRRELL at the Irish Office, and felt quite sure he would never miss the spacious figure of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE.

This was the little scheme formulated in secret council. In design and frame faultless as those of Territorial Army. The best laid schemes of mice and statesmen "gang aft agley" (*anglicé*, don't always come off). The Ministers marked down for slaughter warily kept out of range. The conspirators fondly pictured them getting up one after another, and in varying form making excuse for their shameless neglect of the highest Imperial interests. Their absence spoiled the whole thing. Worse still, the PREMIER stepped in. An awkward man to take a hand in this sort of game. Answering for self and colleagues, he coolly remarked: "No sufficient reason has been shown for departure in this matter from the practice of our predecessors."

A nasty one that. Object of demonstration was, of course, to show up this Government in its true light, as Little Englanders who care no-

thing for Empire or Empire Day. And here was PREMIER incidentally recalling familiar fact that during their long term of office his predecessors were equally guilty.

As SARK says, men will be boys sometimes.

Business done.—Second reading debate on Education Bill carried on through eight hours in House that successfully managed to conceal tumult of feeling in the matter.

House of Lords, Friday.—Apart from legislative circumstance, House of Lords is ever interesting. Has a way of flashing unexpected sidelights on common objects that endears it to mankind, and may be counted upon to prevail against the machinations of those who would mend it or end it. Only the other night BURLY BALFOUR accidentally unearthed a curious etymological fact. In Committee on Scottish Land Values Bill he moved an amendment in which he spoke of "any purpose to which such land can presently be devoted."

Discovered unaccountable opposition on part of English Peers on his own side. They seemed altogether to misconstrue intention of the amendment. Didn't even seem to understand meaning of ordinary word "presently." Presently, of course, means immediately, straightway, at this moment. Noble lords seemed to think it meant at some future time. To BURLY BALFOUR's astonishment imputation was admitted. He found that whilst north of the Tweed "presently" means at the present time, south of it, it signifies at some future time. This shows how hollow is the so-called Union.

Meanwhile discovery was fatal to amendment. Obviously it

would be inconvenient to embody in Act of Parliament a word which has contrary meanings according to the geographical line above or below which it is cited.

And now comes TWEEDMOUTH with a new definition of Friendship. In debate on alleged inefficiency of artillery in Territorial Army he quoted a letter from an authority "who," he added, "is a friend of Lord ROBERTS."

"How do you know he is my friend?" asked the sturdy BOSS.

"I have seen you sitting together," replied Lord President of the Council with air of ingenuous conviction not generally shared by noble lords.

To the trained legal mind of LONG JOHN O'CONNOR, looking on from the Commons' pen, there occurred what may be cited as a leading case. For many years after the great disruption in Committee Room No. 15, TIM HEALY and JOHN DILLON sat together on second bench below gangway in the Commons. It is true they



"I do not know that the difference between Presbyterians and Baptists can be better personified than in the cases of the rt. hon. gentleman the Leader of the Opposition and my hon. friend who was President of the Baptist Union last year." (Laughter.)—*Mr. Runciman.*

(Mr. Balfour and Sir George White.)



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. I.

Extracts from the diary of a beginner—"JUST RENTED BEST BIT OF TROUT-FISHING IN THE COUNTY. HEARD MAYFLY WERE UP, SO STARTED AT ONCE FOUND OTTER HOUNDS BEEN ALL OVER THE WATER. MASTER SAID HE WAS GLAD TO SEE ME OUT, BUT THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND WADERS AWFULLY HOT TO GO OTTER-HUNTING IN."

mutually assumed attitude which, as Mr. FLAVIN used to say, "brought their backs face to face." Still, they fulfilled TWEEDMOUTH'S definition of friendship, since they were "seen sitting together." How fallacious is the deduction appears in recollection of this familiar incident.

Business done.—Commons Discussing Scotch Local Option.

A Fatal Harmony.

"Miss Olive Ibbotson proved to be a young woman wearing a green costume, and a hat trimmed with yellow lace. As there was a previous conviction for a similar offence, she was ordered to find a surety or undergo twenty-one days' imprisonment."—*Daily Chronicle*.

The Liverpool Echo on the "Directoire" gown:—

"A lady representative of the 'Morning Leader' has been making inquiries as to the reception of the new mode in London, and finds that it is likely to be distinctly chilly."

It certainly has that appearance.

GETTIN' HITCHED.

We cannot help feeling that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is making a grave mistake in not working out his plays in collaboration with Mr. GEORGE ADE. *Getting Married* sadly wants some "hustle" or "ginger" put into it, and the author of *The College Widow* could certainly have supplied this, e.g.:—

GETTIN' HITCHED.

A heart-to-heart talk by GEORGE A. SHAW, of London (*Eng.*).
Middle of the second Act.—The Bridgenorth family are trying to draw up a modern form of marriage contract between EDITH BRIDGENORTH and CECIL SYKES. BILL COLLINS, a "prominent" waiter, is called in to advise.

The Bishop. Say, COLLINS, we want you here on the SOCRATES stunt. EDITH'S been putting up a holles against hitching in with SYKES. She wants a Liberty Hall contract.

Collins. Wal, Bish., I'm right on to this. Make it T.C.

Edith. "Till cancelled"? That's till I mean to quit, I guess.

Sykes. Say, but that's where I begin to buck. Suppose I call to see it out?

Collins. Wal, make it seven with an option.

The General. Excuse me butting in, but what's the matter with the kiddies? Say now, which end do they go?

Reginald Bridgenorth. Wait till they're grown up and on their own toddles. Twenty-one years from copyrighting.

Lesbia. If I weren't a real English lady I'd say that was a Hades of a long time. (*Squirms from the audience.*)

Mrs. Reginald. Sure! I guess that one year with a husband would feed me up to Plimsoll mark. It's me for the sample life!

Father Antony (*poising a stylo*). Amendment proposed by Old Man

REGINALD—twenty-one years from copyrighting. Those in favour elevate. . .

St. John Hotchkiss (interrupting). Say, of all the pinkest set of farm-hands! You've clean forgot the dough! Which one takes the jack-pot?

Collins. Say, bub, you're gettin' too mighty new! *(Takes him by the collar and deposits him outside the window.)* Git! And don't you stop to pick daisies!

The Bishop (slapping him on the back admiringly). Say, COLLINS, you're real smart on the rush line!

Collins (deprecatingly). Wal, Bish., I guess I ain't in the same hemisphere with Mrs. GEORGE.

The Bishop. Your sis-in-law?

Collins. The same. She's curry. She could settle this matter in a trance in two winks. 'Phone her up on her private wire, Bish.

The Bishop (taking up the telephone). Hal. . .

Curtain.

The curtain rises on Act III. with the actors in the same position, following the new dramatic technique.

The Bishop (at the telephone). . . . lo! . . . That you, Mrs. GEORGE? Hustle right here. We want you slick.

St. John Hotchkiss (climbing in through the window). Gee whiz, I want to see this out. Rah! for Mrs. G., boys! Rah, rah, rah, G.E.O.R.G.E., rah, rah. . . *(COLLINS goes to remove him.)*

Mrs. George (entering). Leave him to me, BILL, I'll rattle him presently. *(COLLINS desists.)* What you want me for, Bish.?

The Bishop. Can you clot the philosophy of love and marriage into a one-minute trance?

Mrs. George. Sure! But for men only. *(The ladies retire.)*

Mrs. George (in a trance, dreamily). I gave you the sun and the moon and the sleet of stars, and you said, "That ain't enough." I gave you the whole universe in one embrace, and you said, "Look slippery with the breakfast!" I gave you an æon in a single instant, and you said, "What about the holes in my sox?" I was your chattel, and it was not enough. Wal, now I guess I'm going to light right out with a muffin-bell, and give you. . . *Curtain.*

LONDON LETTERS.

VII.

DEAR CHARLES,—Many thanks for your letter. Don't side just because you get up at six o'clock and feed the cow, or shave the goat, or whatever it is. Other people get up early too. For the last few weeks I have sprung out of bed at seven-thirty. (I always "spring" out—it is so much more classy.) But I doubt if I can keep it up.

The truth is that I have just made an unhappy discovery. I was under

4,000 square miles. Multiply that by 640 and you get it in acres. Quite the landowner.

Moreover, CHARLES, my lad, you are not the one person who knows things about animals. You may be on terms of familiarity with the cow and the goat, but these are not the only beasts. What acquaintance, for example, have you with reptiles? The common newt—do you know anything about him? No. Well then, now I'll tell you.

When I was seven and JOHN was eight we went to a naturalist's in Hampstead to enquire the price of newts. They were threepence each, not being quite in season. We bought sixpenny-worth; the man put them into a paper bag for us, and we took them up on the Heath to give them a gallop. When we opened the bag we found *three* newts inside. It seemed impossible that the thing could have happened naturally, so we went back to the shop to explain to the man that he had made a mistake. However he hadn't; he had merely given us one newt discount. (Remember that when next you're buying them.) Well, we returned to the Heath, and they showed their paces. Now the newt is an amphibious animal (Greek); he is quite as much at ease in the bathroom as on the mat. So when we got them home we arranged to try them in our bath.

This is where you cry. For a time all went well. They dived, swam (back and front), trod water, returned to life when apparently drowned, and so forth. Then JOHN pulled up the waste-pipe. He says now that he did it inadvertently, but I fancy that he

wanted to see what would happen. What did happen was that they got into the whirlpool and disappeared. We turned on both the hot and cold taps to see if they would come back, but they didn't. Apparently you don't. We rushed into the garden to see if they would return by the drain-pipe with the rain-water, but not they. Only the paper-bag was left to us . . . and (to this day I cannot recall it without a tear) it was JOHN who popped it.

CHARLES, we never saw those newts again. Crusoe, Cleaver and Robinson were their names. Robinson and Crusoe they were to have been; and when the third came and



TERRITORIAL TROUBLES

Recruit. "PLEASE, SERGEANT, I'VE GOT A SPLINTER IN MY 'AND."

Sergeant-Instructor. "WOT YER BEEN DOIN'? STROKIN' YER 'EAD?"

the impression that my man's name was TURLEY; I should say my third of a man, because I share him with two others, but anyhow I thought his whole name was TURLEY. So I used to write nice little notes, beginning "If you're waking, call me, TURLEY," and leave them about for him. He invariably woke at seven and read them—and came and called me, mother dear. Of course I had to get up. Well, I have now heard that his name is really HOLLAND, which makes all the difference. It would be absurd to write him any more notes of that kind. My one satisfaction is that I can claim to own a third of Holland, which is about



Old Gentleman. "Now, KIDDIES, DO YOU WANT ME TO HAVE A GAME OF ROMPS WITH YOU? EH?"

Youngster. "OH, NO! WE'RE PLAYING AT INDIANS, AND YOU'RE NO USE. YOU'RE SCALPED ALREADY!"

seemed to take a fancy to Robinson, we called him Cleaver. Where are they now? In the mighty Thames somewhere, I suppose. So, CHARLES, if ever you are near the river, keep a friendly eye open for them, will you? They may be a little wild now, but they were good newts in their day.

We had a *Buforium* too in our time, you must know. I have just made that word up, and it means a place where you keep toads. In our case it was the sink. The toad, as you may not have realised, has no vomerine or maxillary teeth, but he *has* got a distinct tympanum. However, what I really wanted to say was that the toad has a pyriform tongue of incredible length, by means of which he catches his prey, thus differing from the frog, which leaps at 'em. We used to station a toad opposite one of the walls of the sink—of the *Buforium*, and then run his breakfast down the side. Sometimes it would be a very long centipede, and then you could have one toad for each

end; or a— What brutes little boys are; I'm not going to tell you any more about toads. (Except to say that his omosternum is generally missing. That must be very annoying.)

Did I ever talk to you about our hedgehogs? We kept no end of them, but Peter was the only one who stayed. He used to live in the scullery, so as to see that no black-beetles got about. One night the cook woke up suddenly and remembered that she had left the scullery tap running. So she jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, not even stopping to put on slippers. . . .

She was a very heavy woman. . . . No, Peter wasn't hurt much; but she refused to have him in the kitchen again.

This is a very zoological letter, but I just wanted to show you that you weren't the only one. Time fails me to tell you of a mole which we put in the geranium bed, of a certain kind of caterpillar from which we caught nettle-rash, of a particularly handsome triton which we kept in a

tank with a crab, giving them fresh and salt water on alternate days, so that there should be no quarrelling. It is enough if I have made it clear that one does not need to have Castle Bumpbrook on one's notepaper in order to commune with Nature.

I want two wedding presents—I don't mean for myself. What do you suggest? I bar anything for the table. Newly married couples might do nothing but eat to judge from the things they get given them. At present I hesitate between the useful—as, for instance, twenty thousand cubic feet of gas, and the purely ornamental—say an antimacassar. "Mr. and Mrs. SAMUEL JONES—a towel-horse": you never see that, do you? And yet you could pay anything for a pure-bred one, and they are very useful. The bride always wears "valuable old Honiton lace, the gift of her aunt." Otherwise it's not legal. KITTY never had an aunt, had she? Then you aren't properly married, CHARLES. I'm sorry.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

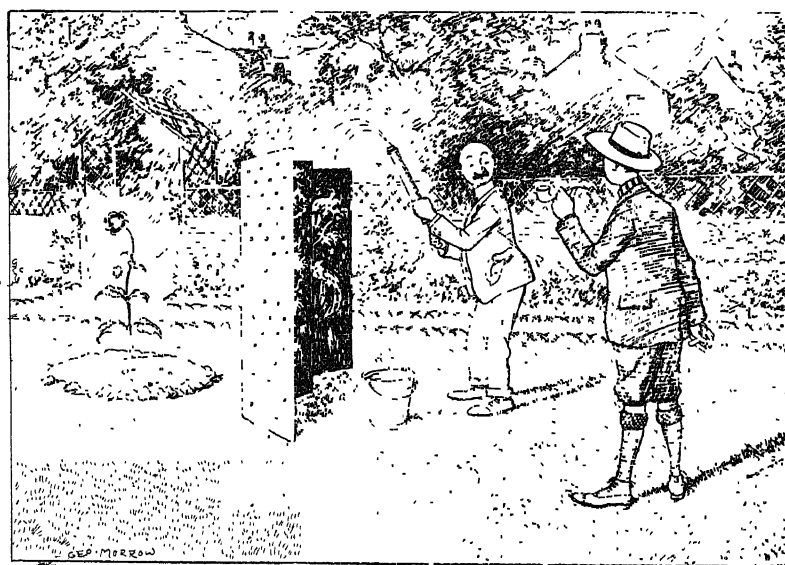
AFTER reading *The Metropolis* (ARNOLD), I am not at all surprised that London is so full of Americans just now; New York certainly seems the limit. Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR's book would be called, I suppose, a story with a purpose; actually it is almost entirely purpose with only a very slight story. The hero spends most of his time at the houses of hopeless vulgarians who eat too much; that, roughly, is the plot. There are a good many other characters in the book, and they also eat too much. Mr. SINCLAIR describes many of the things they eat—with, it seems to me, a certain gusto; rather as if he wanted you to know that he had been through it all himself. (What a change from the corned beef in *The Jungle*!) When I read a book of this kind I am always puzzled by one point. Is the author writing from his own inside knowledge of what goes on at these millionaires' houses? If not, then his testimony is of little value. On the other hand, if he speaks from experience, then one cannot help reflecting that he has accepted the hospitality of these people, that he has been given a very good or, at any rate a very filling time by them, and that now he is making money by running them down. However, Mr. SINCLAIR must settle that with himself; no doubt the end justifies the means. I wish him all success in so far as his campaign is against immorality; but I think he makes a mistake in attacking vulgarity so strenuously. Ridicule would be a better weapon.

By *The Gates that shall not Prevail* (LANE), Mr. HERBERT M. FARRINGTON means, I suppose, the powers of hell. His hero, a muscular East End parson, is not above persuading people to be Christians by the *argumentum ad fisticuffs*, and is well qualified to take the mat against the champion heavy-weight of the lower regions. Mr. FARRINGTON calls him *Brother Paul*. *Brother Peter* would surely be a more suitable name, and personally I should have been tempted to christen Mr. Higgins, late king of the Sandbaggers (whom *Brother Paul* had brought into the fold by knocking him out), *Niblick Nick* instead of *Bunker Bill*. A niblick has just as much to do with sand as a bunker, and seems to express more aptly the unregenerate character of the converted Hooligan. But that is by the way. *Brother Paul* sits to a fashionable Free-thinking painter for an allegorical portrait (bearing the same title as the book), in which he is represented in his monkish cassock defying the storms

of hell by the aid of the Cross. He also proves himself a very St. ANTHONY by the strength with which he resists the alluring advances of the artist's favourite model, a lady, I regret to say, who was no better than she should be. In the end both Freethinker and Magdalen are won over by *Brother Paul's* influence to join in his New Crusade against wickedness in high (and low) places. Though the tone and tendency of the book are irreproachably moral, I think it suffers artistically from being part novel and part sermon. Nevertheless, unlike so many modern examples of its two component parts, it is neither stupid nor dull.

Mr. JOHN AYSKOUGH shows in his novel *Marotz* (CONSTABLE) that he is a master of detail; but he is, I think, in some danger of allowing detail to master him. "The reader may be occasionally bored," he seems to say, "but no detail of *Marotz's* life is insignificant to me, and I mean to write my book in my own way." It is,

perhaps, ungrateful to complain of Mr. AYSKOUGH's method when, on the whole, it produces a most excellent result. But I confess that *Marotz's* life in the Convent of the Reparation (she arrives there on p. 97 and doesn't get out till p. 178) is described with a wearisome minuteness. Mr. AYSKOUGH is himself aware that he is becoming tedious, for just before his heroine leaves the Convent he writes:—"To the reader it is scarcely likely that *Marotz* should have appeared very interesting." The remark is both candid and true. However, during her early and



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

Friend of Amateur Gardener. "THAT SEEMS A CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT WHAT'S THE SCREEN FOR?"

A G. "SH-H! IF THAT FLOWER KNEW THIS WASN'T REAL RAIN, IT WOULDN'T GROW ANOTHER INCH!"

unhappy married life, and through the peaceful years while she is bringing up her son in the lonely Sicilian castle, *Marotz* is drawn with admirable skill and care. If some of the closing scenes are unexpected and fantastic, nevertheless the book still impresses me as a very sincere and conscientious piece of work.

Mr. PAUL HERRING's *Dragon's Silk* (CASSELL) is drowned in dialogue, and I should be very sorry to have to count the "smart" remarks which are scattered over its pages. Mr. HERRING manufactures jokes without difficulty, but he is far too easily satisfied. "To be unattainable," said her Grace in an epigram, "is an ideal life, and produces satisfactory dividends." Her Grace, by the way, was called the *Duchess of Dazzle*; but I cannot say that her conversation reflected her title. Mr. HERRING's lavish display of verbal fireworks suffers from a prevailing dampness, and his undoubted gifts of imagination are lost in a riot of words. If he would give up trying to be so amusing I think that his next novel might be really good. For Mr. HERRING has ideas.

CHARIVARIA.

THE number of American naval men who are tattooed has now, according to an official report, reached an astonishing figure, and it is not impossible that the style of the present naval uniform may be altered. There is talk of a low neck blouse with short sleeves, to enable these illustrated sailors to be seen to advantage.

According to *Reuter*, the Mohmand War will cost £200,000; and we have received an angry letter from a City Man asking why the Government did not conduct the matter on commercial lines. Can any reasonable person doubt, he asks, that if at the beginning of the trouble the VICEROY had written to the Mohmands saying that he was about to fit out a £200,000 expedition against them, but was willing to settle the matter for £100,000, a prompt acceptance of the offer would have ensued?

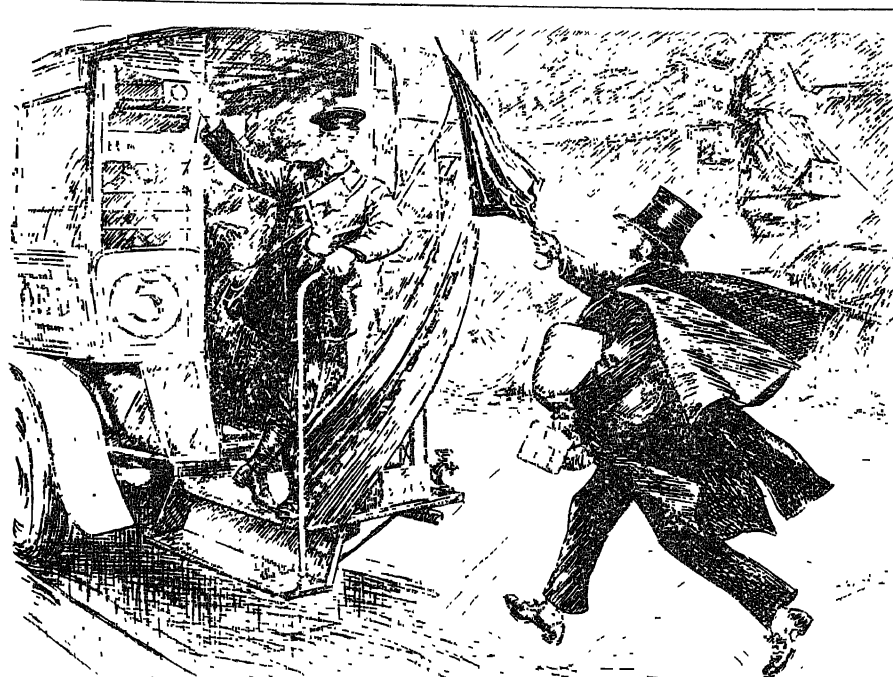
Insufficient credit, we think, has been given to Mr. BALFOUR for his self-denying ordinance in proposing that no Premiers shall in future have monuments in Westminster Abbey, for room could always have been found for the effigy of so slim a statesman.

Our present electoral system, according to Mr. ASQUITH, is "an inadequate and untrustworthy exponent of the real opinions of the people." This is surely an extreme case of *esprit d'escalier*. It ought to have been said just after the General Election.

When Lieutenant-General LAURIE, the Mayor of Paddington, presented the French PRESIDENT with an address his Worship wore his mayoral robes over his general's uniform. In these days of MAUD ALLANS and Directoire dresses, Mrs. Grundy finds this exceedingly satisfactory.

The visit of the French PRESIDENT to the Exhibition was marred by at least one accident, which seems to have escaped the gentlemen of the Press. A young representative of one of our leading public schools was heard shouting lustily, as M. FALLIÈRES passed, "Vive le France! Vive le France!"

"On the occasion of the visit to Windsor the PRESIDENT will have a travelling escort of Household Cavalry, and will leave Paddington by special train at 3.50 in the afternoon." We regard this as a most unfair reflection on the speed of the G.W.R.



"STOP! STOP! CAN'T YOU STOP?"

"STOP? WHY SOMETIMES WE STOPS FOR HOURS, AND HAS TO BE DRAGGED AWAY!"

At the gala performance at the Opera House, when the Maharajah of NEPAL wore his famous jewelled head-dress said to be worth £50,000, his Highness, we hear, was advised not to remove it in case some absent-minded playgoer should walk off with it in mistake for his opera hat.

There was great joy in Berlin the other day when the news arrived that the *Lusitania's* record had been beaten—until it transpired that it was the *Lusitania* that had done it.

The Old Age Pension idea is very much in the air just now, and even the Admiralty is determined to be in the fashion. A naval veteran living in the Norfolk village of Ludham has

just received a medal for services in the Baltic in 1854.

The Sex War from day to day. News of a great victory for women now reaches us. A lady—Miss TITERTON of Musselburgh—has won the Ladies' Golf Championship at St. Andrews.

Two items from the Magazine Page of *The Daily Mail*:—

EVENING DRESS FOR THE BALL ROOM. LEPERS IN PURPLE.

Now that Mr. JACK DONES, the brother of the Misses ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE, has been the hero of a motor-car summons, he is, it is rumoured, to have a picture-postcard ALL TO HIMSELF.

Mr. THOMAS ATTENBOROUGH, a member of the famous pawn-broking family, has left legacies to more than forty of his nephews and nieces. In a word, he has behaved as a true Uncle should.

Mr. THEODORE DAVIS, the Egyptologist, in unearthing the tomb of HOR-EM-HEB, the last king of the eighteenth

dynasty, discovered that the tomb had been rifled by robbers at least 3,500 years ago. The matter, we understand, has been placed in the hands of the local police.

In the Cambridge County Court last week a debtor informed the judge that he had varicose veins, gout, enteric fever, pleurisy, pneumonia, erysipelas, and influenza; but, in cross-examination, a clever solicitor, we understand, elicited the fact that the fellow was otherwise pretty well.

"For sale, large packing-case, zinc-lined, suitable for person going abroad; cheap."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

It is certainly cheap, but we always prefer to pay a little more and travel outside the hold.

TO A CANDIDATE FOR A CORONET.

[The PRIME MINISTER addresses a climber (M.P.) who has been of great pecuniary assistance to the Party, but cannot be raised to the Peerage because his seat is not considered safe, his majority being a paltry two thousand.]

SIR—and I would that I could say “My Lord”—
None more than you deserves a title;
Your gifts are such that I can scarce afford
Adequate space for their recital;
But this is not the psychic hour, I fear,
For making you a Peer.

Your claims are obvious. If in point of birth
You are as yet a mere beginner,
You have attained to that more solid worth
Which stamps to-day the certain winner;
For wealth, like “simple faith,” can always sneeze
At Norman pedigrees.

True instinct warned you not to waste your time
On feats of science, art or letters;
You felt that only fools would hope to climb
That way to seats among their betters;
Besides, you never (frankly) had a brain
Designed for such a strain.

But other gifts you had, and these you pressed,
With lavish hints of more to follow,
Into the Liberal Party's yawning chest
Where nothing ever fills the hollow;
And every time you thought: “Unless I err,
Something must soon occur.”

For it was understood, though no one spoke,
Since spoken terms might sound too sordid,
That loyalty like yours was not a joke,
And couldn't well go unrewarded;
Otherwise Virtue, to the general sorrow,
Would shut up shop to-morrow.

So you were put upon the waiting list.
Then came those dreadful by-disasters,
Which made us feel how much you might be missed
If, in revolt from former pastors,
Your flock's majority, two thousand strong,
Happened to go all wrong.

Few seats, in fact, are safe—this side the Tweed
(Thank Heaven for Scotland's taste in humour!);
And you, who were to found a noble breed,
Must be content to spread a rumour
That you declined to join, though clear the call,
A House condemned to fall.

You are well out of it; for yours would be
The sorry end which fate conferred on
That Greek who steered the Persians o'er the sea,
And won a golden crown for guerdon,
Whereat the Admiral, by way of banter,
Chopped off his head *instantly*.

O. S.

“To Kill Wasps.—Clap your hands smartly together so as to crush the insect between them as it flies. When thus killed it is quite unable to sting.”—*The Country Side*.

Though it is quite true that a dead wasp cannot sting, yet it should be noted that a dying wasp is sometimes so ungrateful as to spurn the hand that stroked it. Beginners, therefore, should avoid the “south end,” where the sting is, and clap the animal on the head.

SONGS IN SEASON.

[Spoken to the Editor.]

My dear sir, you would like to have the first refusal of a really good song? No self-respecting music-hall will soon be without its “Exhibition Song,” and, in anticipation of the great demand there is sure to be, I beg to submit the following samples:—

No. 1.

[NOTE.—This song may be sung in public (singer's risk), and should be delivered by a real lady dressed in clothes which no gentleman would wear.]

At Shepherd's Bush the Franco-Brit
At present's going strong,
And those who haven't been to it
Should not delay too long;
So get your shillings ready, boys,
And ask your girl to go
And share with you the many joys
Of—this—stu-pen-dous—show!

(Chorus)

Come, come, come to the Bush along,
Don't dee-lay!
What if you *do* have to struggle and push a long
Way, way, way?
Once you get there won't it make FLOSSIE stare!
It will strike her dumb;
And imagine her joy when you take her, my boy,
To the stadi-adi-um!

You don't seem to care much for that song? Well, here I have a different kind altogether. This song should be sung by a Naval officer—Admiral preferred—who waves a Union Jack in one hand and a Tricolor in the other. He *must* have white gloves, and the tune should be something like the *Marseillaise*, with just a *soupsçon* of the *National Anthem* in it. Dark stage. Limelight on the flags.

No. 2.

In Nelson's days the French we fought
On land and on the sea; (*waves Union Jack*).
In Nelson's time who would have thought
To-day such friends we'd be? (*waves Tricolor*).
Our flags are both Red, White and Blue,
And out at Shepherd's Bush
They wave together, and now who (*defiantly*)
Will dare those flags to push?
(*waves both flags*.)

[Why “push”?—Ed.]

Didn't I tell you this is a music-hall song?

Ah! I had forgotten.—Ed.]

(Chorus)

Then here's to the new-formed friendship
'Twixt France and old John Bull;
May neither of us ever have to send ship—

[Pardon me; I think I will take advantage of the offer you made me at the beginning of this interview.—Ed.
What offer?

The first *refusal* of your songs!—Ed.]

“The Musical Society then gave a performance of ‘The Jackdaw of Rheims.’ We cannot but admit that a further week's practice would have made a difference. On more than one occasion the sopranos failed to come in at the right time and generally speaking the singers were not well together. Nevertheless the performance was in other respects a good one.”—*The Cambridge Chronicle*.

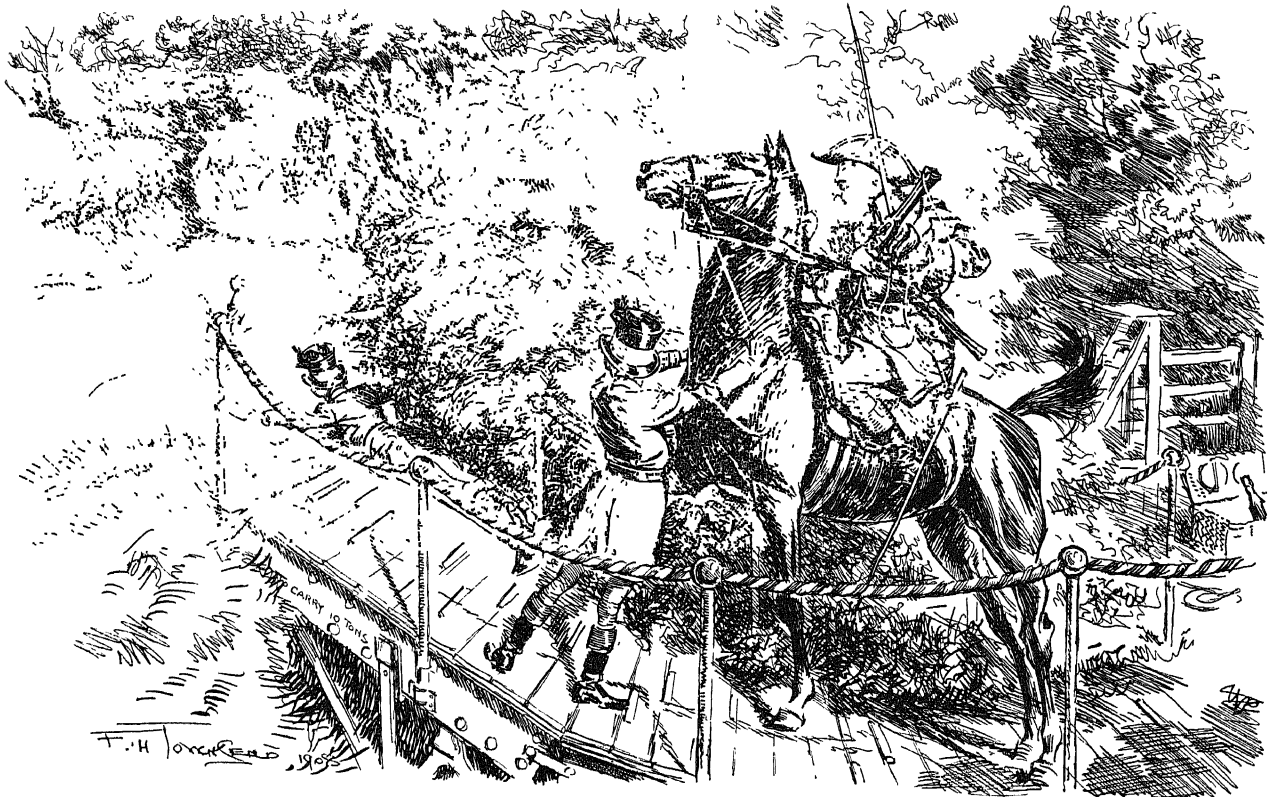
After all, heartiness and good fellowship are what you look for chiefly in a Musical Society.



BERNARD PARTRIDGE (after SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES)

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

THE KING (MR. ASQUITH). "THIS BEGGAR-MAID SHALL BE MY QUEEN"—THAT IS, IF THERE'S A GENERAL FEELING IN THE COUNTRY TO THAT EFFECT."



TO MAKE THE "REVIVAL OF THE GLORIES OF THE BRIGHTON ROAD" MORE COMPLETE, WHY SHOULD NOT OTHER PUBLIC-SPIRITED MILLIONAIRES JOIN IN? MR. CARNEGIE, FOR INSTANCE, MIGHT "HOLD UP" THE VANDERBILT COACH IN THE GOOD OLD STYLE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A Series of Hurried Halfpenny Leaders.

CAUSE I.

An old woman at East Marden has been so severely stung by a bee that she has been confined to bed for a week.

EFFECT.

THE TOLL OF THE HIVE.

It might almost be said that every day brings with it a new menace; that life becomes more and more insecure and fugitive. Science toils unceasingly to wrest the secrets from disease, and devise means whereby its terrible inroads may be repaired or prevented, while Nature at the same time is loosing her trained assailants. As summer after summer arrives, and brings with it the melancholy tale of the stings of bees, it becomes more and more evident that something drastic must be done if mankind is to be preserved from the blind attacks of this venomous insect. We submit with all seriousness that the time has come to ask ourselves the question, Is honey worth the cost? There are parts of England during swarming time where the ground literally runs blue with the common rural antidote to the poison of the

hive, too often, alas! of small avail, as a piece of news in our columns this morning again testifies. Once more we ask, Is honey worth such a cost?

CAUSE II.

Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode announces a large increase in the demand for Printer's Pie this year.

EFFECT.

A NEW DISH.

It is gratifying to note that the British people are alive to the responsibilities of their position as leaders of the world (although how long they can hold it with such a Government as we now groan under is a question tragic in its uncertainty), and are sufficiently supple and plastic to be willing to experiment in new and wholesome articles of diet. What Printer's Pie is we do not know; of what ingredients it is composed, or how prepared for human consumption; but it has a healthy substantial sound, and we have no more hesitation than usual in devoting a short leader in praise of our countrymen for their enterprise and good sense. Yorkshire pudding and Norfolk dumplings ("the jockeys for me," as COLERIDGE's friend said) have formed the basis of

many a stalwart British hero: why should not the pie of the printer? And so on.

CAUSE III.

The death is announced at Leeds of a house-agent named Webb, who has been in business for sixty-five years.

EFFECT.

A DANGEROUS PROFESSION.

A telegram from our special correspondent at Leeds reveals a state of things that cannot be too seriously considered by the nation at large, and especially by the paterfamilias who is casting about for some career for his son. We refer to the death somewhere or other of a house agent. The tragic thing is that almost every day brings a similar piece of news. One had always thought of the house agent as the member of a singularly reposeful and secure profession, immune from risks. But that is not the case. The house agent is subjected to a thousand perils, not the least of which is that of continually entering empty and, therefore, un-
aired houses, often still damp from new bricks and mortar, with, very likely, thorough draughts in every room, owing to defective glazing. We cannot too seriously deprecate the

unwisdom, to give it only a mild term, of owners of house property who do not keep fires always alight. Other evils of the house agent's life are the risks of tripping up and falling over surveyor's pegs, or even over his own tape measure, together with brain fever from the intricate task of reducing an estate to rods, poles, and perches. Altogether we think it advisable to warn fathers face to face with the question, What to do with our boys? to be very circumspect.

PERFORMERS IN PERIL.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF EMINENT MUSICIANS.

THE perils to which musicians are exposed in the pursuit of their profession have been vividly illustrated by the thrilling experiences of Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, who, as we learn from a recent issue of *The Daily Chronicle*, while crossing the Rockies was wantonly attacked by a grizzly bear, and, though armed with no other weapon beyond a hymn-book, contrived to keep the savage intruder at bay.

But the adventure of the genial organist of Westminster, alarming as it undoubtedly was, is easily cast into the shade by the terrific and unexampled experience which recently befell Mr. and Mrs. HUGO BAMBERGER during a holiday trip to Switzerland. The gifted violinist and his charming wife were accompanied, as usual, by their remarkable child, BOLESLAS (who, though only two years old, has already obtained a complete mastery of the double-bass), and on the occasion in question were wheeling him in his semi-grand overstrung Blüthstein pram in the grounds of the hotel at Zermatt, when a golden eagle suddenly swooped from an incredible altitude, seized the unsuspecting infant in its talons and soared away to its eyrie on the summit of the Schreckhorn. The situation might have paralysed some parents, but Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER never lost their presence of mind for a single moment. Rushing to the hotel the gifted *virtuoso* at once telephoned to the Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army for the loan of a captive balloon and a parachute, which arrived in the course of a few hours by special train. To inflate the balloon and ascend in it to the eagle's eyrie was simple enough, but in the course of the ensuing struggle for the possession of the priceless infant the envelope of the balloon was pierced by the eagle's beak. This, however, was the bird's last

effort, and the intrepid parents descended safely with their portentous offspring in the parachute. Congratulatory telegrams were subsequently received from Herr KUSSEWITZKY, the famous double-bass *virtuoso*, Mr. CORTELYOU, Mr. OTHO TWIGG, Mr. ORRY CORJEAG, and many other celebrities. We are glad to hear that Master BOLESLAS is none the worse for his adventure, though the eagle has succumbed to the wound inflicted by Mrs. BAMBERGER with a diamond-hilted hairpin presented her by Count TASSILO FESTICS. The only untoward incident connected with the episode was the loss, by the rescuers, of a priceless collection of press-cuttings, which they inadvertently left in the eagle's nest.

In this context mention may fittingly be made of the narrow escape from a watery grave enjoyed by Mr. BAMBERGER last autumn while dry-fly fishing for tarpon in the Nile near Luxor. Mr. BAMBERGER, who is an expert disciple of old ISAAC, had hooked, as he thought, a remarkably fine specimen of the tarpon tribe when a terrific tug at his line upset his balance and precipitated him into the waters of the historic stream. Holding his rod firmly in one hand while he paddled with the other, Mr. BAMBERGER suddenly realised that he had hooked, not a tarpon but a hippopotamus, which made rapidly for him, spouting with rage and emitting prolonged hoots. The situation was most precarious, as Mrs. BAMBERGER, who watched the scene from the bank, was unable to swim, and no musical critics or reporters were within hail; but by a miraculous coincidence the monster, when only a couple of yards off, was suddenly seized with cramp, and sank like a stone, leaving the renowned artist to scramble on shore, dripping but undaunted. The hippopotamus, we may add, was subsequently recovered, and his head, superbly stuffed, graces one of the thirty-six best bedrooms in Mr. BAMBERGER's palatial residence in Park Lane.

L'Entente Cordiale.

"The King was wearing the uniform of a French admiral, with the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his breast. M. Fallières was in evening dress with the same red ribbon."—*Daily Mail*.

"Scaffolding has come down without the buildings"—*Evening News*.

How the architect's heart must have been in his mouth as the daring experiment was made.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STRENUOUS STATESMAN.

May 25.—Rose at 6 a.m. Dictated letters to private secretaries till 8. Motored in the Park till 9.

9 A.M.—Guests at breakfast included Mme. MELINI, FRAGSON the Franco-British tragi-comedian, and Miss MABEL CUNARD, the new Apocryphal pirouettist from the Pantheon.

10 A.M.—Received deputation from Nonconformist divines protesting against remark of Radical M.P. and Under-Secretary, who had spoken of private theatricals as an innocent amusement. Returned a sympathetic answer.

10.30.—Received deputation of women suffragists demanding that in the case of women the term "old age pension" should be abandoned as being invidious, and "State salary" substituted. Promised to give the matter my most elastic consideration.

11.45.—Cabinet Council.

1.30.—Lunched at home. Guests included Miss Topsy D'URFEY, the Brothers GOLLIWOGG, MARIE LLOYD, CHIRGWIN, and BOOKER WASHINGTON. Interesting theological discussion between the two last named. CHIRGWIN unable to tell me whether Kaffirs wore Directoire gowns. MARIE LLOYD sang new topical song with the taking refrain:—

"Oh, politics give me the double hump,
For you're gassing the whole of the time,
And I pity the life of a Minister's wife,
Unless that Minister's Prime."

2.30 P.M.—Received deputation of shipowners protesting against the decision of a well-known Line to change their name to the Maud Allan Line. Returned a diplomatic answer, dwelling on the beauty of Christian names, TENNYSON'S *Maud*, etc., comparing the movement of a ship to that of a dancer, and contrasting the styles of TAGLIONI, CERITO, and GENÉE.

3 P.M.—House of Commons. BALFOUR anxious to know the Government's intention on the subject of universal infant suffrage. Replied that the Government were as adamant in their resolve not to give the vote to children before they could speak, but that otherwise they had an elastic and open mind.

5 P.M.—Tea on the Terrace. Guests included PAUL CINQUEVALLI (who juggled beautifully with the tea-cups), ARNAUD MASSY, and Miss MARGARET BIBBY, the new Biblical pantomimist from the Velocity Theatre.



Milliner's Assistant. "THAT FEATHER, MADAM, MAKES YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER."

Antique Lady. "THEN I'LL TAKE THE HAT. BUT I THINK, PERHAPS, A SECOND FEATHER MIGHT MAKE IT EVEN MORE BECOMING."

6 P.M.—Debate on Resolution to confer plural vote on conscientious objectors, vegetarians, and all persons who have married their deceased wife's sister. On behalf of Government stated that we should view legislation on these lines with a benevolent neutrality, but deeply regretted we couldn't treat it as a party question. Violently attacked by GRAYSON as a savage and unrelenting tyrant. After hurried consultation with colleagues decided to modify attitude, and promise Government support to the proposal on behalf of vegetarians. Tumult still continuing, promised to adopt a plastic mind on the whole question.

7.30.—Dined at House. Guests include distinguished French visitors, Mme. DIAPHANE DE BOURBOULE and LA LOLITA, the new sacred allegorical acrobat from Andalusia.

8.—Introduced Government Bill, rendering teetotalism obligatory on all peers except those elevated by the present Government. Great enthusiasm.

8.30.—Hurried off to dine with the

Society of Evangelical Terpsichoreans. In reply to the toast of my health said that the Government intended to make a modest beginning in the way of endowing a National Ballet next year by devoting £500,000 to the building of a suitable Temple of Terpsichore, but hoped to spare two millions on the same object in the following year and for ever afterwards.

9.45.—Looked in at the Palace just in time to be charmed once more by the John the Baptist *pas seul*. The dear little woman never danced better. Thought the few adverse comments I heard in very bad taste.

10.30.—Returned to House. Debate on Children's Bill. In reply to Socialist Member stated that the Government would think not once but twice before they refused to grant special pensions to the parents of infant prodigies earning less than £5,000 a year. Added that although it was good to have a giant's strength, it was base to use it like a giant. The Government were resolved to adopt an elastic and accom-

modating attitude on this as indeed on every question which appealed to the elementary instincts of our common humanity. (*Great cheering.*)

Learning to think Imperially.

From an Empire Day essay by a L.C.C. child (aged 7):

"There are a lot of Empires, like Chinese Empire, Hackney Empire, Stratford Empire, and Russian Empire. Hackney Empire is different to ours, because they sing there, and ours is places"

The distinction between the two classes of Empire is admirably defined; and it is further emphasised by a second child, who says: "The British Empire belongs to us, you can go in free." "Ours is the best," says a third, and, again, "You don't pay anything." It is good to see this recognition of our free birthright.

The Hosier's Best Friend.

"That this laundry is highly recommended by the leading West End hosiers is in itself a guarantee of the quality of our shirt and collar work."

LONDON LETTERS.

VIII.

DEAR CHARLES,—A thing has just happened to me, which really only happens to people in jokes. You would not believe it did I not lay my hand on my heart—(the heart isn't on the left side, as you thought, by the way. It's bang in the middle, only the left auricle does all the work. However)—on my heart, and swear that it is true.

I was in the silver department of Liberty's buying some spoons. Yes, I fell back on spoons, after all. (Never fall back on a spoon, CHARLES, if you can help it.) It was a hot day, and the business of selection was so exhausting that I took off my hat and gloves, and laid them on a chair beside me. When it was all over the man went off to make out the bill. I wandered round the place, looking at all the other things which I wished I had bought instead. Suddenly a voice at my side said:

"Can you tell me if this is where you get ladies' jerseys for golf?"

(I told you you had to get a jersey for golf.)

I said: "Oh, do you think that is a good thing? I rather thought of spoons myself. . . . I mean, for a wedding present one does want something which. . . Oh, I beg your pardon. . . Yes, I am Mr. LIBERTY. No Liberty at all, madam, I assure you. . . This is the silver department, you know. . . Yes, all that white shiny stuff. . . Well, I dare say we *could* do you one, if you wouldn't mind having the lion worked on it. . . No, we don't charge for the lion. . . Or what about something quite simple in pewter. . . Oh, I see. . . The art muslin department would be the nearest thing we have. . . a freer swing, certainly. . . Good morning."

Well, no, I didn't say that exactly. Having my hand on the left side of my heart it would be impossible to pretend that I did. With the best intentions in the world how easy it is, LUCY, to slip from the rocky path of truth into the crevasse of make-believe. (Maxim from *The Fairchild Family*.) But really and really, CHARLES, she did take me for the shopwalker in the silver department, and she did ask for ladies' golf jerseys. What I actually said was: "I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I'm only a customer." And she said: "Oh, I'm so sorry." And then I put on my hat to show that I had one, and took it off again to show that I knew my manners, and she

went off to the clock counter, and said she was sorry to trouble the man behind it, but could he tell her where she went for ladies' jerseys for golf, and he said he was very sorry, but they didn't sell them. Altogether there was a good deal of sorrow going about.

But not on my part—never. In common tweeds, to be mistaken for one of those splendid frock-coated gentlemen, and admitted into a lady's confidence on a question of jerseys—there was glory for you. I doubt now if I ought to have gone down to Castle Bumpbrook. Anyhow, I should have insisted on all the gate.

What was the gate? I distinctly saw three small boys hiding behind a cow. I suppose they paid all right? CHARLES, I did enjoy it awfully, as I think I have told you several times. It was good of you to send me in first with the postman, and as a postman I am sure I should love him very much, but he is too fast for me on the cricket field. There *wasn't* a run there, you know—a simple shot straight to cover. I expect he thought it was an "express delivery" or "late fee" stroke, with "immediate" in the top left-hand corner; or perhaps the brown pad made him think I was a telegram. If I ever go in first with him again I shall register myself.

I gather that the Vicar *has* to bowl at one end all the time, hasn't he? In *licu* of tithes or something. Otherwise you get the Ecclesiastical Commissioners down on you. He varies his pitch cleverly, I admit. His firstly would take any batsman by surprise; I can't think why it only bounces once—finger-spin, I suppose. Then, immediately afterwards, you get his secondly, a high full-pitch which would almost be a wide in a layman. Yet all the time you feel that he is only leading up to his sixthly and lastly my brethren, which is one of the subtlest half-volleys I have ever seen. But is "over the wall" out? I thought that was only when you played in a garden with a stump. Perhaps being the churchyard wall makes a difference.

CHARLES, I love your garden. It was jolly to see the white flower of Mrs. Sinkins' blameless life again. I knew Mrs. Sinkins as a bulb—I mean as a boy, and have always regarded her with affection. I suppose I shall have to wait for Dorothy Perkins. She is hardly out yet. My love is like a—Oh, but Dorothy is pink. Anyhow, she sweetly smiles in June, and it's just on June, so I'm blown if I don't come

down to see her next month, whether you ask me or not. Better send me an invitation for form's sake.

And teach me about flowers, will you? (And I will tell you about motor-omnibuses). Why do they all end in "kins"? It can't be a coincidence that the only two which I know to talk to should do this. Funnily enough, motor-omnibuses all end in Putney, which shows that this is a very small world after all, and we needs must love the highest when we see it. So near and yet so far. Doesn't it annoy you when you meet a person in London whom you last saw in Uganda, and he fatuously observes that the world is a very small place? It would have been a much smaller place, *prima facie*, if you had last seen him at Leamington.

To return to Dorothy. We have flowers in London, too, please. What about the Temple Show? I saw a man there with a kodak; I suppose he wanted to snap the roses as they were growing. That's the sort of weather we are on the Embankment. Oh, but the fruit there! I wish I were a prize tomato; what a complexion.

Now then, ask me down to meet Miss Perkins, there's a dear. I shall be much hurt if you don't. So will you. Daddy smack 'oo, as MARGERY says every time a dog barks. The picture of a ready-handed JOHN stalking endless curs across London, with one ear cocked for the slightest sound of a bark, is priceless. By all means let us petition for a Public Dog Smacker; much more wanted than a Public Trustee, anyhow.

A. A. M.

Coursing Notes.

"According to an old-time proverb, those whom the dogs wish to destroy are primarily deprived of reason; and it really looks as if the Government is as mad as a march hare."

Birmingham Echo.

On the other hand those whom the dogs love die young.

"The 2nd Battalion will leave England for Plymouth during the first week in November."

Army and Navy Gazette

This gives them abundance of time to put their affairs in order before they start on their perilous journey.

"The surplines of some of the choir had been smothered by the falling debris, and one had fainted from fright."—Daily Mail.

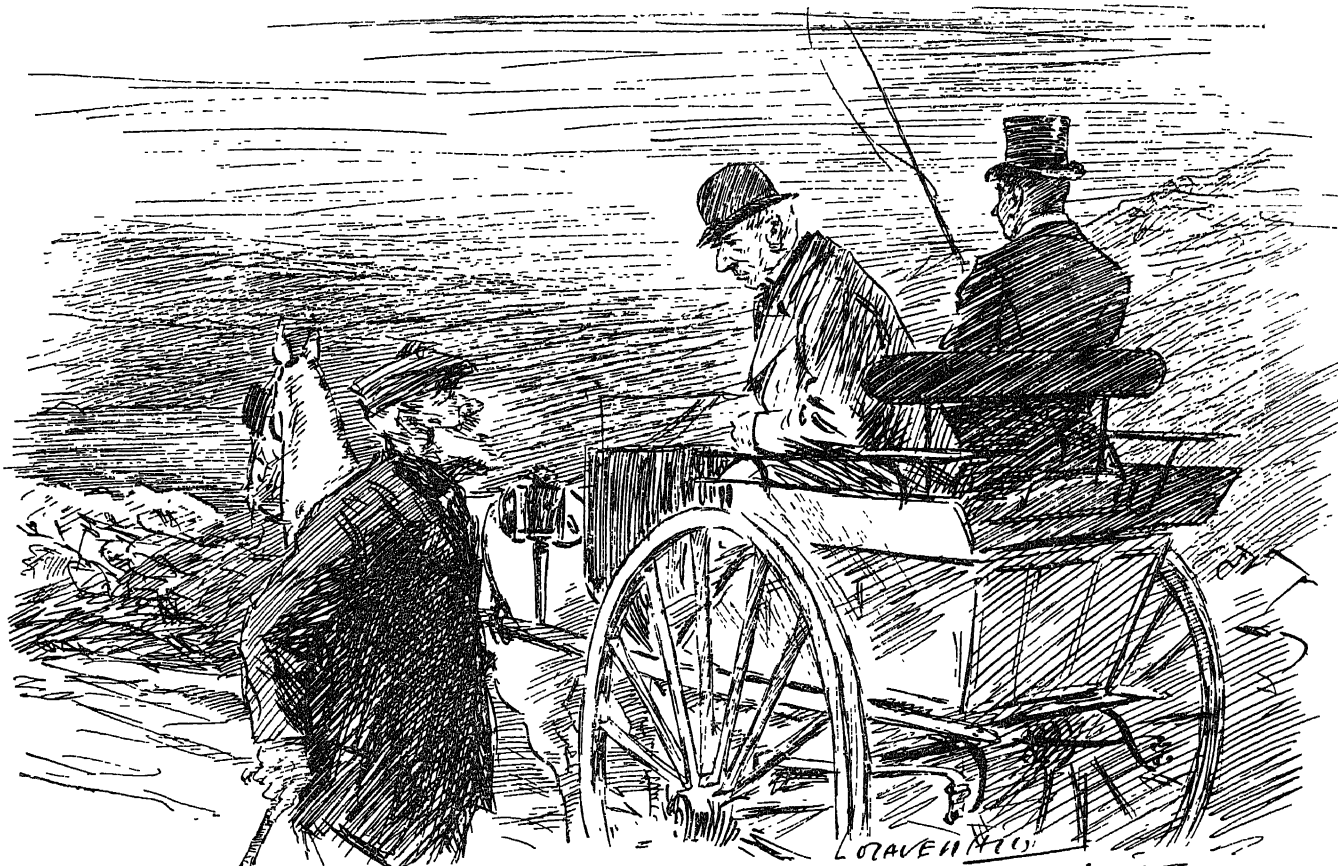
Interviewed by our representative, the organ-blower said that he was not at all surprised, as he noticed before how white it was.

HINTS FOR THE BAZAAR SEASON.



Palmist (at close of sitting) "Now one guinea more, please, or your true character will be written on the slate outside."





Shepherd (concluding tale of bereavement) "Sae a gied her some o' that wee bottle that ye left yest're'en, an' she just slippit awa' at fower o'clock the morn."

Doctor. "DEAR, DEAR! I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT."

Shepherd (thoughtfully). "EH, MAN DOCTOR, ISNA IT A MAIRCY A DIDNA TAK' ANY O' THE WEE BOTTLE MASEL'!"

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

[*"The problem of securing that the vast native population of South Africa shall be clothed in a civilised fashion is one of the most important questions that confront the British colonies in that part of the world."*—*The Outfitter.*]

WHAT severs the Boer and the Briton?

What still keeps them sadly apart?
And why are they both
Just a little bit loath

To be pressed to a brotherly heart?
And why, as by compact unwritten,
Do both look askance at the black
And squirm at the figure
That's cut by a nigger
Who hasn't a rag to his back?

O Afric's coral strand,
Where Nature wears a smile,
Where orchids glow in bravest
show,
And all things grow *sans* spade or
hoe,

O wherefore, sun kissed land,
Is man alone so vile?
Because each loathes his neigh-
bour's clothes
'And crude sartorial style.

The Briton who's garbed in the
fashion

Of Bond Street of course is dis-
tressed

Whenever he speaks
To a person whose breeks
Have never been properly pressed.
How can he dissemble the passion
He feels when there passes along
A person arrayed in
A suit that is made in
A style that is hopelessly wrong?

He cannot help a sigh
Upon the veld to see
A knee that bags, a seam that sags,
A sleeve that drags, a cuff in rags;
However hard he try
A frown will come when he
Beholds a pair of buttons where
Dame Fashion orders three.

As a rule it is foolish to utter
Great truths of prophetic kind,
But this would appear
To be perfectly clear
To the most elementary mind—
That not till the *Tailor and Cutter*
Is eagerly read on the Rand,
To make the Equator

A bit up-to-dater,
Will harmony dwell in the land.

When quite the latest cry
Upon the veld you meet,
When yellow, white and black
delight
To wear what's right in Fashion's
sight,

Then racial feuds will die,
And each in each will greet
A brother dressed in all the best
From Bond-of-Nations Street.

*The Hants and Berks Gazette on
Beet-root:*

"The best plan is to place two or three
seeds two inches deep a distance of eight miles
apart"

This arrangement should leave plenty
of room in between for the cold beef.

Commercial Candour.

Seen on a London fruit-barrow:
"Oranges, only two a penny."

More History from the Schoolroom.
Governess. Who was Guy Fawkes,
Nelly?

Nelly. He tried to blow up the
house-parlourmaid.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "WELL! HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?"

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES. "OF THE MOST GENIAL! AND THE EXPOSITION—SUPERB! ON WEEK-DAYS IT IS FRANCO, AND ON SUNDAYS IT IS BRITISH!"

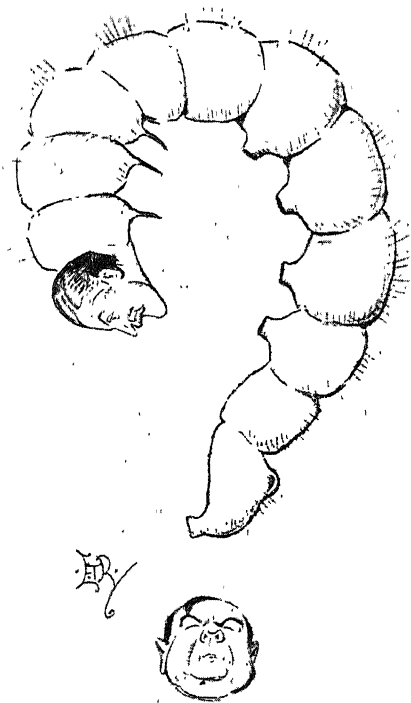
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 25.—NAPOLEON B. HALDANE can be silent in seven languages. Also can be exceedingly voluble in one. This a red-letter day for him. In the space of thirty-five minutes he worked off sixty-eight speeches. Nominally they were answers to questions. Actually, with one exception, they had the due proportions of a speech.

Exception cruelly made in case of ARNOLD-FORSTER. Had prepared a poser with respect to Territorial Field Artillery. And now N. B. H., lavish in reply to others, curtly said, "The answer to the first part of the question is Yes; the second, No."

What could be fairer? Still it wasn't nice to make the distinction. Compared with his treatment of the INTERROGATORY ASHLEY, the difference



THE CATECHETIC CATERPILLAR;
Or, "HALDANE'S PEST."
(Hon. W-lfr-d Ashl-y.)

painfully marked. Of thirty-four questions on paper addressed to War Minister, a fraction over one-sixth stood in name of THE ENQUIRER. But that only half the truth. Whilst his printed questions were numbered up to six, they actually contained eleven distinct interrogations. Nor was that all. Having studied the early manner

of the Irish Members, THE ANXIOUS ENQUIRER never accepts N. B. H.'s luminous speechlets for a full answer. He is up again in a moment. Instinctively assumes attitude of note of interrogation, and puts a supplementary question.

This elicits fresh speech, one of whose sub-divisions suggests another question. On the average he works off three supplementary questions, which, "by a simple rule of arithmetic," as Don José said when expounding the gospel of Old Age Pensions, brings his contributions to the sitting up to forty-four questions.

From other side of House, BELLAIRS looks on moodily. In the new Parliament he was the inventor of this form of entertainment. Taking the Navy under his wing, he, day after day, put down series of argumentative questions, following them by others "arising out of that answer." LAMBERT, Cincinnatus of the Ministry, taken from his farm to assist in ruling the King's Navee, bore the ordeal without showing sign of its ravages. SARK tells me he has at the back of the Admiralty a rood of land. When things go wrong in the office or the House, he takes off his coat, brings out a spade from its hiding-place, and makes believe he is digging potatoes on his farm at Spreyton Bow, North Devon.

EDMUND ROBERTSON, his colleague at the Admiralty, had no such means of relaxation. He was literally worried into the Peerage by BELLAIRS, and promises himself the pleasure of presently coming down to the House and from Peers' Gallery seeing how MACNAMARA likes it.

Time in its traditionally obliging fashion has brought its revenges. BELLAIRS' patent has been infringed. What he did for the Navy, ASHLEY is now undertaking to do for the Army. Method and manner are servilely copied. Every day THE ENQUIRER puts down two or three questions on the paper. Follows them up by others suggesting that the Minister, hopelessly cornered, is criminally endeavouring to throw dust in eyes of representative of the people, is misleading them by garbled statements or deliberate evasion.

Hard that, even under LLOYD-GEORGE's highly extolled new Patents Act, there is in this matter no protection for the inventor. Happily BELLAIRS has one endearing little trick that may not be purloined. When he rises to put supplementary question, he holds a rolled-up copy of the Orders in both hands, and as he speaks wrings it as if it were a wet

towel or the neck of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. The latter suggestion being more *à propos*, the habit



"Wrings it as if it were a wet towel or the neck of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty."

(Mr. C-rly-n B-ll-rs)

contributes considerably to the effect of scathing inquiry.

Business done.—Income Tax Resolutions of Budget carried in Committee.

Tuesday.—Since VERNON DUNCAN PIRIE, ex-Captain, fluttered the Courts of Europe by organising a Foreign Legion for service in the Greek War, he was never so elate as when, this morning, he tripped down to the House. A great opportunity awaited him. Was in charge of a Bill designed to give Home Rule to Scotland, or, as the instrument was officially described, "a Bill to amend the provisions for the future government of Scotland."

An ordinary Private Member in such case would have formally moved for leave to introduce it. This would have been given as a matter of course; the Bill would have been printed and circulated; on moving the second reading its fond parent might expatiate on its merits, capabilities and possibilities. PIRIE knew better than that. Ministers are accustomed to introduce important measures under the Ten Minutes Rule (so called because there is nothing in the Standing Order alluding to ten minutes). Why should an important measure affecting Scotland be smuggled through its initial

tory stage? **PIRIE** answered the question himself. Claimed the privilege of the Ten Minutes Rule; rising in a House which seemed lamentably indifferent to the issue, began what should have been the exposition of the scheme.

Unhappily House of Lords has been at it again, mauling Scottish Land Bills and the like. Now was the opportunity of giving what in cribbage is described as "one for his nob." The exercise might have passed without comment but for chance presence of **PRINCE ARTHUR**. Lingering after Questions to take part in discussion on procedure with respect to the Budget in Committee, he ominously pricked up his ears when the pugnacious **PIRIE**, forgetful of his Bill to amend the provisions for the future government of Scotland, ran amok at the Lords. At the end of five minutes he rose to point of order. Was it permissible, he asked the **SPEAKER**, that a Member avowing intention of explaining the clauses of a Bill should make these excursions into controversy?

The **SPEAKER** thought it would perhaps on the whole be better if the hon. Member would confine himself to explanation. **VERNON DUNCAN** displayed amiable inclination to join in discussion of this side issue. Was proceeding at length when **SPEAKER**, quoting **HERRICK**, reminded him that Old Time is still a-flying. One half of his allotted opportunity had lapsed, and he had not yet approached the Bill. Thus adjured, **PIRIE** turned to his Bill, and was beginning to explain it when time was called.

"A scheme so crude that its own author cannot explain it to the House," said **PRINCE ARTHUR**, with unwonted bitterness. If he went into the Lobby alone he would oppose the motion for the first reading.

A jubilant cheer broke forth from the faithful seated behind him. Go into the Lobby alone? Not if **BANBURY** knew it. Still small in numbers (in spite of by-elections) but high in spirit, the Opposition leaped to their feet, and with cheers escorted their chieftain to the "No" Lobby. As for **PIRIE**, he got under lee of the colossal figure of **EUGENE WASON**, who acted as co-teller, and, coming up to the table, breathlessly announced figures which showed that his Bill was saved. But it was a near thing.

"No more Ten Minutes Rule for me," he said, mopping his brow on resuming his seat below the gangway.

Business done.—More Budget resolutions agreed to.

Friday.—With hereditary courage, self-abnegation, devotion to public affairs, Lord **ROBERT CECIL** deliberately resolved to make a dreadful example of himself. If there is one illicit Parliamentary practice he abhors more than another it is that known as "blocking" Bills or resolutions. The process is as follows: When a Member gives notice to bring in a Bill or move a resolution, a nimble-footed adversary runs to the Clerks' Table and hands in a resolution dealing with the same subject. That puts a spoke in the wheel. According to the Standing Orders no question may be debated if there already stands on the paper notice of intended action thereupon.

Lord **ROBERT** has, since the present Government came in, determined to stop this abuse. Judge, then, of the



"Ah! this is evidently something in my line!"
(Mr. H-gh L-a)

general horror when, The **O'GRADY** having given notice to call attention to the visit of **HIS MAJESTY** to the **TsAR**, the Orders of the next day contained a blocking motion standing in the name of Lord **ROBERT CECIL**.

Now he explains it was all done on principle. Adopting (on strictly temperance lines) the classical example of the Helot, he, in the interests of reform, determined to make of himself an awful example that would bring home to the minds of the House the iniquity of the existing rule.

A noble idea, finely carried out. Pity to hear Members scoffing and sneering. As **SARK** says, some men are too good for a carping world.

Business done.—Public Rights of Way Bill read a second time.

From *The Yorkshire Post*:

"T. D., Dewsbury.—Yes, the city of York is in Yorkshire." This will give the layman some idea of the extraordinary erudition required of a sub-editor.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

I KNOW a pool where the river,
Sunlit and still,
Slips by a bank of wild roses
Down from the mill;
There do I linger when summer
makes glorious
Valley and hill.

Somewhere the song of a skylark
Melts into air,
Butterflies float through the sun-
shine,
June's everywhere;
Nature, in fact, shows an amiable
jollity
I do not share.

For in the shade of the alders,
Scornful of flies,
There is a trout that no cunning
Coaxes to rise,
"Slim" as Ulysses, and doubtful as
Didymus,
Mammoth in size.

And when the Mayfly battalions
Flutter and skim,
When all the others are filling
Baskets abrim,
I spend the cream of the flyfisher's
carnival
Casting at him;

Seeing in fancy my hackle
Seized with a founce,
Hearing the reel racing madly
Under his pounce,
Knowing at last all the pounds of
his magnitude
(Eight if an ounce!)

But of my drakes and my sedges
None make the kill,
None tempt him up from his fastness
Under the mill,
And, for I saw him as lately as
Saturday,
There he is still.

Thus do Life's triumphs clude us,
Yet it may be
Some afternoon, when the keeper
Goes to his tea,
That, if a lobworm were dropped
unofficially—
Well, we shall see.

"Last week it was stated that in Manchester and Salford there were 4,342 Territorials. During the past week about 200 more men have joined, bringing the total up to 5,562. It is estimated that at least 50 more men will join before the Whitsuntide training. If this modest estimate is reached there will be a total Territorial force for Manchester and Salford of 6,062."—*Manchester Guardian*.

There is a touch of Mr. **HALDANE**'s optimism about all this. Buck up, Manchester. Only three more men to bring it-up to 10,000.



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 2.

Extracts from the diary of a beginner.—"RECEIVED PERMISSION FOR ONE DAY'S SPORT IN LORD A'S STREAM. FOUND IT RUNNING PURPLE 'GOT A WATER-COLOUR SKETCHING PARTY UP AT THE OLD MILL?' I ASKED A LABOURER. 'NO, SIR THEY'RE JUST TRYING A NEW SHEEP-DIP UP ALONG,' SAYS HE. 'IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A WEEK OR SO!'"

THE CRACKSMAN'S RIGHTS.

A MEETING convened by circular was held yesterday to protest against the provisions of the Preventive Detention Bill introduced in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary. The hall in which the meeting took place was tastefully decorated with trophies of skeleton keys, dark lanterns, india-rubber shoes, masks, revolvers and jemmies. On the wall over the chairman's head was displayed the motto "Our Profession Our Politics." There was a numerous attendance, the assemblage including all the most noted cracksmen of the day. Mr. JOSEPH LIGHTFOOT (Gentleman Joe) was unanimously voted to the chair. The proceedings began with the singing of Sir WILLIAM GILBERT's pathetic ballad, "The Enterprising Burglar," which was exquisitely rendered by the Fagin Quartette. Mr. LIGHTFOOT's speech was marked by much feeling. He said that a crisis had arrived in the noble vocation which they all had so much at heart. Unless they rallied in defence of their rights they would be crushed out of existence by a Socialistic Government, which stopped at nothing. (*Loud cheers.*) No doubt there were extremes in burglary, but the profession itself was not responsible for them, and this Bill, so far from putting a stop to them, would only increase them. Up to now they had all done their best to prevent the cracking of policemen's heads and the unnecessary gagging of middle-aged female householders. Why had they done that? Because under a humane code of law they had a hope of being able to retire on a competence. Now, however, that hope was to be taken

away from them. He had no hesitation in saying that the Government would be responsible for every damage that might be incurred by a constable or a citizen after this infamous Bill was passed. It was the worst sort of robbery. They were accustomed to be deprived of their goods. That they had to endure, but they couldn't suffer without a protest the wicked confiscation of the last remnant of their liberty. Was there to be a time limit for brewers and none for burglars? What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Were burglars to be imprisoned for ever? (*Cries of "Not much."*) He denounced the hypocrisy of the Home Office. This Bill would increase crime by making men desperate. He concluded by moving the following resolution:—"That this meeting protests emphatically against the Preventive Detention Bill, and will leave no stone unturned to prevent the passage of this iniquitous, unconstitutional and confiscatory measure."

The motion was seconded by Mr. WILLIAM SIKES in an impassioned speech. He adjured his hearers by the memory of his much-respected great-uncle not to falter in the fight. Their rights were as sacred to them as those of other people. Let them organise mass meetings in every constituency, and bring pressure to bear on Members of Parliament. A midnight procession must be organised, and branches must be formed throughout the country. He himself would head a deputation, and was prepared to chain himself to the Home Secretary's railings.

At this juncture the appearance of a policeman was the signal for a hurried stampede, the meeting breaking up in confusion.

THE LONG WAY ROUND.

I OFTEN feared that two years of travel on the Continent would have spoiled her natural simplicity. I was more than delighted to find her still unchanged. It was this very simplicity which had first attracted me to the little convent-bred girl by the shores of Lake Lemman. On the slopes of Bouveret I had instructed her in the gentle art of gentle flirtation. I congratulated myself on having accepted her sister's invitation to call on them when they returned to England.

From Geneva the conversation turned to Lucerne, from Lucerne to Tell's Chapel, from Tell's Chapel to chapels in general, and thence to the church. It was a Sunday evening.

"Edna will never take me to church," she said with a sigh, "and she won't let me go by myself."

"They are so draughty," said Edna, with a shudder.

"So are theatres," she replied.

The stars were shining especially brightly as we left the house. The chiming of the innumerable bells floated with unwonted sweetness on the air. The path gave resiliently beneath my feet. I recognised the symptoms, and my heart leaped within me.

For the first mile we walked in silence. I had my second sentence ready. From this depended, in my brain, a brilliant flow of eloquence. All that was lacking was an opening remark. This, for some reason, I was absolutely unable to construct.

I finally gave it up in despair. I decided to begin with the second sentence. I opened my mouth some fifty times. At the sight of her dainty profile above the fluffy white boa it closed itself with a snap. If she had not been so sweetly simple I should have found my task easier. Yet it was for this very simplicity that I loved her.

At the end of the second mile I determined to begin a general conversation, and trust that some kind spirit would make an opening for me. An ordinary girl, I knew well, would have assisted the kind spirit in his task; but *she*—That was why I loved her so.

For half a mile I talked rapidly on

a subject that I have at my fingers' ends. I told her of every incident that had happened to me from my birth to the present day. Then I retraced my steps to my early years, with the help of some adventures that had really happened to my brother-in-law, and returned to the present by appropriating the career of a third cousin who is a bit of a liar. But the end of the fourth mile saw me no nearer the point than had her topmost door-step.

We crossed a square and turned down two streets in silence. Strangely

To my intense surprise the clergyman mounted the pulpit and gave out his text.

The sermon was followed by a second hymn. After this the congregation left in a body. I began to grasp the situation.

"Didn't we miss part of it?" I asked.

She said nothing.

"Your sister said that we should have plenty of time," I added, indignantly.

She said nothing again.

At that moment a brilliant idea flashed into my brain. I knew that a four-mile walk lay ahead of us; but I determined to make it six by judiciously losing the way. It was obvious that I should be forced to find a new opening remark. Also I had thought out several new headings, which would require time when once I got really started. I turned to the left. She turned to the right.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Why, back to your house," I answered, in a tone of surprise.

"But that isn't the way we came."

I gazed round me critically. "I am certain that this is the way."

"Don't be so absurd. I ought to know my way home by this time."

I adopted a firm tone. "I have no intention of going in that direction," I said. "You are so used to this walk that you don't notice where you are going. It is a new neighbourhood to me, and therefore I noticed things as we came along. Don't you remember that pillar-box?"

"There is a pillar-box along this way too."

"Yes, but not *that* pillar-box," I cried triumphantly.

She seemed puzzled. "Anyhow I am certain that this is right," she said.

"I have no intention of going in that direction," I answered firmly. "You can't go home alone, and you will have to come my way."

"I won't," she answered defiantly.

"Come along."

"No, I won't. Please come this way."

I felt that I was a brute. Here was I using the subtlety acquired by



Policeman (to tenant of flat). "AND YOU SAY THE RUG WAS STOLEN FROM YOUR HALL. CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY PARTICULARS OF IT?"

Tenant (nervously). "OH, YES. IT WAS A FANCY REVERSIBLE RUG—RED ON ONE SIDE AND GREEN ON THE OTHER."

Policeman (impressively). "AH—AND WHICH WAS THE GREEN SIDE?"

enough it was her natural simplicity that came to my rescue.

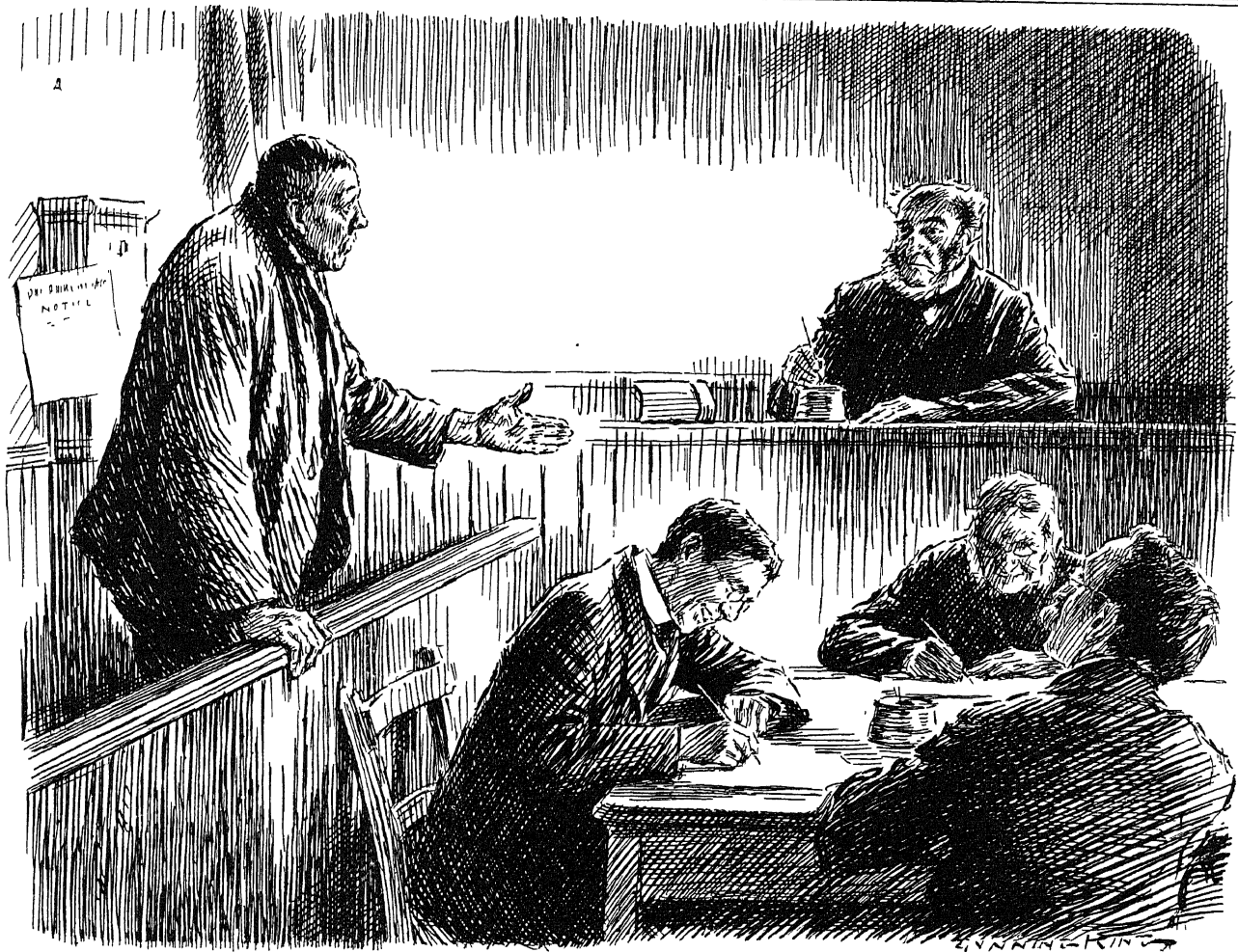
"You have told me," she said, "all about the curiously mixed life you have led. It seems to me so strange that in the course of your numerous adventures you should never once have fallen in love."

"But I have!" I shouted; "I have!"

Before I was able to tack my second sentence on to these opening words she spoke again.

"Oh, not so loud, please. We are here."

I was only just in time to open the red-baize door for her. The congregation were singing a hymn.



Magistrate. "SO YOU ACKNOWLEDGE HAVING STOLEN THE OVERCOAT. ANYTHING MORE TO SAY?"

Prisoner. "YES, YOUR HONOUR. I HAD TO HAVE THE SLEEVES RE-LINED."

long experience against this poor guileless little maiden. How could she guess that my persistence was only part of an ingenious scheme to gain time for my declaration? I felt the blackness of my guilt in severe contrast to her sweet simplicity. I determined that it should be the last piece of deception I would ever indulge in. But I determined also that it should have every chance of reaching the past tense.

"I think you're horrid," she said tearfully.

I hardened my heart. I assumed a posture of patient determination. "I am very sorry," I said, "but I am sure that you will acknowledge later that what I suggest is right. My mind is fully made up." Nothing could have induced me to relinquish those extra two miles.

"Very well," she said suddenly. She came obediently to my side, and we walked in silence the twenty yards to the next corner. I turned off to the left. This would take us in a direction diametrically opposite

to that in which we had come. I was determined to run no risks.

"Straight on, please," said she.

I continued slowly along the road I had selected. I intended to avoid this discussion at every corner by a show of silent firmness. I knew that she would come to me. She was such a timid simple little woman.

I had taken but ten paces when an opening sentence of extraordinary brilliance flashed into my mind. All my troubles were over. The moment she joined me I would—

"What on earth have you done with my sister?" said a voice.

I stopped in amazement and looked up. EDNA stood before the open door of the house we had started from. I turned to look for my late companion. She stepped quickly past me, ran up the steps, drew her sister into the hall, and slammed the door.

* * * *

I shall not worry any more about that opening sentence. After all, one ought to be able to trust a woman's intuition.

"There is not an Institution in the length and breadth of the land which has been for so long a time in the clutches of a more ravenous shoal of sharks."—*South Dublin Star*.

What to do when clutched by a shark: Take his little finger in your right hand and press it back as far as it will go. He will then release his hold.

"H. K. Foster's 174 over-shadowed everything else in the game. But for his dashing display Worcestershire's second total would not have been so good as it was."—*The Globe*.

It is the part of genius to give expression to the thoughts of the inarticulate mass.

"India to-day is governed by a huge military oligarchy."—*Mr. Keir Hardie*.

You never know where you are with these huge oligarchies, which in our school days used to mean Government by the few. Why doesn't our only KEIR have the courage of his opinion and call them polyoligarchies?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As you may gather from the title, *Before Adam* (WERNER LAURIE) is not an up-to-date society novel. The period is the Mid-Pleistocene; and Mr. JACK LONDON gives his story the verisimilitude of the first person singular by making the narrator a modern man who lives over again, in his dreams, the life of his ancestral missing link, *Big Tooth*. Many of our dreams, according to Mr. LONDON, are but racial memories. For instance, we often dream that we are falling into space. That is because our ancestors, who lived in trees, were always falling off; the shock produced molecular changes in their cerebral cells; and these changes were transmitted to the cerebral cells of their progeny . . . and eventually to us. Now suppose the ancestor hit the ground and was killed. Then he would not have any progeny after that. But if he saved himself by clutching at a branch on the way, he would still have the shock to the nervous system, and (it might be) lots of progeny subsequently. And *that* is why when we dream we are falling through space we wake up before we hit the ground; because our ancestors never hit the ground, at least, not until they had become ancestors. So you should always say to yourself when you wake up with a jerk, "A near thing that time, *Blue Nose*, old boy. Do be more careful in future." It is an interesting theory—more interesting, indeed, than the story, which is a very plain (and short) tale from the tree-tops. Mr. LONDON gets fewer words on to a page than anybody I know. His ancestor must have been an economist with the nuts.

If you get as far as the first chapter of Mr. RAMSAY'S *The Key of the Door* (HUTCHINSON), you are bound to see the thing through. I have seldom come upon an introduction that intrigued me more. A popular General, home after long absence, takes refuge in a public building from the cheering crowds, and there encounters a lady in waiting for him who claims to be his wife, though he had never yet set eyes on her till that moment. She is discouraged in her advances by his polite inability to recognise her; but a pleasant chance throws them together at Leicestershire covertsides, where they complicate the situation by falling in love with one another. The author knows his country and has the trick of communicating this intimacy. If, perhaps, he seems more at home with hounds and with the easy manners and morals of the folk who follow them than he is with the perfect technique of his art, I can easily excuse a few blemishes of style (notably a tendency to false rhetoric in his heroine and a rather perfunctory handling of the plot, of which he grows

tired) for the sake of his charming pictures, very racy of furrow and fence, and his admirable sketches of hunting types. The casual *Rahilly* is a study that would not shame the authors of *An Irish R. M.*, and that is high praise. I commend the book to lovers of the shires, and not less to citizens who only hunt by proxy but can follow a good lead from cover to cover of a sporting tale.

The hero of Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI'S *The Shame of Motley* (HUTCHINSON) would have been more engaging if he had been a little more modest. The tale is told in the first person, and apart from *Lazzaro Biancomonte's* admission that he was once daunted "for just a second," he relates his virtues and his valours with a self-complacency which inclines to be irritating. Still, if I could write "an epic modelled upon the stately lines of Virgil," perhaps I should be immodest enough to describe it as "a brave thing when it was done." As *Lazzaro* does not quote any of the

poetry which created such a sensation, we must accept his own estimate of it; but he does record some of the quips and jests which amused the Court, and they do not amuse me overmuch. Merely to call a man an ass does not, for instance, strike me as "a pretty play of wit." In truth *Lazzaro* was abler at deeds than at words, and it is as a man of action that I like to think of him. I wish, by the way, that Mr. SABATINI would not write of "a forest of equine legs."

In *Miss Lucy* (HURST AND BLACKETT) Miss CHRISTOBEL COLERIDGE has hit upon what, as far as I remember my reading, is in its details and management a new plot. *Miss Lucy Leigh*, the daughter

of a great house, marries her grandfather's gamekeeper. They settle down in a distant county, the husband finding a berth on an estate near a manufacturing town. In course of time the estate is purchased by a self-made man, who has married the daughter of *Miss Lucy's* old nurse. Coming into residence at Barmford she recognises the runaway in the hard-working wife of a dependent of her own husband. Here are delicate circumstances requiring nice handling. This they receive from Miss COLERIDGE through the course of a placid flood of narrative. *Miss Lucy* is delightful in her diverse conditions and her many moods. She was not desperately in love with the gamekeeper when she stepped down to marry him. But closer study of his high character breeds affection whose growth is marked by many subtle touches.

"Observing the temporary incapacity of Mr. Lea, who seemed to be thinking furiously with his mouth open, Mr. Swift MacNeill filled the aching void."—*Liverpool Courier*.

Mr. MACNEILL has mistaken his vocation. He should have been a dentist.



A LECTURE AT THE ALPINE CLUB.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONCERT is to be given at Bechstein Hall, at which the programme will consist of works composed by royal musicians only. We hope that this will be more successful than the average Concert of Europe.

Another strange confusion of ideas. An old lady upon being told that Mr. A. E. W. MASON, although a Liberal, was opposed to the Licensing Bill, remarked, "Oh, well, he owns 'The Three Feathers,' doesn't he?"

"Where," asks Mr. BALFOUR, "is the mandate of the Government to bring in a Bill to grant votes to all women?" As a matter of fact the Government has not even a woman-date.

The opening of the Art Palace at the Franco-British Exhibition was delayed in consequence of the L.C.C. insisting on an emergency exit being provided. This insult to the finest collection of modern pictures and sculpture ever seen in this country strikes one as unfortunate.

We are glad to hear that the authorities are not losing sight of the importance of providing our French visitors with amusement. Several members of the Metropolitan police force who, it is alleged, can speak French, have been drafted into the Shepherd's Bush district.

A scentless rose has been produced. Now that this has been achieved it is to be hoped that the floricultural profession will turn its mind to a more philanthropic object, and produce a scentless onion.

"The smoking of little boys is deplorable," says *The Daily Chronicle*. And not half so nice as tobacco, we should think.

The Family Doctor draws attention to an infallible cure for a cold. All that the sufferer has to do, we are told, is to "go out into the open air, and breathe copiously and deeply for about twenty times, repeating the operation every hour until cured." The italics are ours, though they

might well have belonged to *The Family Doctor*.

The Bibliophile publishes an article on "The Decline of the Book," and a young author whose masterpiece has been refused by every publisher in London is glad to gather that attention is at length being directed to a grave scandal.

"Which is the most wearing pro-

suddenly dismissed without pensions, and many of them have to consent to be sold into captivity in order that they may have the means of subsistence.

"Girls Who Receive Hundreds of Proposals," is the title of an article in a contemporary. A curious fact in this respect is that liars, we believe, receive more proposals than any other sort of girl.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT, when she paid a visit to the Exhibition, inspected *The Daily Mail* pavilion. "C'est merveilleux," she said, on seeing the octuple machine at work. "One would think this huge machine had brains." "So it has, ma'am," replied one of the printers with deep conviction. Whose are they? An enquiry, we understand, is proceeding at Carmelite House.

Answers to Correspondents.

"SUFFRAGETTE." — Yes, you are right in your rendering from the Italian. *Signorinetta* does mean "a very little lady." And we agree with you that it is extremely creditable for such a tiny filly to have beaten all those big grown-up man-horses. Couldn't you get her to assist at your Hyde Park demonstration?

"DOWN WITH THE PROPHETS." — We can quite understand your feeling that your paltry £10 on the Derby was well worth losing for the joy of witnessing the discomfiture of all these self-anointed racing prophets, who for weeks and weeks have been pretending to find the winner. At the same time we think you might have had the same fun at a smaller cost. We know an anti-vegetarian who had it, and he only wasted 2s. 6d. (and that on principle) over a horse called Azote.

"The Chevalier Ginistrelli led his horse in almost without a cheer."

"What hand-clapping and sporting cheers there were for the owner even from losers" Which are we to believe—*The Daily Express* or *The Daily Express*?



THE PERFECT SERVANT.

Master. "HERE—ER—HAS MY WHATSERNAME COME?"

Man. "YESSIR."

Master. "YES—WELL THEN, HOP OVER TO THE—ER—THAT CLUB WITH THE SILLY NAME, AND TELL MR.—ER—THINGUMMY I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO FIX UP THAT—ER—UM, D'YOU SEE? AND THEN GET HOLD OF THAT BOOK—ER—WITH THE YELLOW COVER AND LOOK OUT A TRAIN TO—ER—TO—ER—OH, YOU KNOW!"

Man "YESSIR."

[Exit, fully understanding

fession?" asks a correspondent. That of a barrister, we should say. We have noticed that the wigs of quite young barristers are grey.

A dog persisted in frolicking round and barking at a motor-car. "Get out," at last cried the exasperated chauffeur, "or I'll have your licence endorsed!"

Much sympathy is being expressed for a number of carrier-pigeons who have been ruined by wireless telegraphy. Previously in the employ of the Admiralty, these birds have been

INNOMINATA.

DEAR, I watched you in your stall
Shining like a little star,
With the fairest face of all,
O by far and very far;
Watched you bend your head and
pore
Over some absurd libretto—
Stuffy *Traviata* or
Stodgy *Rigoletto*.

Weary veterans well may mock,
Using language most profane,
When they see this hardy stock
Turning up and up again;
But to one as fresh as you
(May it take you years to harden)
Everything is nice and new
In the good old Garden.

From my morning sheet I got
Hints of how the *diva* sang,
Notes on who was wearing what,
Just the old familiar gang—
Types that thrill the common breast
Having, so it seems, a smart air—
Not a word about the best
Flower of all the *parterre*.

Heaven be thanked! And may your
claims
Long elude that cheap success,
Long be missed among the names
Hackneyed in the halfpenny press,
Let your sweetness bloom apart,
Free from other exploitation
Save its imprint on my heart
(Private circulation).

O. S.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOCIAL RIVALRIES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The way BERYL CLARGES is trying to best me as a hostess is distinctly funny. She was just mad about my getting the darling NUM-NUM to look in at my last big party, with all his jewels on. He was worth a *million* as he stood, my dear. *À propos de quoi*, BABS said to me during the evening, "That was an awfully nice man I was talking to when you came up. Who is he? I don't remember meeting him before." "Probably not, my dear," I said. "He's a 'tec from Scotland Yard; there's several of them here to-night; such an expensive creature as the NUM-NUM can't be trusted alone, even among people who ought to know better." "What fun!" said BABS. "I'll make him take me to supper and tell me who did the Forest Hill murder."

There was only one small hitch that night. I got a little nautch-girl from an Amusement Bureau to dance

for the NUM-NUM. She was the dearest, brownest, *Indianest* little thing, squirmed à *merveille*, and made one think of elephants and palms and the Taj Mahal and all that sort of thing, you know. The NUM-NUM was so pleased that he gave her a jewel and said something to her in native stuff. She didn't understand, and one of the suite said, "His Highness wants to know what part of India you come from." "Is it where was I born?" said the little brown Indian nautch-girl. "At Ballinasloe, your Honour!" Vexing for me, wasn't it? As NORTY said, my little Hindoo turned out a little Hindon't!

And now for BERYL's trying to get even with me, and what came of it. She heard by a side-wind that the DAILY DAMA was likely to come over here. I don't know whether I've spelled him right; he *sounds* like a newspaper, but is really a mixture of a priest and a king—a delicious mysterious creature that no one's ever had a good look at, and that rules with a big It, making people jump over precipices when they've offended him, and even sometimes when they *haven't*, if he wants amusing. Oh, and another thing—his dignity won't allow him to go in at *any* sort of gate. Fancy, what a lovely idea! BERYL, who has a good bit of influence in a certain official quarter, got a promise that this sweet thing should go for a week-end to Clarges Park, and should pay no other private visits. (That's just like BERYL! Her selfishness is simply horrid!)

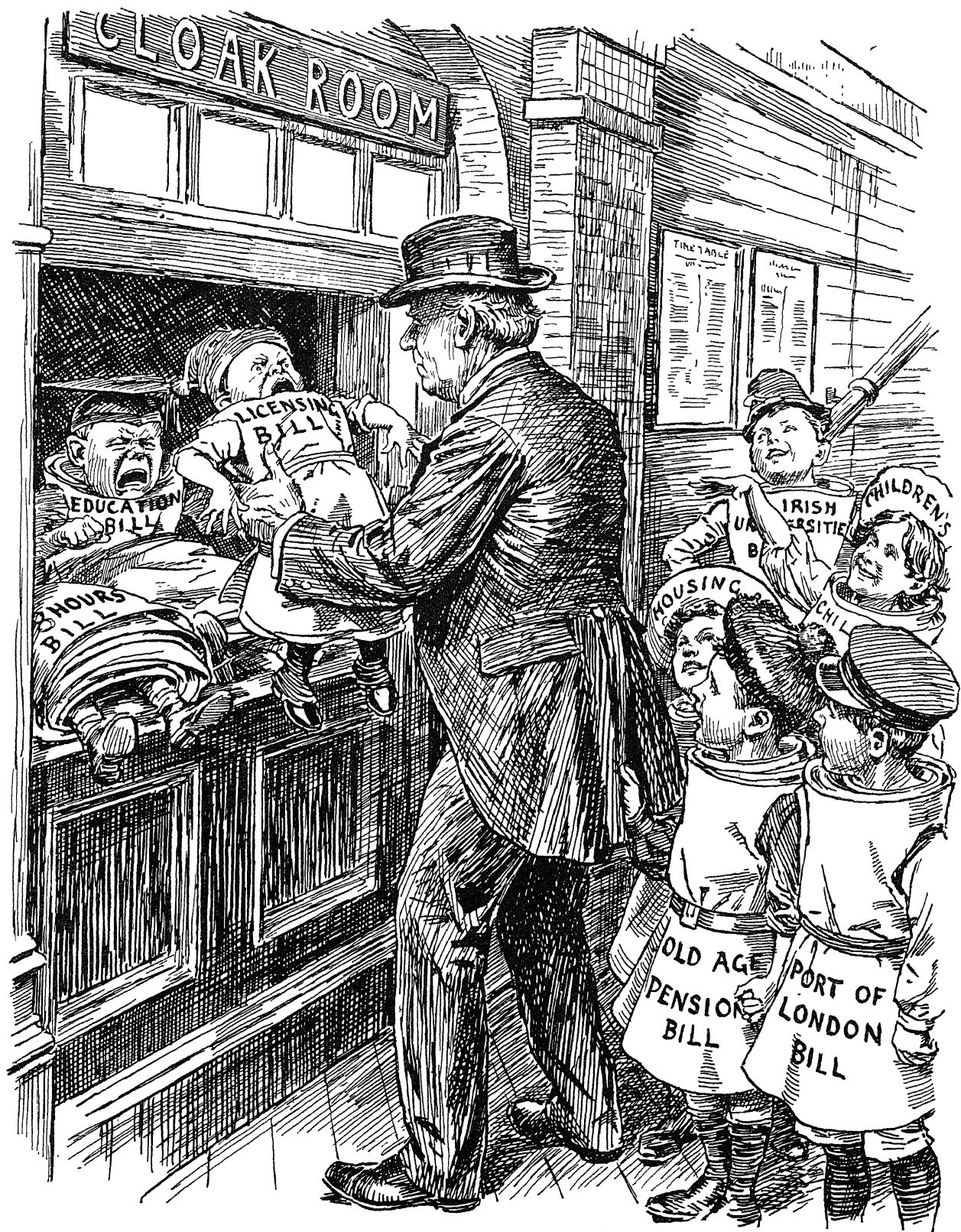
I don't deny that it would have been a very big thing if she could have pulled it off, for, what with the mystery about him, and the stories about precipices and never going in at gates, he would have been the rage here. But after she'd had the great Norman gateway removed at Clarges Park, and about a quarter-of-a-mile of the park railings, and made other preparations, she heard that the dear DAILY DAMA had decided to stay at home in the back of beyond! In the meantime, trippers had been pouring through the gap into Clarges Park, eating fearful sandwiches all over the place, and stray animals had established themselves there for life, and CLARGES got furious and gave BERYL a piece of what he calls his mind. She generously repaid him with a larger piece of hers; and I shouldn't wonder, my dear, if it ends in a separation.

I've been bringing forward an *extraordinarily* gifted brother and sister that I discovered last winter

down in Hampshire. Their *matinée* last Saturday at Piccadilly Hall, under my patronage, was *crammed*. The brother's performance on a large ivory comb with a peculiar kind of tissue-paper over it is a thing of sheer delight; you don't know how TSCHAIKOWSKY and SAINT-SAËNS can sound till you've heard them played in this way. The sister recites Nursery Rhymes and gets *wonderful* effects out of them. On Saturday, when she got to the end of *Mother Hubbard*, the weirdly realistic bang of the cupboard door and the howl of the disappointed dog fairly brought down the house, and made some people feel quite *nervy*.

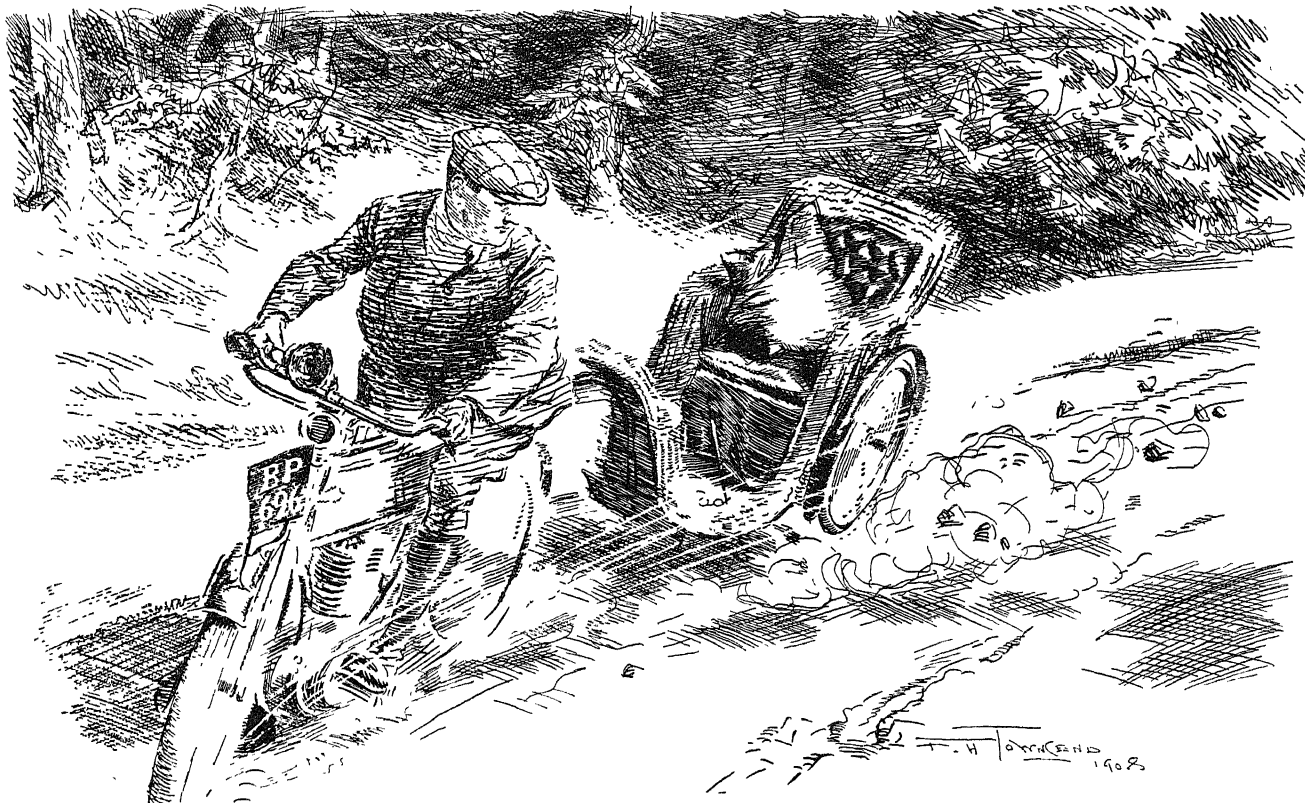
D'you know anything about the *Noumenon*, my dear? It's correct to talk about it, since that sweet Professor DIMSDALE's lectures at Clackmannan House, "The Noumenon, is it Knowable?" And we've been trying to read those wonderful books of his, "The Materials of our Consciousness," and "The Unthinkability of Something or Other." At the last lecture he talked to us about a red rose he was holding. He said it wasn't *really* red, or soft, or sweet-scented; *we* gave it those qualities in looking at it and touching it and sniffing it. We all tried to think what it was *in itself*. I believe I succeeded better than any of them, though I daresay STELLA CLACKMANNAN thought *she* did; the dear thing's absurdly conceited.

I quite *love* the idea of the *Noumenon*. It gives you heaps to think of when you've time. And what a consolation it must be to some people to know they're not *really* a bit like themselves, but are something quite dif. There was a regular scrim for the red rose after the lecture. Your BLANCHE managed to secure it. The Professor's not at all old, and, in spite of being the *profoundest thinker of the age*, is quite as good-looking and well-dressed as if he didn't know anything. NORTY hasn't a good word for him; says he's a bore and a humbug. "That's because you don't understand him," I said. "The Professor lives in a world of his own." "Let him stay in it, then," said NORTY. "It's a pity he ever comes out of it into *this* one. And what was he doing on the Flip-Flap at the Franco-Briteries last night?" "He wasn't," I said. "Ask him!" said NORTY. So I did; and it seems he *was* there. "We poor seekers after the truths of mental philosophy, dear lady," he said, "if we are to find out what this life of ours is made of, must see it in all its phases. Like the eagle, we



LEFT LUGGAGE.

PATERFAMILIASQUITH. "I SEEM TO HAVE GOT MORE THAN I CAN MANAGE HERE. I THINK I'D BETTER LEAVE THESE THREE, AND CALL FOR THEM IN OCTOBER."



"SIT TIGHT, AUNTIE! THERE'S ANOTHER SHARP TURN COMING!"

swoop down on the commonplace world, and bear off in our talons to the eyrie of thought the mental pabulum we have seized." If *that's* not a lovely thought in lovely language, I don't know what is! I shouldn't be disappointed *now* to hear he'd been seen almost *anywhere*.

NORRY's a most frightful success in Parliament, now he's getting into his stride. He's been called to order ever so many times and told to withdraw things, and whenever he gets up to speak there are wigs on the green. His happiest efforts, so far, have been over this question of giving Home Rule to the Isle of Wight, and about what's called "The Flag Incident"—the man, you know, who had some Government place and was dismissed (though he apologised humbly) for hanging the Union Jack out of his house on Empire Day, and offending some foreign anarchists who lived in the same street.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Italy's dear mind has long been divided. But we understand that on receipt of the Derby result the Italian Government at once decided to forsake the Triple Alliance and join the Triple Entente.

THE IMPROVED PASTORAL.

[Suggested by the exhibition entitled "What to do with our Girls," where various bucolic employments for gentlewomen have been demonstrated.]

AMANDA, if you'll take a heart
Undowered with eligible riches,
Oh fly with me the fashion-mart
And, safe in rose-embroidered
niches,
A simple livelihood we'll earn
Upon the prowess of your churn.

I grant the output will be small
To keep a chauffeur or a chef on,
But what, compared with Cupid's
thrall,
Are luxuries like these to Strephon?
Your salary, I think, should do,
With strict economy, for two.

If not, there are a host of ways
To make that modest total bigger;
No woman's out of work these days
Who owns the boon of health and
vigour;
Your hives, your poultry shall combine
To keep me in cigars and wine.

Beneath the village chestnut tree
Your brawny arm shall wield the
hammer;
You'll wind the herd across the lea,
And teach the vicar's children
grammar,

And soothe at eve your jaded nerves
By fashioning refined preserves.

A country fare shall always please;
Who murmurs for the cates of
mammon

When girls with cookery degrees
Can gild the unpretentious
gammon?

Besides, to supplement our mess,
Just think what you can save in
dress!

And if you lose your sleight of hand
And fail to earn a joint for dinner,
The last resource of love I've
planned—

Your spouse himself shall turn
bread-winner,
And wear his weakly frame to shreds
To keep the roof above our heads.

Scotland for Ever!

"Vice-Admiral Jaureguiberry is of partly British blood, his grandmother having been an Britishwoman."—*Glasgow News*.

"Englishwoman" was surely what the writer put, till a Scotch sub-editor corrected him, with the above deplorable result. As HENLEY said: "What can I do for thee, Great Britain, my Great Britain (not to mention Ireland)? What can I do for thee, Great Britain, my own?" (Even so, what about the Channel Islands?)

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS.

Hurrah for Cool Streams!
Hurrah for the First Sea Dip!
and

Hurrah for Something Else to make
the Holiday Happier Still!

WHAT do you think that something else is? What is there that seems to be needed of all who after the town's oppressive heat can get away into the country or by the sea?

Think a little.

Would it be, perhaps, cooler clothes? or a fishing-rod? or a sturdy walking-stick? or a patent thick-soled boot? or a cricket bat? or a tennis racquet?

You are on the wrong tack.

If you think like that it is clear that you don't understand the modern advertising.

No, the further desideratum is none of these things, *but a box of White Dog cigarettes.*

You are surprised? That shows how little you know of modern life.

You don't know that the first thing to do when you get into the open air is to light tobacco and taint it.

It is so nevertheless. That is the new way.

A holiday without tobacco, especially tobacco taken in the form of cigarettes, cannot any longer be a real holiday.

Pipes, of course, are still smoked by a few old-fashioned fellows. Cigars are for the rich. For the great mass of mankind there is nothing but the cigarette.

Fill your pockets with them, and smoke them continually. Don't give your lungs a chance.

Take them to the Cornish coast, take them to the Broads, inhale them on Snowden, chain-smoke them in the Lakes, puff them all day in the Solent. This is the way to enjoy a holiday and come back well.

Of all the solaces of civilisation the fag is the very flower.

Remember to ask for White Dog.

And now for a little bonus!

Somewhere in the millions of White Dog cigarettes that are turned out daily are a few with an overlap more than one-eighth of an inch wide. Anyone detecting one of these and sending it to the makers will be presented with 100 cigarettes free.

Don't be discouraged if you don't spot it at once. Go on buying more cigarettes till you do.

That is the way to build up a sound national constitution.

Far better than camps, with their brutalising militarism.

AN OLYMPIC GAME.

"THESE strawberries," I said, as I took the last but six, "are the merest boys. Why don't you let them grow up?"

"When they're young," said Miss MIDDLETON, "they're more—what's the word? It means that they adapt themselves better to their surroundings."

"It isn't their youth I object to, but their height. I believe you feed them on gin. I suppose they are your own, by the way?"

"Yes, mother bought them this morning."

"I am not sure that that was what I meant; but never mind. . . There—the captain was the last to leave the plate."

"You pig, haven't you left me anything?"

"I'm sorry, but it's a bad time of the year for fruit. So my waiter says. A bit too late for the rhubarb, and a bit too early for the prunes."

It was a very hot afternoon. I leant back in my chair and closed my eyes. Yes, I almost think I slept.

But not for long.

"Have you been to the Exhibition yet?" said Miss MIDDLETON, suddenly.

"I say," I remonstrated, "this isn't a dance."

"No, but I really wanted to know."

"Didn't you notice my French accent at lunch when I asked you to pass the bananas?"

"That's Spanish."

"Don't quibble. I said omelette, too."

"Stadium, stadium, stadium," said Miss MIDDLETON, "stadii, stadio, stadio. You're not the only one. Are you in for any of the Olympic Games?"

"I don't think so."

"If I were a man, I should want to do something for the honour of England."

"Why not go in as you are for throwing the cricket ball? I expect you'd win."

"Can't you run or jump, or anything?"

"Rather. I did over twenty feet once. In about ten and a-fifth. No, I'll tell you what I do rather fancy myself at."

"What?" asked Miss MIDDLETON, eagerly.

"Hurling the javelin."

Miss MIDDLETON got up excitedly and stepped on to the lawn.

"What do you think of the idea?" I said.

"But how splendid! Of course

I'll help you—I'll mark. What's your longest javel? Come and show me."

"But I only thought of it just now. And I haven't a javelin or anything on me. Besides, it's probably too late to enter now. No, I'm afraid it's no good," I said, and I closed my eyes again.

"Nonsense. We'll lend you a javelin," said Miss MIDDLETON, confidently. "What size do you take?"

"Sevens. Roman numbers, of course."

Miss MIDDLETON disappeared into a side door. For the honour of England I crawled out of my chair (such a comfortable deck chair) and went on to the lawn. Also I swung my arm several times round my head, and felt my biceps.

Miss MIDDLETON returned with an armful of stumps.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but we're right out of javelins, and the man forgot to call to-day, so will these do instead? Just for practice."

"Dear, dear, that's very annoying; no javelins. I'm not sure that I ought—"

"Oh, please do. Don't say you've left all your music at home."

"It's so awkward when you're used to a full-size court. But still"—I took up one of the stumps—"I can show you the grip, anyhow."

"Yes, do show me that," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"You know," I began, "there are two styles of holding the javelin preparatory to the hurl. There's the Græco-Roman, with the stranglehold barred; and the strict toe-and-heel or overlapping grip. The actual hurling is easy. Slow back and don't press, get the body well forward at the beginning of the stroke, keep the right leg still, heels up, and discard from great strength."

"See illustration on page 37," said Miss MIDDLETON.

I took a stump in both hands and poised it deftly above my head. "Poised" I am almost sure is the word.

"Surely not two hands," said Miss MIDDLETON.

I put the stump down again. "Why not?" I asked in some annoyance.

"I'm sorry; this is the toe-and-heel grip, I suppose."

"The Græco-Roman."

"But I thought the Græco-Romans always had a shield or a fishing-net or something in the left hand, so as to ward off the other man's javelin."

"This isn't a broadsword match.



Old Gent (giving Barber's assistant a tip) "How is it that you expect tips in this place, and yet display that 'NO GRATUITIES' placard?" Barber's Assistant. "Well, Sir, we find it pays best. Sorter reminds Gents, Sir."

The other man would be about a hundred yards away."

"I see. There'd be plenty of time to jump."

"One of them jumped 55 feet once, so they say."

"Yes," said Miss MIDDLETON, thoughtfully, "that would do it. Unless the other man was a *very* bad shot."

I took up the stump, and got position again. Then I lowered it once more.

"One moment," I said; "what about the running target?"

"But do you have to hit anything? I thought it was only distance."

"It encourages you more to have an object within range. How about GEORGE?"

GEORGE is unmarried, and has no clubs or telegraphic address. But his recreation is assistant horticulture—such as leading the horse when the lawns are mowed.

"Not GEORGE; he has a mother."

"Hang it, everybody has something. All right, then, no target."

I lifted up the stump.

"Just a moment," cried Miss MIDDLETON.

"This is too much," I said, as I put it down again. "Am I never to get the beastly thing off my hands?"

"I'm very sorry. I just wanted to ask you—which way is it going? If it's backwards there's the drawing-room window. And mother's inside, and she can't jump, at least not fifty-five feet. Besides the broken glass."

I ignored her altogether. I shook it backwards and forwards three times, and hurled. . . .

"I'm sorry," said Miss MIDDLETON, "I put you off. Do it again."

"What do you mean, you put me off?"

"Was that. . . you didn't. . . I'm—yes, that's very good. I suppose that must be the record." She walked over to the stump. "Thirty feet almost."

She picked it up, and threw it carelessly. It sailed over a may-tree, and landed in a bed some miles away.

"Yes; but that's all wrong," I said. "Let me show you again. There, that was almost forty feet."

Miss MIDDLETON picked it up and threw it into the bed after the other.

"I don't know anything about Græco-Roman," she said. "The good old Kentish way is enough for me. Give me the others. . . There. And now they're all over there let's play cricket."

That is so like women. They are undisciplined, and don't understand the necessity for rules. If people were allowed to run about hurling javelins as they liked, nobody would ever get disqualified, and there would be no competition at all. Well, I wash my hands of the whole thing now. Miss MIDDLETON may go on her knees, but I shall not be found among the javelin-hurlers in the stadium.

But I may tell you in confidence that I am a dark horse for tossing the diskus. I showed Miss MIDDLETON the grip with the strawberry-plate afterwards. She agreed that it was a powerful one. She also said it was Crown Derby, and what would mother say? I don't know; but I have made her promise to tell me.

A. A. M.

THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

SERIOUS OUTLOOK FOR TRADE.

INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING VICTIMS.

It is an unfortunate quality of our civilisation that any widespread change of fashion or habit inevitably produces serious dislocation of trade. A remarkable illustration of this deplorable law is afforded by the immense vogue of the neo-classical or "pure-art" dances. The cult of the all-but-altogether has evidently come to stay—at least for a time.

It is in the shops of the *modiste*, the *linendraper*, and the trunkmaker that, so far, the anxiety is most keenly felt both by employers and employed. In order to gain some idea of the true state of affairs—writes a correspondent—I called on M. BATISTE, the eminent dressmaker in Albemarle Street. . .

"But yes," he said, "all depend now on ze vezzer. If he be cold, vell; if he be varm, it spell ruin for us. See 'ere, zese fashion plates vat ve 'ave been compel to produce at ze constant demand of our best clients." He placed before me a dozen or so of coloured designs, headed "L'Été, 1908," saying, "Zere, see for yourself."

The costumes—what there was of them—were pretty enough, but the chief characteristic of all was transparency. The "Chopinese" robe, "pour la visite," was the least restricted in its dimensions; while the "Fille d'Herodias" confection, "pour la promenade," cannot have cut into more than a couple of yards of *mousseline-de-soie*.

"Vat vill business be," continued M. BATISTE, "ven two-zirds of ze orders is for costumes vich 'ang from ze 'ips to ze ankles, and 'ave no bodices? People von't pay 'igh prices for a yard or two of messaline gazed in at ze 'aunches. I tell you, sare, it is ruin zat stare us in ze faces."

I left this unhappy artist, after expressing my profound sympathy, and, crossing Piccadilly, entered the shop of Messrs. CANE AND TANNER, the well-known trunk- and bag-makers. Mr. TANNER, jun., who was engaged in measuring a cigar-box,

turned from his strange occupation, and, on my mentioning your journal, readily replied to my inquiries.

"The position for our trade," he said, "is most alarming. If the weather continues hot till the end of July it will be difficult to execute the orders we shall receive for the new 'Pandora' trunks, but we must sell at least twenty of those for every ordinary trunk in order to make a decent profit. To speak plainly, the almost entire abandonment of under-clothing, foreshadowed in the

must suffer, there are some that will benefit?"

"You are right. First of all, I take it, the jewellers, especially those who deal in imitation pearls and coloured-glass stones, will do good business by providing substitutes for bodices. And then the large tobacconists, curiously enough, are already doing a fine trade in empty cigar-boxes, to be covered with leather, lined, and turned-out as 'Pandas.' Here is one that has just come in from the factory."



"No, GRANT, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANY MORE CHOCOLATES, AND YOU MUSTN'T GO OUT IN THE RAIN, AND YOU CAN'T HAVE THE CUCKOO CLOCK TO PLAY WITH, AND YOU MAYN'T —"
"THEN PLEASE, MUMMY, MAY I CRY?"

fashions for seaside and continent, and the alteration of costumes to what Lady GOLIGHTLY, who was in here just now, called 'the irreducible minimum,' has compelled us to manufacture an enormous stock of trunks such as you see there, the largest of which is no bigger than a dressing-case, and the smallest about the size of an average work-basket. If the summer is warm we shall make little profit; if it is cold, all this new stock will be thrown on our hands."

"I suppose," I remarked, after assuring him of my sympathy, "if your own business and a few others

"I foresee," said I, "that railway omnibuses, carriers, and porters will be among the sufferers from the new craze."

"Undoubtedly; and you may take it from me——"

[We cannot take any more from anybody.—EDITOR.]

HYMENOMANIA.

I THINK it began a year ago—last June, in fact. I can't remember that before then I paid any special attention to weddings. If I heard that a friend was to be married I ordered a pair of silver candlesticks or a sugar-sifter or a patent tea-basket, wrote "With best wishes" on a card, and thought no more about it. Sometimes, of course, I had to be present in person, but I never lingered over the celebrations. I just stayed at the reception until I had identified my own present, and then I went away. I own I did very often read the accounts of country weddings in the local paper, and I remember they had a strange sort of fascination for me. I never could stop until I

had read every word of them, including the bit in which the wedding cake was described as "a very masterpiece from the hymeneal confectionery studio of Messrs. CRYSTAL AND CREAM, Mr. Councillor CREAM being present in person to direct the operations and receiving many well-deserved encomiums on the magnificence of this celebrated firm's handiwork." No; I didn't want to skip even that, and perhaps I ought to have taken it as a warning. It didn't occur to me, however, and so matters went on. By the way, have you ever tried to read a local paper? I mean the weekly



Elderly Bore. "YOUR FACE AWAKES A MEMORY. WHEN I LOOK AT YOU MY THOUGHTS ARE TAKEN FAR—FAR—FAR AWAY!"
She. "HOW I LONG TO FOLLOW THEM!"

kind, with a name something like "The Loamshire Standard, with which are incorporated the Clayfield Sentinel and The North Stoddington Advertiser; circulating in every part of the county. A high-class advertising medium." It is always a paper of very extensive acreage, and as its pages are never cut you end by getting wrapped up in it from head to foot. I always did when the accounts of the weddings had been tucked away in pages 2 or 3 or 6 or 7. The other pages, of course, are more getatable.

The real trouble, however, began, as I said, in June last. I found myself obliged to attend three weddings on three successive days. The first one (it was in the country) went off well enough. All I remember about it is that I stayed to the very end and threw an old dancing shoe after them as they drove off. I explained this to myself by their having positions. The second wedding and the third were in London. I began to lose my head as soon as I heard MENDELSSOHN'S March at the first of these. It seemed to send the blood boiling through my veins. JACK ROGERS, who was next me, said,

"Steady, old man; what's the matter? You're not being married, are you?" Then he pulled me down off the seat on which I was standing, and I knew that something new and strange was going on inside me. When the bride and bridegroom walked out I was the first after them, and I stayed the whole business out. Next day it was the same. On the following morning I had *The Morning Post* brought to my bedside. I picked out two good weddings, and went to both. I warmly congratulated both bridegrooms. To one I said, "May a third cousin from Ceylon offer his best wishes?" To the other I explained that I was his wife's aunt's son by a second marriage. They shook me enthusiastically by the hand. That evening, in a lucid interval, I realised that I had got wedding-mania; but I didn't mind. I revelled in the thought, and, far from struggling against it, I plunged head-first and with my eyes open into a course of unparalleled wedding dissipation. I have attended two hundred and fifty weddings in the past year without a single rebuff. Whenever I read of an engagement I wire to both parties,

wishing them joy. The detective who keeps watch over the presents knows me quite well. So do the two old ladies who do the weeping as the bride says Good-bye and kisses her mother. You thought they were aunts, but I know better. They've simply got hymenomania and can't get on without weddings.

What am I to do about it? Can any one advise me? I was so wretched in May, when weddings are scarce owing to some silly superstition, that I thought I should have committed suicide. Would homoeopathy help? Globules of orange-blossom or tabloids of wedding-cake ought to do the trick; but I can't make up my mind to try such remedies. I want to go on with my mania.

"The Duke of Norfolk can trace his descent back to a century before the Norman conquest, to the days, indeed, of Hereward the Wake, for the name Howard is a corruption of Hereward."

Daily Mail.

HEREWARD, of course, was jocularly known as the "Wake," a corruption for "The Last of the English"; and the yawning gap of a century between him and the first of the Frenchmen has never been properly explained.



Mounted Officer. "AW—ARE YOU THE WEST RIDING?"

Voice from the Ranks "No! WE'RE THE BLOOMIN' BUFFS—WALKIN'!"

HETTYQUETTE FOR THE VENERABLE.

THE advantage of the Atlantic cable and the electric current has never been better illustrated than by the fascinating and important messages which have recently been sent to the London Press from New York with reference to the belated activities of Mrs. HETTY GREEN, the septuagenarian millionairess, who has suddenly become a world-power.

Breakfast would not be breakfast without the latest tidings of this aged but resolute lady, to whom the proverb, "It is never too late to mend or spend," comes as an evangel. How she emerged from her obscure top-floor flat to live at the toniest New York hotel at a dollar a breath; how she decided that the time was ripe to give a dinner-party, and how one was arranged for her by the manager at four guineas a head, exclusive of the best champagne (whatever that may be); how she invited a number of

leaders of New York society, irrespective of previous intimacy with them; how, apparently, they came; what she wore and what she said as she watched them eat and drink; how she went to a six-guinea course of beauty-renewing, and submitted her wrinkles to the mercies of the operator—this and much more has been flashed along the ocean's bed for the last week or so, to the no small amusement of the fish *en route*, and to the great satisfaction of the British newspaper reader anxious to be well informed on the progress of the universe.

And truly it is worth transmitting, for it is fine to see an old woman ashamed of the economy of her long life, and resolute in her attempt to remove the traces of time. Never was a poet less inspired than that one who wrote that old age is beautiful. Old age is, of course, nothing of the kind, as we now know. The wise spare no pains to eliminate its signs. What old modern person would hesitate for a moment if asked to choose

between a face lined by years of life—years of joy and suffering, laughter and tears, in a word, experience—and a face smooth as a billiard ball? A good complexion is all, no matter what the vacuity accompanying it. And therefore we say all honour to Mrs. HETTY GREEN for her bold and public effort to dejuvenalize her countenance and go back on all her native prudence.

A woman who has lived so long knows how to spend her money. She is beyond criticism. She knows what trust is to be put in stories of the poor and their penury and want; she knows how much is talk and how little is fact; and knowing, who would dare to blame her if at her age she spends four guineas a head on a banquet to total strangers who eat a better meal every night? Certainly not we.

Long life to Mrs. HETTY GREEN, we say, and may she grow younger every day and more generous, and may her friends become as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore!



FRIENDLY RELATIONS.

THE TSAR (to KING EDWARD). "DELIGHTFUL SEEING YOU AGAIN AFTER ALL THIS TIME. I SUPPOSE YOUR LABOUR PARTY WOULDN'T MIND OUR TALKING OVER A FEW FAMILY MATTERS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

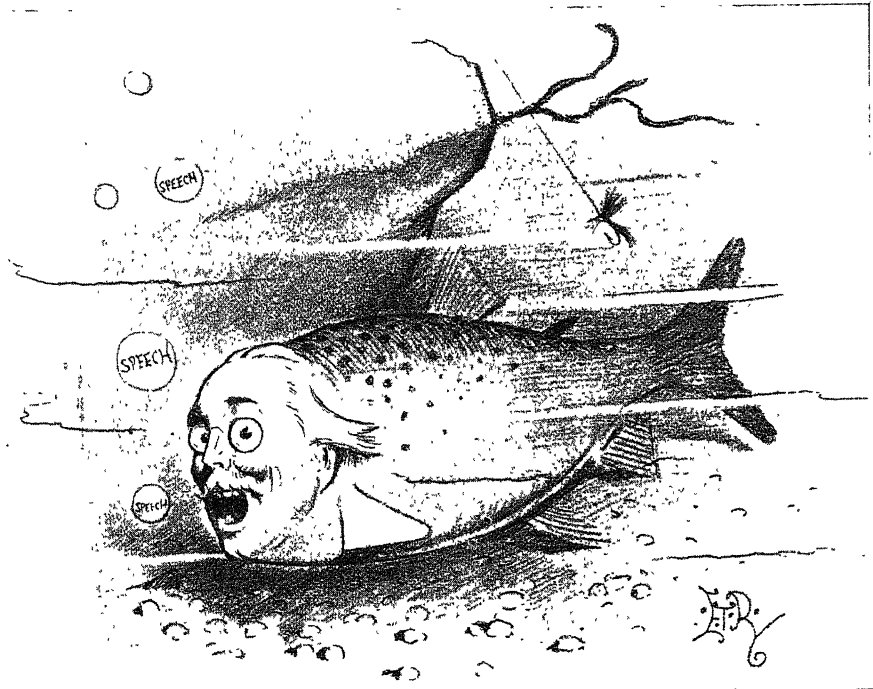
House of Commons, Monday, June 1.—Must be admitted that there is occasionally something infantile about the ways of the House of Commons. To-day set down for second reading of Budget Bill. If it were felt desirable or useful further to discuss subject here is the chance. But Tariff Reformers feel they haven't had a look in lately. About time they knew, with such approach to precision as is possible, PRINCE ARTHUR's latest views on the burning question. Accordingly amendment raising fiscal question is clapped on motion for second reading.

PRINCE ARTHUR's views promptly indicated by alteration of the amendment as first placed on paper by a private Member. Now confines itself to calling upon Government to increase resources of the Exchequer by "broadening the basis of taxation." Thus toned down to comfortable note of vagueness, even TOMMY BOWLES, jun., hereditary and unbending advocate of Free Trade, publicly announces that he can vote for it. Voicing the desire of his reunited followers, PRINCE ARTHUR insists that one night's sitting is insufficient as a safety-valve for the seething tide of passionate conviction that floods their souls. PREMIER pleads pressure of public business; finally relents,



"Put me among the Earls,
Put me-e among the Earls!"

(Farewell to the Rt. Hon George Whiteley, who resigns his seat and the post of Chief Ministerial Whip.)



THE CUTEST TROUT IN THE FISCAL STREAM.

"I'll make as many bubbles as you like, but I'm not taking any flies, thank you!"

and debate will be continued to-morrow.

Knowing these preliminaries, Fancy fills the benches with a host of stern foemen. Not an empty seat on either side. Speeches punctuated with storm of cheering. Dinner forgotten. Amaryliss, accustomed to be toyed with in the shade of the Terrace, left in solitude and tears.

Alack-a-day! what are the facts? When LAURENCE HARDY rose to move the amendment majority of those present with one accord hurried towards the door. Admirable speech delivered to empty benches. From this collapse House did not recover till, after dinner and 10 o'clock, LLOYD-GEORGE interposed. At a quarter-past eight lingering decline almost arrested by sudden death. COURTHOPE on his legs addressing nine Members whose purpose in remaining obviously was to catch the SPEAKER's eye for the next turn. A count moved. Bells clanged; Whips wildly went forth in search of men to make up a quorum. The sands in the glass had fallen. The SPEAKER unselfishly added a moment's grace. By this time the necessary forty were captured and driven in. As soon as they were counted and a House made, they fled full soon (being the first of June), and bade the rest keep listening to COURTHOPE as he wended his

way through level agricultural districts, lamenting the increase of local taxation.

'Twas ever thus, SARK testifies. Nothing so ruinous to vitality of debate as attenuation through being stretched over two or more days. What might have been a more or less brisk discussion had it been confined to a day's sitting turned out to be what is here feebly described.

Business done.—Second reading of Budget Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Debate on Tariff Reform amendment to second reading of Budget Bill resumed. Brisked up blithely. Members realise that business really is beginning. BONAR LAW opened fire with one of those closely-reasoned, sharply-pointed, forceful speeches that confirm his place on Front Opposition Bench as second only to his chief as a debater. The irony of his late Ministerial rank of Under Secretary as compared with some colleagues who bear the Cabinet mark grows sharper as the days pass. Ex-Ministry not so rich in debating power that it can afford to repeat a game which kept JOHN O'GORST in the background till he retired from the scene in disgust.

BONAR LAW's speech the only one of the brief series that had about it note of preparation. That inevitable since he had to lead off, replying chiefly to LLOYD-GEORGE's stinging

speech that momentarily lifted the wet blanket weighing down yesterday's melancholy performance. For the rest, WINSTON, PRINCE ARTHUR, the PREMIER, delivered in succession purely debating speeches, necessarily extemporaneous. This the highest form of art. Also its most successful exposition.

Coming to be a common-place to say that in his last speech WINSTON excelled himself. Certainly true of his unpremeditated discourse to-night. For profound and accurate knowledge of the science of finance it was a revelation. WINSTON is so habitually sprightly in manner, so ready, upon occasion so reckless, in speech, that it is (or was) the fashion to regard him as superficial. After to-night that reproach may not be heard.

PRINCE ARTHUR, dexterous as usual when skating over thin ice of Fiscal Question. Earlier speakers from Treasury Bench insisted on enquiry as to what was the meaning of the new phrase, more blessed than Mesopotamia, "broadening the basis of taxation." PRINCE ARTHUR not going to spoil a good thing by explaining it. Answered the question by asking another.

"How are you going to get your ten millions which will be wanted next year? You have taken a farthing off the Sugar Tax. I suppose you are going to put it on again."

PREMIER wound up debate in fine fighting speech. Caused a quiver of pained indignation to run through Opposition ranks by contemptuously dismissing the amendment as "a hollow-sounding generality about broadening the basis of taxation." Supposed no one would refuse to give academic consent to the proposition that taxation be broadened. "But what do you mean by broadening? In which direction?"

Excitement culminated in the division, on which Ministers got a majority of nearly three to one.

Business done. — Tariff Reform amendment rejected by 367 votes against 124; Budget Bill read a second time.

Thursday. — Off for a too-brief holiday. Been reading REGINALD LUCAS's "Memoir of Colonel SAUNDERSON," just published by JOHN MURRAY. LUCAS was for a while Member for Portsmouth; enjoyed opportunity of knowing SAUNDERSON inside the House as well as outside; has done well to bring together some memories of a striking figure that strode the Parliamentary stage these last twenty years.

SAUNDERSON essentially a fighting man. When he rose to take part in debate instinctively drew himself up in fighting attitude. Delighted in stirring up with long pole his countrymen in Nationalist camp immediately opposite. Commented upon them and their conduct with freedom no one else dare practise. They literally howled resentment; but in their heart of hearts they kept a place in which SAUNDERSON was enshrined. He was, after all, an Irishman—an



"Instinctively drew himself up in fighting attitude."

(The late Col. Saunderson, M.P.)

Irishman gone wrong. What a treasure he would have been to the party had he chanced to be born the son of a tenant instead of a landlord! In fierce volubility he would have outshone JOHN DILON. For stinging speech addressed to Chief Secretaries and the like, he would have beaten BANAGHER and TIM HEALY. Fortune ranged him on the side of the Saxon; his manner and method of speech remained racily Irish.

Once in the stormy days of the Home Rule Bill a Nationalist attempted to win him over by pointing out how enactment of the measure would make openings for Irishmen to come to the front in national affairs.

"A man as popular as you," he urged, "is sure to come to the top of the tree."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "hauled up by a rope round my neck."

Thus ready were his flashes of wit. In action he admitted that he was occasionally precipitate. In the free fight on the floor of the House of Commons which enlivened Committee stage of second Home Rule Bill, an Irish Member was projected over SAUNDERSON's shoulder on to his knee. Finding him there convenient he vigorously punched his head. Subsequently assumption of position favourable to such action turned out to be accidental. SAUNDERSON, soul of honour, felt compelled to explain to the House that "the hon. gentleman who flopped down on top of me had slipped and arrived there by accident."

All the same, his head had been punched—an achievement that remained irreparable.

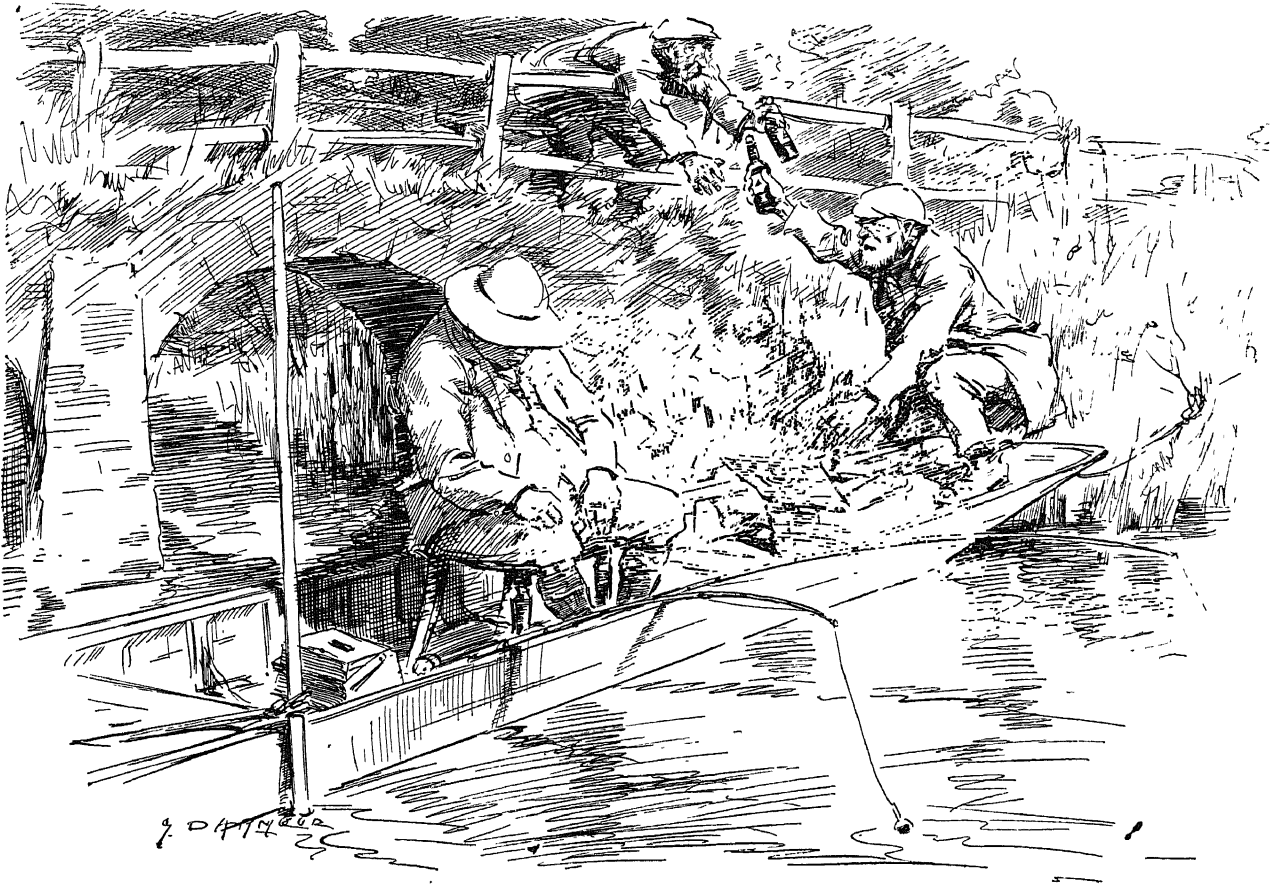
To a House often jaded with verbosity, weary of the commonplace, SAUNDERSON's interpositions in debate were like a brisk breeze from his beloved sea vivifying a sultry atmosphere. An uncompromising foeman, a hard hitter, he won, and through successive Parliaments held, the position of one of the most popular members.

Business done. — Adjourned for Whitsun recess. Back directly.

THE AERO-DERBY.

MAY 30, 2.15 P.M.—Arrive at Hurlingham, to take part in the International Point-to-Point contest of the Aeronautical Federation, on, in, or under the good balloon *Enchantress* (sky-pilot Mr. BUCKNALL).

2.16.—Once safely within the grounds privately overhaul personal equipment. Find it quite a nice little lot, consisting *inter alia* of: mackintosh, camera, two extra films (had at last moment to jettison a second kodak), sketch-book, sheets of paper, three spare pencils, one piece of india-rubber, pocket-knife, brandy-flask (containing 50 per cent. of alcohol, and urgently recommended as restorative in case of broken neck), tooth-pick, small pocket looking-glass wherewith to extract flies out of eye, opera-glasses, card-case, postage stamps, post-cards, watch, compass, bunch of keys, telegram forms (one reply-paid for anxious journalist), match-box, pipe, tobacco-pouch, cigarette-case (all these last taboo during the contest), small atlas of the British Isles, two loose sheets on a



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 3.

Extract from the Diary of a beginner.—"AFTER ALL, THEY SAY A PUNT IN A QUIET BACKWATER, WITH A NICE LUNCH IN A HAMPER, TAKES A LOT OF BEATING." (Later entry) "FOUND IT WASN'T ALL THAT IT'S REPRESENTED TO BE."

larger scale, map of London, two pieces of chocolate, handkerchief, evening paper with diagram of balloon-park and list of starters, sovereign purse, loose cash, pair of gloves, piece of string (recommended by home authority as indispensable in an accident), Aero Club badge and ticket, also a complete suit of clothes. Thought it better not to tell skipper about all of these, or he might treat them as ballast. Did not, however, take a bridge pack, life-belt, parachute, or half a tree, like competitor No. 31.

2.45.—Destination announced—Burchett's Green, near Maidenhead, twenty-seven miles west $\frac{1}{2}$ north, or points to that effect. Takes a bit of finding on the chart. Foreigners much intrigued. Air thick with French.

3.0.—"Weighed up" in car—pilot, first mate, young lady passenger, and self, or 5 cwt. of aeronauts, eleven 40-lb. ballast bags, and 7 cwt. of basket and tackle. With the aid of six able-bodied Engineers we gracefully, at

3.15—Take the mat in the arena,

doing a little push-as-push-can with another competitor on the way.

3.20.—Take Lord ROBERTS, Lord MONTAGU, and Mr. WALLACE, the starters, with a wild snapshot. Band plays "Britannia Rules the Skies," as, at

3.21.—We take a lift, and distribute half a bag of ballast on heads of spectators.

3.40.—Over Putney, where we fear the population will develop balloon-necks through trying to get a worm's-eye view of the gas-bags in the haze. Buses take the bit between their teeth and career madly in our wake.

3.50.—Climbing upstairs over Richmond Park in search of conducive current. Signals of frantic relatives fail to attract our attention, absorbed with compass, aneroid, and statoscope.

4.30.—Hear local cuckoo near Staines at height of 6,500 feet, and get above an Aristophanic Cloudland. Spectacle of twenty balloons dotted about at all heights saves one from feeling lonesome. With a five-mile megaphone, could have addressed a mass meeting of them.

Opened a bottle of hock, and toasted FRANK BUTLER and Col. CAPPER in the offing. Grew quite chatty with one or two near neighbours, especially the young Belgian sportsman M. GEERTZ, single-handed in his baby *Roitelet*. He entented with us a few yards off, and said he was out of *lest*—could we chuck him a handful? and was busy shedding parts of his trail-rope, his anchor, and bits of his clothing. Wished him "*bon terrissage*," which he achieved later on with fourth place for "the little wren." Most of the crowd going S. W. except one on a better course to the N., whom we disliked exceedingly for five minutes.

5.30.—Plumb over the Long Walk, Windsor. Not being etiquette to call on the KING perpendicularly, we pass on and lose our way in a mist.

6.0.—Let out trail-rope and rehearse descending drill. Hang on to ropes overhead, bend knees, balance on tip-toes, and in this dignified attitude propitiate Mother Earth not to give us a nasty jar.

6.20.—Pilot and mate select a tempting grass-plot. Ripping-valve

fails to act (the only thing that wasn't tripping). Dodge a tree, take six bumps and a ditch-leap, and finally, after prolonged "valving," land in a turnip-field, four miles from the mark, but conveniently near a hospitable brewery and country house. Posse of rustics, headed by village blacksmith, who declares he has lifted a three-ton gun in his time, help pack the slowly deflating bag, and consent to drink our health at the nearest inn.

10 p.m.—Return to a highly *cordiale* and Franco-British supper at the Automobile Club, and so home, somewhat inflated.

ZIGZAG.

THE LOVE SONG.

[It is said that the men of to-day are far less passionate in their love-making than their ancestors]

I LOVE you, or at least I think
That very possibly I do;
In common honesty I shrink
From statements not precisely
true,
But still it's safe to say I'm pretty
fond of you.

I cannot swear a mighty oath
To worship blindly till I die,
In fact I should be rather loath
To form so very rash a tie,
Unless I knew a most substantial
reason why.

I shall not, with a valiant air,
Pour out my life-blood for your
good,
Nor even boastfully declare
That if I had the chance I would,
Because, to tell the truth, I hardly
think I should.

No knightly deeds have I to do,
And no impassioned words to
say;
Still, I should like to marry you,
If you will tell me that I may,
And also kindly name the most con-
venient day.

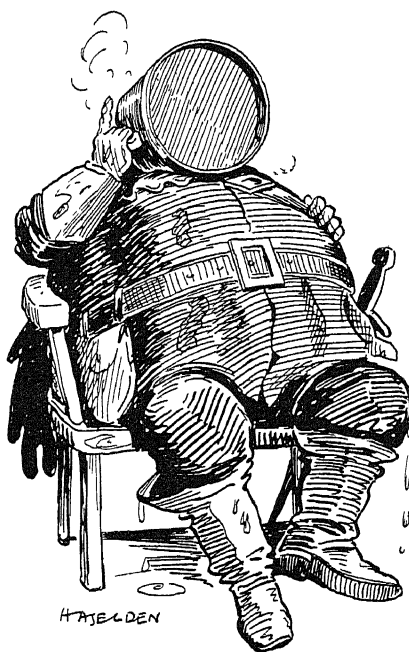
I can't explain the thing, you
know
(They used to tell us Love was
blind),
But since it happens to be so
Forgive my weakness, and be
kind,
Or if you're not that way disposed—
well, never mind!

"After securing a lead of 155 on the first innings, Somerset were dismissed at the end of the day in an hour and a half for the paltry score of 77, and were thus defeated by an innings and 75 runs."—*The Scotsman*.

Truly the uncertainty of cricket is becoming more proverbial than ever.

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY.

THESE June nights make warm work for a figure like *Falstaff's*. I envied him his ducking much more than the hot drink with which he pretended to revive himself, and I hope they gave him more ice in the interval than I could pick up at the bar of His Majesty's. Mr. TREE was in very brave form. He was looking much stouter than when I saw him last, and I thought that even his voice had put on weight. He was very happy in his part, and played it with



THE REVIVAL OF FALSTAFF.
Mr. Tree.

a fine rotundity. Perhaps the character that went best with the weather was that of *Slender*, whose humour seemed thin to the point of transparency—no blame to Mr. QUATERMAINE.

Mr. FISHER WHITE's *Shallow* was a most delectable performance; and Miss CICELY RICHARDS impersonated *Mistress Ford* with great naturalness, laughing as people laugh who simply can't help it. Miss ELLEN TERRY, as the other Merry Wife, entered with such heartiness into the spirit of her scenes that her disregard of the exact letter of them seemed to matter very little. Indeed, the whole company played as if they were enjoying the game, and there were even times when their merriment threatened to communicate itself to an audience (third night) that was dull beyond the average.

Several pleasant pieces of rough-and-tumble work, not actually ordered by the book, were thrown in gratuitously, and nobody seemed to

be trying to save himself; but then, of course, they all knew that they were in for a very short run.

O. S.

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE PRESS.

I WAS about to enter the King's Cross tube station last Wednesday morning, when I accidentally knocked my bag against a man on the foot-path. I apologised. "Don't mention it," he said; then he continued: "Let's see; 14 a minute for 12 hours a day is roughly 10,000 a day, isn't it? With the same number to-morrow, and double the number on Friday, and double again on Saturday, that makes 80,000, I think." I did not deny it; but I am not certain in my own mind to this day. "Then multiply by the ten largest stations in London, and you get 800,000."

"I follow you there," I said; "but—"

"That's another 5s. for me," he said, with a light in his eye.

He was a quaint little figure, with a bulging forehead on which his fingers played as he made his calculations; and a foot-rule stuck out of one pocket and an exercise book out of another.

"How does it make 5s.?" I asked; for it seemed to me that 800,000 of anything should come to more than that.

Then he told me. He was the man I have longed to meet—the man who tells us that the GERMAN EMPEROR's moustache, if in one long hair instead of many short ones, would go five times round the Imperial waist, and things like that. "I make calculations," he said, "and sell them to a Press Agency for 5s. each. You see, you are the seventh person starting on his Whitsuntide holidays who has passed me in a minute; probably there were seven who went into the station at the other side in the same time. That gives 14—and you observed how I calculated the total Whitsuntide exodus from London."

"But I am not going away at all—I am going down to the British Museum," I said.

"That doesn't matter; very likely there were eight on the other side of the station. Anyway, there is no need to be particular to one or two when dealing in thousands. I have been fearfully busy at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. It took me over an hour and a-half to measure the thousands of miles of electric wiring" (and he patted his foot-rule affec-

tionately). "The 24 miles of roadway were easier. I had to walk about a mile in tracing the wiring, and then feeling that I had not covered a twentieth of the ground I soon arrived at the estimate of 24 miles. I found it very difficult to give with anything like accuracy the numbers of people who are thinking of coming from all parts of the world—excepting in the case of New Zealand, where I had information to help me, for I heard some months ago that two friends of my cousin are likely to come from there.

"Yes, I am very successful. I don't claim to be infallible, but I have never had one of my calculations disputed. I may not always be right, but I'm hanged if anybody can prove I'm wrong. That is where I score." And the little fellow chuckled as he wished me good day.

As I came from the Museum at lunchtime, the placard of an evening paper caught my eye.

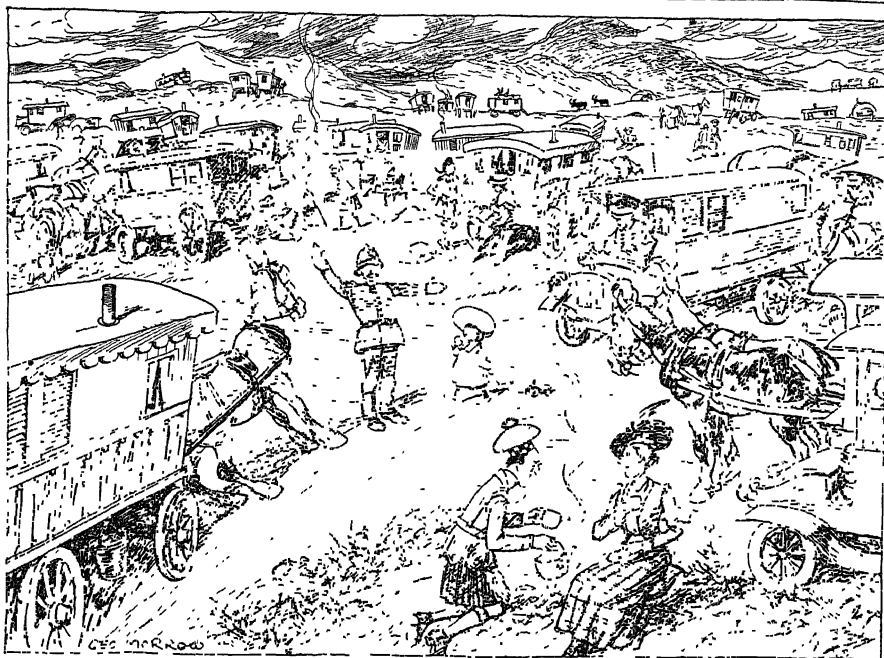
"WHITSUNTIDE EXODUS:
800,000 LEAVING LONDON."

THE ETON ROSCIUS.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS.

THE emergence at Eton of a boy actor, to whose colossal genius the Headmaster has borne such thrilling testimony in *The Daily Mail*, has created the greatest possible excitement in Maiden Lane and other resorts of the histrionic profession.

Interviewed by Mr. *Punch's* representative in the palatial duomo of his theatre, Mr. TREE complained in accents of the most pathetic intonation of the unfair competition which Eton threatened to exercise with his Dramatic School. "There are," said Mr. TREE, "1,100 boys at Eton, and I understand that Canon LYTTLETON is confident that, under the régime which he has now introduced—viz., Delsartean gymnastics, hypodermic massage of the cerebellum, Boole-work, Pestalozzian *sol-feggi*, and accordeon-pleated hygienic flannel trousers—he will be able to turn out at least fifty boys yearly who are histrionically capable *de tout*." "But," queried Mr. *Punch's* representative, "at least your school has the common advantage over Eton that it provides for the instruction of actresses as well." "The advantage," replied Mr. TREE, "will cease to exist next year, when, as I have been credibly informed, a Bill will be introduced into the Commons, at the express instigation of the Headmaster, to reorganise Eton on the basis of co-education, and con-



THE CARAVAN CRAZE.

SCENE IN A LONELY PART OF THE HIGHLANDS.

vert it into an annexe of the new National Theatre, with Mr. BOURCHIER as Director of Dramatic Department."

Dr. JAEGER, the celebrated sanitary sartorialist, who courteously received our representative in his antiseptic sanctum, expressed the greatest satisfaction at the new departure. "Eton is going ahead," said the Doctor, "by leaps and bounds, under the sagacious yet enlightened guidance of the new Headmaster. Formerly it was a case of 'great cry and little wool.' Now it is 'great cry, LYTTLETON, and all wool.' The hygienic drama has a tremendous future. And has anyone realised the comic possibilities of a vegetarian pantomime or a sanitary extravaganza?"

Mr. GRAY, the late leader of the Manchester unemployed, who marched to Windsor and addressed the Eton boys, was naturally delighted by the courageous and engaging venture of the Headmaster. "No man is fit to be a Socialist, no man can touch the great heart of the people who can't act a bit," said Mr. GRAY. "Look at VICTOR GRAYSON. Look at me. If I wasn't myself I'd like to be GEORGE ALEXANDER. Think of a whole school of GEORGE ALEXANDERS! Why, the mere thought of it is a tonic that tunes up the nation to concert pitch."

Mr. MAYER, the *impresario* responsible for introducing so many French companies to London, stated that the situation was radically affected, not to say *bouleversée*, by the Etonian

prodigy, whose Parisian accent, according to the Headmaster, was wonderfully good. Mr. MAYER added that he had never seen GARRICK or Miss ELIZABETH ASQUITH, but from what the Headmaster said it was evident that they were not in the same class with his illustrious pupil.

Mr. FLETCHER, the famous American authority on diet and deglutition, has cabled his profound satisfaction with the Headmaster of Eton for establishing the intimate relation between digestion and the drama upon a firm basis.

Further inquiries at Eton on Saturday last revealed the gratifying facts that CHIRGWIN had accepted the post of Professor of Elocution, and that houses had been offered to Mr. FRED KERR, Mr. EDMUND GWENN, and Mr. WILKIE BARD. It was also announced that the Headmaster had discovered in the person of the Hon. POMEROY BLANDY, a prominent member of the eleven, the greatest bass singer since LABLACHE. His voice is of extraordinary volume, and the Headmaster stated that he was far and away the greatest boy bass he had ever heard. His voice production is absolutely perfect, and as he is one of the driest Dry Bobs ever turned out at Eton, his future career will be watched by the Headmaster and other dispassionate critics with the keenest interest. As the Headmaster puts it, "If I can produce only one LABLACHE and one SIMS REEVES every year I shall not have laboured in vain."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Alien Sisters (SMITH, ELDER) are Ruth Templeton, daughter of Sir Raymond, and Rose, who takes the surname of her mother, *De Winton*. Coincidence, that dauntless romantic intriguer, has enabled Mrs. DEARMER to bring them together, and she has further complicated their relationship by making one the *fiancée* and the other the mistress of *Hugh Templeton*, Sir Raymond's heir. I was disappointed in *Hugh*. He started as the brilliant accomplished scoundrel, for whom one retains a sneaking affection, but he degenerated into a stage-villain, and finally faded out like a Phlizz. I think he went into Parliament or something equally dull. But the two heroines (of whom I prefer *Rose*) are admirably well defined, and the scenes which occur in Cornwall and Yorkshire should make some of the large pen-owners in those provinces look to their preserves. Then, again, Mrs. DEARMER gives you a lot of value for your money: she has put a whole anthology of quotations at the beginning of her chapters, and every now and then a lady named *Monica Holden* goes off to her room and writes a few philosophical reflections in her birthday book, which are very like a Greek chorus, and almost as hard to construe unprepared. I gather from this novel, what I had long suspected to be the case, that men, on the whole, are a bad lot; the difficulty seems to be that women are now and then the same. Considering the awkwardness of the problem she tackles, Mrs. DEARMER is certainly to be congratulated. But why does she say (on page 120), "During the conversation dinner had progressed silently to the end"?

Miss ARABELLA KENEALY has performed a filial duty in preparing the *Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy* (LONG). She has been assisted in her task by discovering among her father's papers several chapters of autobiography and some pages of diaries. In these Dr. KENEALY stands exposed with a thoroughness and simplicity which would have been cruel in any other writer. In an early entry in the diary he heartily prays: "O God, suffer me not to be prudent." Never since invocations were first uplifted was prayer so bounteously answered. KENEALY had in him some flashes of the divine fire of genius. He was a scholar of rare attainments. Had he only been endowed with a modicum of common sense he would have been a great man. For an Irishman he was phenomenally lacking in the sense of humour. Dominated by superlative vanity, this lack of a national characteristic was largely responsible for his gigantic failure. In small affairs it led him to the conviction, set forth with circumstance, that he was of royal lineage. In his thirty-sixth year he writes in his diary, "Walked to Wulfercester's Castle, built by an

old pagan ancestor of mine, WULFERCESTER, King of MERCIA, in the seventh century."

From such height of ancestry he looked with scorn on common men. In the course of his reading he found SCOTT "tedious," JANE AUSTEN "a poor creature," DICKENS "frequently but caricature," BULWER LYTTON "a clown," perhaps the last reproach one would have expected to hear cast upon him. He employed the same freedom of expression in reference to certain men and events in his public and professional life. The result was that he shocked and disgusted people, being in the end disbarred, disbenched. For a while the idol of the mob, then forsaken, he died within a fortnight of his defeat at the poll in a borough which, immediately after the close of the Tichborne Trial, had carried him in triumph to the House of Commons. In its sadness the story reaches the depths of tragedy.

Mr. Crewe's Career (MACMILLAN), by WINSTON CHURCHILL, was nearly as meteoric as the rise of the other WINSTON CHURCHILL, whose life-story still remains to be written. Perhaps, when the public demand for a biography of the English statesman becomes too insistent to be ignored, the American author will oblige by taking on the job "*The Career of Winston Churchill*," by WINSTON CHURCHILL, should have a fallacious attraction for the general. But I must keep my eyes in the boat, and return to Mr. *Crewe*, which I do with all the pleasure in the world, for though I don't much care for Mr. *Crewe* himself, and am as bewildered by the mysteries of American State politics as a Bank Holiday tripper in Hampton Court maze; but I do like the spirit of the book, which is dedicated to "the men who in every State

of the Union are engaged in the struggle for purer politics." The real hero, *Austen Vane*, a young lawyer who stands as the emblem of that struggle, is a ripper. The State to which he belongs is run entirely in the interests of the Imperial railroad, and his father, *Hilary Vane*, as the Railroad's chief counsel, has the control of all the State legislation and all its official patronage. And *Austen* happens to love not only his father but also *Miss Flint*, the Railroad President's daughter, a no less charming person than himself. To oppose his father and *Flint*, and yet keep the affection of the one and win the respect and the daughter of the other, is a fairly stiff proposition. But with the help of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL he triumphantly solves it, whereas *Crewe*, the sham reformer, comes a cropper, just when he seems about to step into the Presidential chair. For this and many other reasons I find *Mr. Crewe's Career* a very enjoyable book.

"There is no more ideal house for a ball than Bute Lodge, Regent's Park. The gardens are close to the Zoo, from whence the roaring of the lions may be distinctly heard."—*Dumfriess Courier*.
Thus drowning the Merry Widow waltz.



THE LATEST LION.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. SIMS, a Member of the United States House of Representatives, has had his pocket picked on the floor of the House, to which only Members are admitted. This is satisfactory as showing how thoroughly representative the House is.

M. HENRI LEMOINE has not yet carried out his promise of making a diamond as big as a baby's head: but this, we understand, is not really M. LEMOINE's fault—it is due to babies having such large heads.

It now transpires that the gentleman who attempted to shoot Major DREYFUS in the back did so in order to vindicate the honour of the French Army.

The marriageable spinsters of Ecaussines, in Belgium, have once more given their annual bachelors' party, and several engagements have ensued; but no sympathy is felt for the young men, as the object of the function was plainly announced.

"The man out of work is a test of his country," says *The Nation* of New York.

"He shows how well its citizens have been trained to meet temporary adversity with an equal mind." Still, we cannot help thinking that the experiment is being made on an unnecessarily large scale in this country.

The accomplishments of thatching and hedging are said to be dying out in agricultural districts. Several influential Members of Parliament are, however, determined to make an effort to prevent hedging, at any rate, from becoming a lost art.

A diary by Mrs. PROZZI fetched no less a sum than £2,050 at an auction-sale at Sotheby's. It is thought that this may lead to a revival of the habit of keeping a diary. There would seem to be money in it.

"It is impossible," says a medical paper, "really to clean the face without soap." For ourselves, we have always found india-rubber unsatisfactory.

We hear that the dog which takes the part of a tiger in the Tiger Hunt scene in the Indian arena has received many invitations to Fancy Dress Balls.

Two African lions in the jungle at Earl's Court suddenly began fighting during a thunderstorm the other day. It is surmised that each accused the other of roaring unnecessarily loud.

at Bushey and made off with a number of pieces of presentation silver, but did not think any of the master's paintings worth stealing.

Despite of this we hear that special precautions are now being taken to safeguard Sir HUBERT's huge painting of the Council of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, and anyone approaching the canvas with a little hand-bag is eyed suspiciously by detectives.

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH has made a bold bid for unpopularity among the American Smart Set. She announces that she intends this summer to spend the season, not in Newport, but "amid the more dignified surroundings of Europe." In Newport spiteful people are now prophesying that this lady will soon know what it is to be a Fish out of water.

"Under these circumstances Surrey, as the stronger side, won the toss." — *Daily Mail*.

The old tale of the big battalions!

"No," as he flung his arms out to her with a horse cry, "it's no use, my dear one." — *Daily Mail Feuilleton*.

Surely he should have said "Nay."

Taking our Pleasures Sadly.

"The evening attraction this week at the King's will be 'The Girl Who Wrecked His Home.'" — *Referee*.

Notice in a West End shop:—

"Wanted, a respectable boy within."

Another proof that outward appearances are not everything.

Catch-as-Catch-Can Notes.

"The Gothic energy, the energy which swept away classicalism and started the new free motion, we have that; we have it in the roaring ribs and vaults wrestling together in fixed and stony immobility." — *The Morning Post*.

Our money on the roaring ribs, please.



Long-suffering Customer. "THANKS—I (pf)—I BRUSHED MY TEETH ONLY THIS MORNING."

It is reported that Miss ALLAN announces her determination to dance in Manchester whether the Watch Committee approve or not, "and she may appear there in a tent." To this, we believe, the Watch Committee would have no objection: it is the costume worn at the Palace which they do not like.

The "Merrie England" movement has received a set-back. A humorist has been fined £20 at the Marylebone Police Court for giving a false alarm of fire.

Much sympathy continues to be extended to Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER in regard to the wanton insult levelled at him the other day when some burglars broke into his house

A VISION OF FAIR WOMEN.

Go, wretched scoffer, you who point your thumb
At Woman panting in the Suffrage-chase,
And deem her thirst for votes is due to some
Deficiency of face;

Who 've seen her only as a Kodak guy,
In attitudes inimical to charm,
Pendent from area-rails or rumbled by
Robert's coercive arm;

Go, sirrah, seek the Tube and let your eyes
Gaze on the noblest placard-sheet of all
(Not even "White Man" WALLER occupies
A larger slab of wall);

There you shall find—the catalogue is free—
A gallery of women pioneers
Taken in full repose; and you will be
Surprised, almost to tears.

And on your knees you 'll limp across the line
(Mind the live rail!) and, leaning humble brows
Against the poster, as it were a shrine,
Pay your repentant vows;

And swear that, if they need your moral aid
(Though but a man's) in Hyde or any Park,
For Beauty's cause you 'll willingly be made
The object of remark. O. S.

THE HOUSE WITH THE HIGH WALLS.

It was the first house I had come upon for miles; a high brick wall separated it from the lonely road, but I could see it through a pair of rusty scroll-work gates—a large gloomy old mansion, with projecting wings. An elderly gardener was mowing the neglected grass-plot in the centre of the drive, and on this plot stood a large board. I could not read what was on it from the bank on the other side of the road, and I felt much too lazy just then to get up and go near enough to do so. For it was a sultry afternoon, I had had a long tramp, and was glad to find a shady tree under which I could lie down and rest for a while. But I had not lain there long before I saw that the old man had come through the gate and crossed the road.

"I observe, sir," he said, addressing me, "that you are looking at this Institution. I am the Superintendent, and I shall be pleased to take you over it and show you the inmates, if you will allow me."

He was still carrying his scythe, but he had a venerable white beard, and, even before he spoke, I knew that he could not be the gardener. I thanked him and explained that I had not time just then to accept his offer.

"Nonsense," he said peremptorily; "you had much better come—it will be a useful experience for a professional humourist like yourself."

I never quite like being called a professional humourist—it seems to imply a certain reproach. But, after all, it happens to be the way I earn my living, so I couldn't very well resent it, though I had not supposed I bore the stamp of my calling so visibly upon me. And somehow I yielded and found myself inside the gates with him on the drive.

"It is a Private Asylum, I suppose?" I said.

"Hardly that," he replied, "though it is true that some of my patients—but we prefer to call it a Retreat, a kind of Convalescent Home."

"For whom?" I enquired.

"You have eyes," he said somewhat impatiently. "Why don't you look at the board there?" I looked and read this inscription:—

HOME OF REST FOR AGED OR DESTITUTE JOKES.

(Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.)

You may imagine I was surprised, but I was not. I had often wondered where all the old jokes went to. Now I knew. I followed my guide through a dim old hall, and out upon a terrace at the back, overlooking spacious grounds surrounded by fine trees—mostly chest-nuts, as, indeed, one might have expected.

"You will find most of them here," he said. And there they were—jokes of all ages in every stage of poverty, sitting listlessly in the shade or crawling feebly about in the sun, like so many belated November blue-bottles. I cannot describe their appearance more precisely; but most people recognise an old joke when they come across one. And so did I. The rest I must leave to your imagination, merely remarking that I have seldom seen a more pathetic spectacle. Many of them, poor as they seemed now, had, so my conductor informed me, entertained Saxon earls, Norman nobles, and barons, and even Tudor monarchs in their time, for they were rich jokes in those days. But, like all favourites, they had allowed themselves to grow too familiar; and a joke that once forgets itself is naturally soon forgotten. Though it seemed that even the oldest of these had a chance of coming into their own again, for I was told that a popular music-hall comedian had generously undertaken to find employment for several of them in one of his new "turns."

"Perhaps," suggested my informant, "you yourself might be disposed to—?" But I got out of *that* by asking him who were the creatures like uncouth overgrown lads who were languidly chasing one another about the grounds with a ghastly affectation of gaiety.

"Street jokes," he explained; "their day is over, poor things, though they don't know it. They will never go outside these walls any more."

Now I came to look at them I found I knew several quite well. There were, "How's your poor feet?", "I'll 'ave your 'at!", little "Woa, EMMA," and "Get your 'air cut," and many others I had missed for years. I thought they were dead—however, they might just as well have been.

"But now," said the proprietor, "let me show you some cases which I don't despair of restoring to public usefulness yet. You see that one lying face downwards on the lawn? Well, it was brought out by a nervous man at a stiff dinner-party, and fell perfectly flat. But with ordinary care and encouragement you would be surprised to find how well it would go. Now don't you think *you* could—?" I explained that, being of a nervous temperament myself, I really could not undertake the responsibility.

"Ah, well," he said, "here is another—a most excellent joke. It came out quite unexpectedly from the Bench only the other day. I forget if it was in a Police Court or a Law Court—but one of the two. Unfortunately no one saw it—not even the constable or usher—and so it never got into any of the papers. A failure at present—but it only requires another chance."

It was a good joke, but unfortunately, as I pointed out, quite unsuited to my particular purposes. Too subtle.

"Then how about *this* one?" he persisted, indicating a hydrocephalous-looking little thing that was strutting



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (to WILLIAM H. TAFT, his candidate for the Presidency). "THERE, SONNY, I'VE FIXED YOU UP SO THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US."



A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

"EGG-SPOONS, ANNIE! EGG-SPOONS! WHEN YOU LAY EGGS, ALWAYS LAY SPOONS TOO!"

conceitedly past us. "Its one ambition is to get into *Punch*, and it has been considered quite good enough to do so by a parent whose standard of humour is so high that very few jokes have ever really amused him. I thought if you happened to know the Editor——"

I *did* know the Editor, and I intimated very decidedly that I could not dream of introducing such a joke as that to him: it would be as much as my place was worth.

"You are the best judge, of course," he said stiffly. "Perhaps you would prefer to adopt an anecdote? That one over there in the corner has been attributed to many of our most celebrated wits. SWIFT, SHERIDAN, CHARLES LAMB, THEODORE HOOK, SYDNEY SMITH have all had to bear the responsibility for it in their time—so surely *you* need not be ashamed of it. It has been an orphan for years now, so a fresh career is open to it."

That might be; but I excused myself. I could never feel any real pride in fathering so aged an anecdote. The Medical Superintendent still went on pressing me. Of course from *his* point of view he was quite justified in trying to find suitable openings for his various charges; but my patience became exhausted at last.

"I don't think you quite understand," I told him, with quiet dignity. "These old jokes—whatever their merits—are really of no use in *my* kind of work. I may be a professional humourist, but I flatter myself that my jokes, such as they *are*"—(this was irony, not modesty, for, between ourselves, I was far from being ashamed of them)—"are at least my own. So I will take up no more of your valuable time."

He seemed to feel the rebuke, for he led me back into the hall without a word. There he stopped at a door.

"I have no more to show you," he said, "unless you would care to see the cases in here. They are not particularly interesting—quite too hopelessly imbecile to be at large. I should not venture to suggest your adopting any of *them*."

I looked in, simply to oblige him, as he appeared to wish it. And the next moment I fled from that grim house in horror, for the inane idiotic jokes I had seen in that chamber of oblivion were mine—all, all mine! And, bitterest blow of all, they were those I had considered my very best!

I found myself lying on the bank once more, with the old man's malicious laughter, as he bowed me out, still ringing in my ears. Presently, pulling myself together, I rose and went to the old gates to have another look at that board. But all I read was, "This Desirable Mansion To Be Let or Sold." The elderly gardener (whose beard, I now saw, was not so very long) was still mowing.

"'Ad a tidy ole nap over theer, eh, Mister?" he said, with a senile chuckle. "I 'ope it's done ye good, I'm sure!"

I suppose it had; but, all the same, a dream of that sort is a little unfair on a professional humourist. So disheartening!

F. A.

Apportioning the Blame.

"Owing to a printer's error, Mr. Evett was credited in yesterday's issue with the part of the Vicomte in *The Merry Widow*, instead of Mr. Talleur Andrews."—*Daily Telegraph*.

A silly slip these printers are always making.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

MR. FRANK STAYTON'S mediæval play,
Styléd—for a reason which appears
anon—
The Two Pins, and—for no apparent
reason—
Written throughout in rich blank
verse (like this),
Was given at the Aldwych Theatre
By Mr. ASCHE and spouse the other
night,
Before a most distinguished company
(Including me).

But let us to the plot.
The mighty Lord of Knoden, *Philip*
hight,
Insults (or so 'tis thought) the Lord
of Valma,
Rudolph yclept, whereon the latter
cries,
In good blank verse as was the
fashion then,
"For two pins I would go and pull
his nose;"
Thereupon *Philip* without more ado
Forwards two pins per special mes-
senger;
And *Rudolph*, having received the
same, and having
Expressed his feelings in some more
blank verse,
Such as "Two pins! He sends two
pins! Two pins!"
Girds on his sword and sallies forth
to Knoden
And, *coram populo*, pulls *Philip*'s
nose—
("Help! Help! He's got be by
the dose! Help! Help!")

Philip was not unnaturally annoyed,
Yet did not rise and call for satis-
faction
From *Rudolph*, who was spoiling for
a fight.
For since the latter was a tender lad,
While *Philip* was—well, Mr. OSCAR
ASCHE,
A fight would be unfair, especially
As *Philip* would insist on all the gate.
Instead, he had his enemy disarmed
And cast into a dungeon, with the
promise
That on the morrow he should be
returned,
Honeyed and feathered and seated
on an ass . . .
UNLESS—(Exactly! What about Miss
BRAYTON?)
UNLESS his sister, *Lady Elsa*, came
And begged for mercy on her knees.

(Dear friends,
I fear I must not keep this up much
longer.
There comes a time in the blank
verse of men
When it is suddenly borne home to
them

That if they do not stop it jolly soon
They'll never, never, never stop
at all.

Let me remember Mr. FRANCIS
STAYTON,
And hurry to the end. We've two
more Acts.)

She came, he saw, she conquered.
Rough *Lord Philip*
A ready victim falls to lovely *Elsa*,
And she to him. *Rudolph* returns on
horse

Unhoneyed, and but very slightly
feathered.

Some tender and ingenious scenes
ensue

Between the lovers. Then the cur-
tain drops.

I should have said, but quite forgot
to, that
When first fair *Elsa* enters Knoden's
halls



HEAVY WEIGHT AND FEATHER WEIGHT.

Philip . . . Mr Oscar Asche.
Rudolph . . . Mr Vernon Steel.

She is disguised in armour as a man.
I knew at once she really was a
woman;

And *Philip* knew it later, when he
cried:

"A rat! A rat!"—to quote another
play

Whose lines are also done in equal
lengths.

Well, to sum up. It is a pleasant
play—

Romantic, pretty, sometimes hu-
morous;

There's Mr. ASCHE, who looks mag-
nificent,

Miss BRAYTON, too, who looks most
beautiful;

Both quite at home, and seeming to
enjoy it.

The scenery and incidental music
(Observe that priceless line—it
sounds like WORDSWORTH—

Or Mr. STAYTON, but is quite my
own)

Are charming. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS
sings finely.

I did not mention him before because
He does not come into the plot at all;
Only, whenever things are slack, one
says:

"What about asking dear old POUNDS
to sing?"

The which he does. If you should go
with friends,

And clap in unison, you'll get an
encore.

So much for that. Now turning to
the Commons,

My views upon the Old Age Pensions
Bill

Are briefly these. I— What? . . .
Oh! very well. M.

NEPHELOCOCYDIA.

[In order to compete as hare in an aerial
steeplechase, for which he offers a prize, the
Hon. C. S. ROLLS has had a specially diminutive
balloon named the *Imp* built for him. "This,"
he states, "will enable me to conduct many
manœuvres which my pursuers will be unable
to outwit. I can hide in a cloud and then
descend or ascend rapidly when I am dis-
covered."]

EVEN more interesting, however,
than this Puckish cross-cirrhî com-
petition will be the Hurlingham Sky
Gymkhana, announced for June 31st,
in connection with the Olympic
Games.

Here, besides ordinary events in
aerostatics, such as the long and
high flights, putting the sandbag,
climbing the greased lightning, etc.,
there will be the following attractive
items on the card:—

THE LARK RACE.—At a given signal
the competitors inflate their balloons,
leap on board, burst into song, soar
rapidly to a fixed point in the welkin
and then as rapidly drop to earth
again.

THE BUTTERFLY CONTEST.—This
particularly graceful feat of volitation
will take place over a settled course
among the roofs of South Kensington
and Chelsea, the object being to
collect as large a number of tiles,
sky-signs and chimney-pots as pos-
sible before returning to the starting-
point.

This will be followed by a game of
Parachute Polo, which is much like
Parlour Piladex, but more difficult;
and the proceedings will terminate
with

A GRAND JOUST.—In this mimic
combat each aeronaut will be pro-
vided with a long spiked pole, and
endeavour to puncture the periphery
of his opponents' gas apparatus by
charging at full tilt, upon the sound
of a trumpet. The prizes will be
wreaths of everlasting.

THE MAN IN THE FRONT ROW.

At first I said, "It is a coincidence." He was a three-shilling ticket-holder at Hither Green on Tuesday—a "front row" at West Kensington (I was giving my humorous and dramatic entertainment) on Wednesday—a "reserved and numbered" at Harrow-on-the-Hill on Friday.

Then I discovered him behind a bank of palms at Basingstoke.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," I said. "He is doing it for a wager."

But at Bishop's Stortford and Potter's Bar he led the applause.

Now if he *were* really doing it for a wager he would look grim and determined—he would, in short, show that he was performing a feat of endurance. Instead of which he *encored* my "Village Concert." The "wager" hypothesis fell to the ground.

"There must exist between us an unaccountable psychologic correlation," I told myself. "Perhaps in a former state of existence we may have been corner men in the same minstrel troupe, and conceived a mutual passion for one another's jokes."

After this I began to look out for him. Each evening, before commencing my performance, I would cast one reassuring glance along the front row. He never failed me. Of course it was gratifying to know that one out of those mildly-applauding hundreds had paid his two-and-six, not out of charity, not because the Dramatic Society's secretary happened to be *her* brother, but solely to see and hear *me*. Still I often thought I could have managed my entertainment better (the jokes, especially) were he, let us say, in the shilling seats. It was like this. I open up with desultory attack on piano. Applause—in three places. I bow and thank audience effusively. Roars of laughter. So far—good! Now I leave the music-stool and step towards the Winter Gardens, very carefully polishing my monocle. This creates the atmosphere necessary for my "cab-horse" story. "By the way," I begin, and the Man in the Front Row takes out his handkerchief, "as I was driving here to-night" (he is chuckling) "I had rather a curious —" And there is that silly idiot roaring with laughter. My cab-horse story is a miserable fiasco. I start another. Halfway through, just when the shilling seats are beginning to sniff the air, I catch sight of—



THE NEW "SPOONERISM."

"I SAY, WHAT'S THE USUAL TAX FOR A TIPSY CAB?"

Have you, dear reader, ever told the same joke to the same man thirty-five times? The first day you start off in the pink of condition, and let him have it twice on the way to the station. Second day you run over the main points in the City and again at the club. Third day, ring him up on the telephone, and fire it off three times in rapid succession before the girl at the Exchange realises the situation. Fourth day, take him for a long country walk, feel in your pocket for the bottle of chloroform, and—this will make eight times. You will now begin to realise my feelings.

After his hundredth appearance I decided to cut out the "Village Concert" from my repertoire. There

were parts—the curate's comic song, for instance—that I simply loathed. Besides, when a man has heard the same thing fifty or sixty times—

After the elimination of this popular feature, my engagements fell off, and we did not see quite so much of one another. Sometimes I "rested" for half a week. This gave him a rest, too, during which he seemed to gather fresh energy.

Before my hundred-and-fiftieth performance came round I said, "Something must be done." I was growing nervous and absent-minded. Quite frequently I would begin a story and forget the finish.

Should I denounce him to the audience one night? Hang it all, in these days of confederates "in front" they

would think it part of my show. They would expect him to jump up and request me to "Come back to your home in Baltimore." If only I could prevail on his good nature to stop away every other performance.

When I broached the subject he said he couldn't hear of it. He had grown so used to my entertainments that he couldn't—he simply couldn't—live without them.

One night (his 189th) he had the front row all to himself.

He wanted three hundred down. I offered him a pound a week for life. (I think my "Village Concert" had told on his health rather.) He accepted. Said he was going to settle down in the country, and write another of the "Secrets of Success" series.

Something very strange about that woman in brown and green. Last night at Leighton Buzzard, to-night at Canning Town, three days ago at—Heavens! and there may be others in the gang!

GILDING THE GOLDEN DOME.

(With compliments to "The Daily Mail.")

WONDERFUL as is the whole congeries of "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" that enchant the eye at the White City, no visitor who is asked his opinion as to the most ravishing spot in the whole exhibition can hesitate for a moment in making his award. One and all plump immediately for the Golden Dome of the Dairy Pail Butter-nut Factory. From dawn to eve hundreds of millions of fascinated spectators crowd to watch the revolving arms of the indefatigable machine as it churns the yellow paste, mingles it with refined sugar, and pulls it into that luscious compound which has cemented our mighty Empire and glutinized the *Entente Cordiale* itself.

All the milk is produced by the Dairy Pail's exclusive cows, and imported at prodigious cost from the Dairy Pail Model Farm: whilst the sugar is the most exquisite creation that can be distilled from the maples of Canada, the canes of the West Indies and the beetroot of France. No exhibit, not even the dancing-saloon of the Senegalese village, has achieved so instant and so signal a triumph as the Golden Dome. Prisoners in Wormwood Scrubbs catch a glimpse of it and find their lot endurable; and from a host of rapturous testimonials we cull the following:—

MR. EUSTACE MILES. — "Your butter-nuts are more sustaining than my nut-butter."

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL:—

"From Paris to Perth,

Where'er you may roam,
There's no place on earth
Like the Dairy Pail Dome."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.—"Incomparable. If I had not already called my last yacht *Shamrock XIV*, I should have named it *Butter-nut I*."

SIGNOR GINISTRELLI.—"The Dome, in point of majesty . . . reminds me of St. Peter's."

MR. IMRE KIRALFY.—"Butter and butter."

NEW SITES FOR OLD LANDMARKS.

FIRE by the noble example of Mr. CROKER, who proposes to bring over the Temple of Philae and set it up in Central Park, New York, it is rumoured that Signor GINISTRELLI has determined to commemorate his double victory on the British Turf in such a manner as to bind England and Italy in indissoluble bonds of friendship. The Signor's scheme has a massive simplicity which is all its own. It is to effect a bodily transference of the ancient Coliseum to London, and simultaneously to transport the well-known London music-hall of the same name to the vacant site in the Eternal City. There are, Signor GINISTRELLI frankly admits, considerable difficulties in the way, but with the tactful assistance of Professor WALDSTEIN and Mr. OSWALD STOLL he is sanguine of overcoming them. Meantime the inhabitants of Saffron Hill are unanimous in their enthusiastic support of the project. Mr. HALL CAINE, we understand, approves of the idea subject to certain modifications, the most interesting of which is that the Roman Coliseum should be re-erected in the Isle of Man, in which case he is prepared to offer Greeba Castle to London to fill the gap caused by the removal of Mr. STOLL's *palazzo*.

MR. HENRY J. WOOD, long renowned for his exertions in promoting and maintaining friendly relations between England and Russia, has put forward an admirable plan for furthering this laudable aim. He proposes that a Mansion House Fund should be started to raise subscriptions for the purchase of the Great Bell of Moscow, with a view to its being permanently installed in Printing House Square under the auspices and protection of its illustrious namesake. Sir DONALD MACKENZIE

WALLACE, cordially supports the scheme, but we regret to learn that *The Daily News* considers it in the light of an unwarrantable concession to Grand-Ducal obscurantism.

The absence of any monumental architecture in Battersea Park has long exercised the teeming brain of that illustrious necro-archæologist Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. But the enterprise of Mr. CROKER has now inspired him with a really noble plan to remedy this crying need. This is nothing less than the removal of the Pyramids and the Sphinx from Egypt to decorate and embellish the popular transpontine playground. Sir ELDON GORST is giving his most careful consideration to the scheme, which is viewed with the greatest favour by the members of the Cairo Golf Club, who have long resented the presence of the Pyramids as a most unsightly eyesore as well as an unfair hazard on their links.

Canon LYTELTON, the Headmaster of Eton, writes—"The theatre of Dionysus at Athens could contain 30,000 spectators, and that at Megalopolis 44,000. These facts are vouched for by the high authority of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, and yet, to our eternal shame, Eton, which now boasts the greatest boy actor in the world, possesses no theatre comparable to those in which the ancient Greeks exhibited their crude and negligible talents. As Eton is not only the largest but the richest public school in the world, it is surely not too much to ask of her *alumni* that they should raise funds for purchasing the Théâtre Français and re-erecting it on the Playing Fields. Such a scheme would not only promote the *Entente Cordiale*, but stimulate the genius of a young Colleger named BILLINGTON-DUCK in whom I have recently discovered a dramatic swan of the first magnitude—in short, a prodigy combining and eclipsing the best qualities of ARISTOPHANES, MOLIÈRE, SHAKSPEARE and SHERIDAN."

The most exciting and picturesque outcome of Mr. CROKER's action, however, is the sporting suggestion of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE to enhance the glory of the Primrose League and simultaneously add a conspicuous feature to the London landscape by superimposing the Peak of Teneriffe on Primrose Hill. As the famous novelist justly says: "The resources of modern engineering are fully equal to the task. It is only a matter of expense, and if only the support of the Women Suffragists, the Socialist members and the Irish Nationalists can be



MRS. OOFY GOLDBERG AT HOME.

First Guest. "I SAY, WHAT RIIPIN' ORCHIDS!"

Second Guest. "YES, AREN'T THEY NICE? I GOT 'EM OFF MY SANDWICH—INSTEAD OF PARSLEY, YOU KNOW!"

secured, I am convinced that Mr. ASQUITH will throw himself heart and soul into the movement. The Peak of Teneriffe is only 12,200 feet high, or little more than twelve times the height of the Eiffel Tower, and its removal from the Canary Islands would not impair the commercial stability of that archipelago."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE "EVERY WORD" SERIES.

MR. JOHN STRONG begs to announce a new series of stirring novels, which will be inaugurated by a story of powerful emotional interest by the leading lady novelist of the English-speaking world—

INTERIA DROSS,

author of the sultriest books of our time. INTERIA DROSS in her forthcoming novel,

"NAKED YET UNASHAMED,"

handles with the utmost skill a topic of the profoundest interest to all students of morbid pathology. All the wealth of language, the romantic fervour, the rich imagination that she is possessed of, INTERIA

DROSS has cheerfully devoted to perfecting this great book, not a line of which will it be safe for the prurient reader to skip.

It is advisable to order at once, as an enormous popular demand for *Naked but Unashamed* is confidently anticipated.

The second volume in the "Every Word" series (so-called from the necessity to keep the eye glued to the page for fear of losing anything peculiarly nasty) is a new story by that very popular writer HERBERT EELS, famous for his sensational novel,

"THE BAD YOLK."

In his forthcoming romance, which is dedicated to the Sanitary Inspectors and Sewage Boards of England in a charming sonnet, Mr. EELS surpasses himself. Nothing more suggestive has ever been written in English for popular consumption, and so urgent and powerful are some of the episodes that it has been thought advisable to bind the work in asbestos covers. The title is—

"UNCLE OR WIDOW?"

and a first edition of 100,000 copies is already exhausted.

The third volume in the "Every Word" series is

"A WOMAN INDEED,"

By PAUL SCULDUDERY.

In this novel will be found the remorseless yet tender dissection of a woman by a new writer of astonishing gifts and grip. Certain matters never mentioned in polite society are here treated with the utmost delicacy consonant with perfect frankness.

MR. JOHN STRONG also has much pleasure in announcing

"AFTER DINNER STORIES,"

being the reminiscences of a well-known *vieux marcheur* whose name is kept secret for obvious reasons. A hundred furtive grins to every chapter; and there are eighty-five chapters. The volume makes a capital present for boys.

The White City Epidemic.

Notice in a Shepherd's Bush restaurant:—

"Café au lait . . . 3d.
Café without the lait . . . 2d."



"ANY COMPLAINTS?"

"Terrier" (producing fragment of wood discovered in sausage ration). "I DON'T MIND EATIN' THEIR BLOOMIN' DAWG, SIR, BUT I'M BLOWED IF I'LL EAT THE KENNEL TOO!"

MORE WISE WORDS ON WEDLOCK.

FATHER VAUGHAN TUPPER'S GREAT SERMON.

We have been fortunate in obtaining the manuscript of the searching and vivid sermon on "Marriage: Its Trials, Failures, and Triumphs," delivered by that inspired yet caustic observer of modern life, Father VAUGHAN TUPPER, at the headquarters of the Mayfair Roman Catholics on Sunday. We print his scathing remarks and profoundly shrewd counsels just as they issued from his lips, but the readers of cold type necessarily lose the fire and spirit of this great and original preacher—his fervour, his sarcasm, his irony.

"Marriage is a lottery. I say it with all caution after hours of thought on the matter. Marriage is a lottery. You *may* get a good wife, you *may* not; and (here I address myself to the ladies), you *may* get a good husband, you *may* not. Yes, my friends, marriage is a lottery. A lottery.

"When a man goes forth to get a wife he should be guided by good sense. He should not choose a showy, flighty, smoking-room girl, but one whom he can admire and respect. If she is beautiful so much the better; but probably he will think her beautiful, and that will do as well.

"I will not say that the man is the superior, or the woman the superior. In every case time will show.

"Men and women are so different that there are almost certain to be moments when they disagree. The fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage. I say it deliberately—the fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage.

"Nothing can so assist the husband and wife as good advice. Let me give you some. I am full of it. Also I am by my office a bachelor, and therefore the best judge.

"To the husband I would say: Do not interrupt your wife and say sarcastic things to her. Let her talk on. Give her sympathy. Give her ornaments and clothes, if you can afford them. Love her. Be kind to her.

"To the wife I would say: Don't nag. Don't scold. Don't cry. That husbands dislike tears is a truth that has been borne in upon me. Never mind what other people say, but take it from me that husbands dislike tears. Don't keep a bad cook. Husbands like good dinners. Were I, in fact, to speak in a more vulgar phrase, I might say, at the risk of shocking you by my originality and homeliness, feed the brute. Dress well. Do not be slovenly. See that the house is well kept.

"To put the whole matter briefly, I should say to husbands: Husbands, do not do anything to annoy or disappoint or alienate your wives; and to the wives, Wives, do not lose your husbands' love.

"Only thus can there be happy marriages."

"RUN OUT, O."

I SHOULDN'T SWEAR? Ah, well, if my Score *were* a score, however small, Then, maybe, less embittered, I Should let no fierce expletives fall—

I shouldn't swear.

But as I didn't get a ball
(But simply ran a wretched bye);
And as my partner didn't call;
And as the umpire told a lie;
Yes, *as I wasn't out at all*,
Then, d—n it, sir! pray, tell me
WHY

I shouldn't swear!

"So it has come about that, of an average number of 70,000 East Indian coolies resident on the estates, about 10,000, or 7 per cent., are indentured men."—*Overseas Daily Mail*.

As the writer reasonably said, when the editor protested: "What's the good of the first '7' if it doesn't come in the answer?"



WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

SICK PEER (*having rung for Family Physician*). "WELL! HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF A CURE FOR ME?"

DR. PRIMROSE. "NO! WE'RE STILL IN CONSULTATION. YOU JUST GO ON BEING ILL FOR A BIT."

[The Committee (Lord ROSEBERY, Chairman) appointed early in the Session to consider the Reform of the House of Lords has not yet reported.]

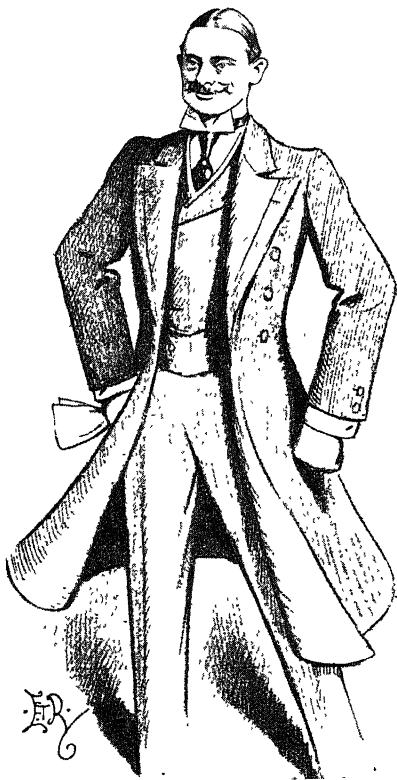
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 10.—Commons resumed sittings after Whitsun Recess. Lords, exhausted with labours which, commencing at 4.30 in the afternoon, have been known to continue up to 4.45, reasonably extend their holiday.

No unseemly rush for places. Majority of Ministers and ex-Ministers, for once in unity, defer arrival on scene. Example loyally followed above and below gangway. RUTHERFORD raising in Committee of Supply question of wages of Preventive force was supported on Unionist benches by presence of two members. In other parts of House crowd not much denser.

Anxious time for the new Ministerial Whip, who formally enters on his duties to-day. Would never do to begin career with count-out on a Government night when progress with Supply is confidently reckoned on. Happily "JACK" PEASE (so-called because he was christened JOSEPH) is popular on both sides; no one disposed to play pranks at his expense.



THE NEW WHIP OF THE MINISTERIAL PACK.
(Mr. Jack Pease)



DIAGENES JOHN.

The Rt. Hon. John Burns delivers (at Ealing) another of his racy straight-talks to Englishmen.

Has had considerable experience in the office. Served eight years in the wilderness as Junior Opposition Whip, not dreaming of a time when he would day after day come up to table to announce overwhelming Ministerial majorities with ACLAND-HOOD, long familiar with the practice, relegated to second position on his left hand. C.-B. coming in made him Junior Lord of the Treasury serving as second Whip. Now, still on the sunny side of fifty, he fills the onerous and important post of chief Whip, a well-earned tribute to trained capacity and modest mien.

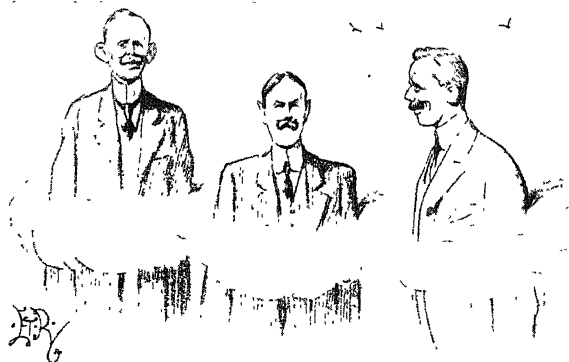
Business done.—Quite a lot. Over two million sterling voted in Committee of supply, and Members got off shortly after six o'clock.

Friday.—Is whammeling legal? This the question the PRIME MINISTER finds facing him on returning to Westminster. MOLTENO presents it, calling upon him to introduce at an early date "a Bill for the reform of the Fishery Law dealing with the Solway Firth, making it clear that whammeling is legal."

ASQUITH, conscious of being already overburdened, surmises that for the strained back of his Government whammeling would be

the last straw. Still, feels it undesirable to flout Scotland, where of late the course of by-elections has been pleasantly modified. Explains to MOLTENO that case is environed by peculiar difficulties. In the first place, one-half of the Cabinet does not know what whammeling means. CREWE believes it is a fish sauce, and would like CARRINGTON to sample it first. BIRRELL suspects it is a Scottish form of cattle driving; whilst MCKENNA, new to his post, is not quite certain, but fancies it is part of a battleship—like a transom, for example.

That the least difficult part of situation. The other half of the Cabinet, taking very strong views on the subject, finds itself hopelessly divided. Compared with the discord, secret or avowed, born of Home Rule or the Education question, whammeling is almost demoniac in its influence among esteemed colleagues. If a Bill were introduced, it would certainly lead to split in the Cabinet. In view of importance of remaining in office long enough to bring in a Reform Bill and clip Unionist opportunity by abolishing plural voting, that would, the PREMIER thinks, be unpatriotic.



INVESTIGATIONS IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

While reading the account of the two young lady parachutists who fell from a height of 11,000 ft it suddenly occurred to our Artist that he never finished the Philipps Brothers, M.P. He now sends in a final instalment with sincere apologies to the gentlemen concerned if he has inadvertently left out any intervening lengths of their anatomy.

(Mr. Ow-n Ph-l-pps, Mr. W-nf-rd Ph-l-pps, and Col Iv-r Ph-l-pps)

All very well; but MOLTEÑO, while temporarily silenced, is not convinced.

Business done.—Second reading of the HOME SECRETARY'S Prevention of Crimes Bill.

A TALE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

SCENE—Mayfair.

Mr. Ronald Dalrymple. Her ladyship in?

Weston. Not at home, Sir.

Mr. R. D. Ah, quite so, WESTON. But don't you think—mind you don't lose it, WESTON; it's worth twenty shillings. And if you take my tip you'll put it all on Lady Skinfint—don't you think that as it's rather important—

Weston. Thank you, Sir. I believe, Sir, her ladyship is playing bridge in the boudwaw. But I will make inquiries. What name shall I say?

Mr. R. D. Really, WESTON, you've a shocking bad memory. Mr. RONALD DALRYMPLE.

Weston. I'm shaw, Sir, I beg your pardon. It's so long since we have had the pleasure. May I venture to ask, Sir, do you play?

Mr. R. D. Play, WESTON, me play? Why, God bless my soul, man, I do nothing else. It's my living—at least it used to be. Have you forgotten that, too?

Weston. Why, of course, Sir. The pianoforte, you mean, at our musical swarrys. Music-'all swarrys they are now, Sir. But I was referring to bridge. Her ladyship, I happen to know, 'as bin disappointed of a fourth

this afternoon owing to an unexpected event, so that it occurs to me that perhaps her ladyship might prefer you to dummy.

Mr. R. D. WESTON, you're a jewel! Of course I play bridge. If you get me into that boudwaw, WESTON, all that I have shall be thine, even unto the half of my winnings. Lead on, Macduff.

Weston. This way, Sir.

Mr. R. D. Right you are, WESTON. I say, WESTON.

Weston. Sir?

Mr. R. D. You couldn't let me have that sovereign back, could you? The fact is, I've left my purse on the piano, and if we are

to share the plunder I must have some capital. I can't sit down to play bridge with—let me see—with four and twopence. Now can I, WESTON?

Weston. Certainly, Sir. Lady Skinfint, I think you said, Sir?

Mr. R. D. Put your shirt on her, WESTON. It's a certain tip. Thank you, WESTON.

Weston. Thank you, Sir. Mr. RONALD DALRYMPLE!

Lady Skimper. Mr. DALRYMPLE! How quite too delightful! Where have you been all these years? You're just in time to save me from cutting somebody's throat. Of all the disgustin' games—Let me see. You know Mr. ZANCOW, Miss DOROTHEA LIGHTFOOT, Mr. DALRYMPLE. You'll play, of course?

Mr. R. D. Delighted, Lady SKIN—Lady SKIMPER.

Miss Dolly Lightfoot. Now where have I seen you, Mr. DALRYMPLE? I never forget faces.

Mr. R. D. At the Melodion, was it?

Miss D. L. Why, of course. Did a little sketch, didn't you, last year? Seen my new dance?

Mr. R. D. Quite charming. I don't know which turn is the more original—yours with your feet, or Mr. ZANCOW's with his head.

Lady S. Deevy, I call them both. And so—er—elevating. Shall we cut?

Miss D. L. Yes, let's. I wish I'd got your head instead of my feet, ZANKY. Coining money, ain't you, dear boy? We poor musicians—Well, if it wasn't for bridge—You and me, ZANKY. My deal.

Weston. The Duchess of DUBLIN! Lady JANE LIFFEY!

Lady S. My dear Duchess! And JANE! How too sweet of you to come after all! Well? I'm dying to hear. Is darling HARRIET—

The Duchess. Oh, she's all right. Those inconsiderate people always are. And—if you'll believe me—another!

Lady S. Not another girl?

The Duchess. Fact! It's really most annoying of her. What's she for, I'd like to know. Well, how're we goin' to play? Cut out?

Lady S. No, no. You and darling JANE must play. Let me present Miss DOROTHEA LIGHTFOOT, Mr. ZANCOW. I want to talk to Mr. DALRYMPLE. Mind you don't let Mr. ZANCOW read your thoughts.

The Duchess. Is it the Mr. ZANCOW?

Lady Jane. Of course, Mamma. Don't you recognise him?

The Duchess. Oh, really! Well, mind you cut me, Mr. ZANCOW.

Lady S. Now, Mr. DALRYMPLE, come and sit over here. We'll cut in the next rubber. Now, tell me. I want to hear all your news. Where have you been hiding? You've quite deserted me. I suppose you're dreadfully busy. Bin playing a lot?

Mr. R. D. Well, no; no, not a lot. Fact is, you know, what with motors and bridge—

Lady S. Oh, but I always thought you were so industrious. You used to have so many engagements. But you young people are all the same, always amusin' yourselves. But of course a car is one of the necessities of life, isn't it? Though they are more worry than they are worth. We've got to get a new one, and SKIMPER is so tiresome. Have you heard of one called the Electrolite?

Mr. R. D. Er—no, I'm afraid I haven't.

Lady S. No more has anyone. Just what I told SKIMPER. And he will insist. By the way, what's yours?

Mr. R. D. Oh, mine—I haven't got one. I didn't mean I'd been motoring. I meant—other people.

Lady S. Oh, other people. Yes? I don't quite—

Mr. R. D. Look here, Lady SKIMPER, I don't want to bore you, but the fact is—the fact is I'm stony broke.

Lady S. Really? How very distressin'. But I thought—you play so beautifully.

Mr. R. D. So people used to tell me. But no one wants to hear me nowadays. Of course I used to have



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 4.

Extracts from the Diary of a beginner—"TOOK ONE BANK OF SALMON RIVER IN SCOTLAND, £150 FOR THE MONTH. AGENTS MADE STRONG POINT THAT OWNER OF OTHER SIDE WAS NOT A SPORTSMAN AND NEVER FISHED THE RIVER." (Later entry) "OWNER OF OTHER SIDE IS NOT A SPORTSMAN, BUT AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THE ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL."

more than I could do. You were always so kind, and the BISHOPSONS, and Lady TUBAL, and heaps of people. But now you none of you want me. And what am I to do? I cannot dig, and to beg I— Well, really, I'm getting to the point when I don't think I am.

Lady S. But can't something be done? Of course things are different. London life is changed, isn't it? People don't care for music like they used to, do they? And one must try to please one's friends, mustn't one? And of course bridge and motoring—in a way you know it is a good thing, getting out into the country,—the simple life and all that. But still—I know. You must give a concert. And I'll get everyone to take tickets. Isn't that a brilliant idea? By the way, though, didn't you have one?

Mr. R. D. Yes, I've tried that, year before last. There were five others the same day, including MISCHA ELMAN. And I netted fourteen pounds odd. More odd than pleasing, wasn't it? Well, I must be off now, Lady SKIMPER. And forgive me for growling.

Lady S. Well, but wait, Mr. DAL-

RYMPLE. It seems such a pity. Personally, you know, I adore music; but other people—you know.

Mr. R. D. Yes, I know.

Lady S. What they want, you know, is—Miss LIGHTFOOT and Mr. ZANCOW, and so on. People from the music-halls. In fact I've got a little party myself next week, and I've got several of them coming. That's why they are here. You see? Now if you could only do something of that sort, performing poodles or a tight-rope or something. But I'm afraid that's not in your line, is it?

Mr. R. D. Well, no, not exactly. But I—point of fact, I was at a music-hall last year. Sort of CORNEY GRAIN business, you know.

Lady S. Oh, but how delightful! Why didn't you tell me? Was that what Miss LIGHTFOOT and you were talking about? I didn't grasp it. Well, then, can you come? Next Thursday? And may I say you come from the Halls? Splendid! Thank you so much. Well, then—if you really must go, I'll go and see if the Duchess is cheating. Good-bye.

* * *
Mr. R. D. Thank you, WESTON.

Here's your sovereign, with many thanks, and four shillings interest. No, not a cab, thanks. If you would kindly call a bus. I have twopence. And remember, WESTON, put it all on Lady SKIMPER—Lady SKINFLINT, I mean. She's a cert. *Au revoir*, WESTON.

Setting the Limit.

"Come to Worcester Park, and live ten years longer."—*Wimbledon Borough News*.

Mrs. Grundy in the Hen Run.

"Fowlhose (sectional) wanted, small size."—*South Wales Echo*.

We beg to call the attention of the Manchester Watch Committee to this welcome reform.

Commercial Candour.

On the window of an Oxford cycle shop:—

"USE —'s CYCLE LAMPS,
WO T GO OUT."

Advt. of Old Clothes Purchaser:—

"Cash for parcels remitted some day."
Hastings Observer.

From a Publisher's Catalogue:—
The Kiss of Helen—2nd impression.

IN PRAISE OF A DOG.

It has recently been my misfortune to lose one of the best friends that any man could hope to have. This was Rufus, a brown spaniel, who for more than fourteen years has shared my lot, making it pleasant with his faithful and unquestioning affection. Some years ago in these columns I recorded his living virtues in verse. It seems fitting, now that he has taken his place among the shadowy hounds who await their masters by Charon's farther landing-place, that I should dedicate a few words of prose to his memory.

I saw him first nearly fifteen years ago. He was then, at a guess, something more than two years old, a full-grown dog, very lively, very vigorous and very impulsive in the pursuit of sport. His residence at that time was a kennel, to which he was attached by a detested and circumscribing chain, and my first memory recalls him as he pranced and pirouetted on the approach of his owner, barking in anticipation of his release and winding himself more and more hopelessly in his shackles. After the first mad excitement of his liberty, and after hurling himself frantically against the legs of everyone present, he began to cool down and prepare himself for the duties of the day. He was solemnly bent on business, but now and then, as we marched to our place for the first partridge drive, he would spare a moment for the making of friendships with those whom he accompanied. During the drive he stood solidly enough at his owner's heels. When it was over he launched himself like a furry thunderbolt into the surrounding country and collected, not merely those birds that might justly be considered his own, but all the rest that came within range of his nose. These he stacked in a feathered pyramid close to his owner, and then, panting but triumphant, sat down beside them, and glared and growled at any rash stranger who, deluded by his former advances, presumed to come too near him. It was this combination of a ridiculous ferocity with an almost furious good nature that attracted me to him. I struck a bargain with his owner, and not long afterwards Rufus became an inmate of my house.

From that moment he knew no more of chains and kennels. He had the range of the rooms and the garden in unrestricted freedom. I think he appreciated the change. Somewhere in his doggy heart he knew that he had been manumitted, and he attached himself with a passionate and unreasoning devotion to his liberator. He acknowledged, no doubt, that there were other male human beings in the world, beings who too frequently tripped over him or trod upon him and called him a fool, but he had determined, so far as it was possible, to disregard them in order to exalt the more

highly the greatness and the virtues of the beloved master whose shadow he wished to be. With ladies his behaviour showed a tolerant but blundering deference. Though he never failed to couch himself upon the skirts of their dresses—and he did this with a particular insistence when he was very wet and muddy—he never admitted them fully to the recesses of his friendship. There seemed to be a natural antipathy between their orderly tempers and the animal spirits that prompted him to upset small tables and to disarrange rugs. Often, though he might be guiltless of wrong, he assumed a stubborn hang-dog air at the mere sight of a woman. As for children, he was firmly convinced that they were a sort of dog with whom jealousy was out of place. He would spend hours in gambolling with them, but he never stooped to obey their orders.

As he advanced in age and lost his abundant vigour he seemed to grow even more faithful and affectionate to the one man whom his heart had chosen as being suited for esteem and loyalty. It became a misery to him to be deprived of his master's presence, and until I returned

to him he suffered life rather than enjoyed it. His eyes lost their brightness with the years; he became very deaf, but he knew the hand of his master, and his stumpy tail wagged frantically when that hand was placed upon his head.

His final illness was mercifully short, and he was soothed and cheered to the last by those whom he had never willingly offended, and, not least, by the master whose life he had rendered happier by his service and his love.



THE REVIVAL OF A DYING ART.

NEW CLASS FOR SCREEVERS (PAVEMENT ARTISTS) IN THE L.C.C. SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

"Suddenly thousands of lamps and lamplets leaped into lustrous life as by the waving of a magician's wand. The process of illuminating was instantaneous. All at once a flash of radiance shot out, as lightning might; now one ship, now another, standing out in fiery outline against the many-hued sky. An iridescent glow of dazzling splendour was shed and spread upon the surface of the wrinkled waters."—*Daily Telegraph*
Isn't it beyeautiful?

From a *Daily Express* poster:—

"THE SHAH MISSING.
DRAMATIC SCENE AT THE OAKS."

After all, the old firms are the safest to deal with, even if you don't get quite such long odds.

Football Fixtures.

(In view of the present isolation of two well-known Clubs.)

Tottenham Hotspur v. Queen's Park Rangers (1st and 3rd Saturdays).

Hotspur Park v. Tottenham Rangers (2nd Wednesdays).

Hot Pangars v. Queen's Totspurs (Mondays).

Toggers v. Queeppenham (Charity Match).

Rotten Sparkers v. Quaggers (Cup Final).



OUR LOCAL PARADE.

Emily (our village "grande dame"). "OH, SARAH, ISN'T THIS LOVELY?"
Sarah. "YES, EMILY, AND DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF ASCOT?"

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

[Impressions of a Provincial on one of his rare visits to the Metropolis]

I stood in London in the roaring Strand,
 Hoping, with luck, to dodge a motor 'bus;
 And Life's tumultuous tide on every hand,
 While I stood trembling thus,
 Rolled by as though it hardly cared a cuss.

"Thus, then, does London welcome me!" I cried
 (Missing a hansom by an inch or so);
 "Beneath those grinding wheels I might have died,
 And London lets me go
 As callously as if she didn't know."

That there is something rotten in her state
 All thoughtful individuals must agree;
 This noisy rush of traffic ought to wait,
 Not, like a restless sea,
 Career along, and pay no heed to me.

London, in fact, is too conceited; there
 I put my finger on her weakest spot;
 She seems to fancy that she needn't care
 Whether I come or not;
 She tries to think it nothing—it's a lot.

Yes, London's too conceited. She is hoarse
 With shouting boastfully of what she's done;
 She thinks herself the Empire, but, of course,
 England has many a son
 Who rarely shines in London—me, for one.

She wants a teacher who would make her learn
 To know her proper place (it's time she knew).
 But where, for such a type, is she to turn?
 Great men are very few,
 And I am leaving in a day or two.

THE SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

A BROILING sun glared from a cloudless June sky as I saw my honoured friend, the Editor of a famous photographic weekly, hurrying down the Strand attired in a thick fur coat with the collar turned up. For the moment I thought his reason unhinged; or else that he had joined the Manchester Watch Committee.

"Pardon me," I said gently, "but aren't you a little overdressed for the time of year?"

"Don't you worry," he answered; "I'm only trying to work myself into a wintry frame of mind. The fact is, I'm on my way to give the finishing touch to our forthcoming Special Christmas Number."

"As a dispenser of gloom in depressed times we can recommend nothing better than a visit to witness this amusing play."
The Preloria Chronicle.

The editor takes too pessimistic a view of his mission.

"Knox played for England v. South Africa, when his race turned Gordon White."—*The By the Way Book.*

The Bristol Evening News improves on this with a mis-quotation—face for pace.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEXT time I go to Devonshire I shall expect to see cottages placarded somewhat to the following effect: "Notice to authors. Fishing among these peasants is strictly preserved. Apply to Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS." Otherwise two Devonshire novels will appear simultaneously some fine day, with exactly the same characters and stories in them, and then there will be a row. But there must always be a welcome for a book by Miss WILLCOCKS. *A Man of Genius* (JOHN LANE) deals with the old conflict between the intellectual and the more earthly types of love, and it is a very fine book on the psychological side. But if anything it is even finer Devonshire. There is never a trace of unreality in the speeches and emotions of *Thyrza*, the country girl who becomes the wife of *Ambrose Velly*, architect. *Ambrose* is also loved by *Damaris Westaway*, the Rector's daughter, an idealist, who gives him up because she finds out that her rival has established the one insuperable claim. Afterwards *Ambrose* sees the mistake of his choice, and *Thyrza*, overhearing his avowal of it, runs away; but *Damaris* comes to the rescue, and the wife returns to her husband. Miss WILLCOCKS's methods are philosophical and poetical by turns, but the realism of her dialogues never suffers at all. There is no excuse for not reading *A Man of Genius* and making a short stay in the "seventh Devon of delight."

MADAME ALBANESI calls *Drusilla's Point of View* (HURST and BLACKETT) "a little story of love," and I congratulate her not only on the book but also on her description of it. Most of the characters in this modest, rather old-fashioned novel are rich, amiable people, and there is nothing alarming about the "point of view." *Drusilla*, I feel sure, had never heard of Women's Rights, for the only one she insisted upon was the right to flirt, and that she exercised widely. At first, when I found *Brian Keston* arranging a priceless library, my mind flew back to Miss SINCLAIR's *The Divine Fire*, and I began to wonder if we were to have another young librarian as a hero. But *Keston* develops in a way which is scarcely heroic; he was altogether too patient, and would have been more interesting if he had occasionally lost his temper. MADAME ALBANESI has succeeded in getting a flavour of comfort into her book, and *Lord Carlingford* is the most human nobleman I have discovered lately in fiction. Although she writes of millions, she treats wealth with an easy hand that leaves no thumb-mark of vulgarity.

Except that they prefer Meeting to Church, and Peace

to War, the Quaker ladies that I have the pleasure of knowing seem to me to dress and talk and eat and drink very much like ordinary folk. *Dean's Hall* (MURRAY) takes us back to the days when they believed in the powers of witchcraft and looked upon ribbons and laces and laughter and other such fripperies as the invention of the devil. Those were stern times, when a reputed witch could expect little mercy at the hands of our rude forefathers, even if they belonged to the Established Church, and still less in a community consisting chiefly of small Quaker farmers. In the particular dale which is the scene of Miss MAUDE GOLDRING's story lived an unfortunate wise woman who, chiefly because of her skill in the use of simples, was looked upon with superstitious dislike by the Society of Friends as the author of all their little misfortunes. If their children or their cattle fell ill, or their young men and maidens were so

abandoned as to fall in love with anyone outside the charmed circle of their own faith, it was always because they had been "overlooked" by the witch, and at last, in a fit of frenzied fanaticism, they rose up and drowned her. That is the darker side of the life described by Miss GOLDRING, the contemplation of which was, in my own case, considerably brightened by a complacent feeling of my superiority to these "bygone worthies of a purblind age." I don't burn witches. I pay them a guinea to tell my fortune. Others, less pharisaically inclined than I, will find the requisite relief in the rather sad but happily-ending love-story which is skilfully blended with this dramatic account, based on fact, of the Wise Woman of Littondale.



Mistress. "JANE, THAT'S ANOTHER WINE-GLASS YOU'VE BROKEN! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Jane (cheerfully). "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE; BUT I ALLUS WIPES THEM LITTLE THINGS OFF THEIR STALKS."

is a patriot. He supplies the newest slang for the teeming millions of the States. Those picturesque turns of phrase which fall with such apparent spontaneity from the lips of his countrymen in our midst, and add so rich and exotic a colour to our insular existence, are his invention, the work of patient hours beneath the midnight lamp. But in any other language his humour is not of the highest. His story, for which he has found a capital motive in the traditions of an Oriental country where adipose deposit is the measure of female charm, is dull enough reading till he introduces a young American trained in the author's own school of diction. Then it becomes passably funny for those who care about that kind of thing.

I should of course be sorry to underrate the virtues of American slang. It is the poetry of a pioneer race, the medium in which a fresh ingenuous imagination elects to become articulate. But the best humour, like the best poetry, does not need to depend upon local tricks of speech or imagery.



Exasperated Major. "SERGEANT! HOLD MY HORSE WHILE I SPUR HIM!"

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR GRANVILLE HALL having declared that every woman has two souls, the more greedy of the Suffragettes are said now to be considering the alteration of their demand to "One Woman Two Votes."

Since it was announced that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has replaced footmen by maid-servants in his official residence, he is said to have been inundated with offers from militant Suffragettes who would be willing to fill the situations for no wages at all.

A vulture which was sent by a dealer to be deposited in the Zoological Gardens escaped before it reached its destination, and is now at large. According to one rumour it has been seen following Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

An Army Order concerning the uniform to be worn by members of the Territorial Army has now been issued, and we may soon see a novelty in military headgear which should add appreciably to the gaiety of the nation. "Units in possession of a slouch hat," says the Order,

"may continue to wear it in place of, or in addition to, the cap."

The latest news from the Palace Theatre is that Miss MAUD ALLAN cannot understand why the Manchester Watch Committee should make so much fuss about such a trifle as her dress.

"After July 6," declares an advertisement, "*The Historians' History of the World* will cost you £3 2s. 6d. more." But surely not, if you don't buy it.

From Henrietta Street comes the news that P.T.O. has gone to P.O.T., and M.A.P. has come out T.O.P.

Next month there will appear on the stage of the Alhambra a German humorist, Mr. STEIDL, who is described as a combination of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, and the late M. PAULUS. It really doesn't sound quite safe.

Bishop CARTER, of Pretoria, who is over here for the Pan-Anglican Congress, mentioned in an address that he had been to see "The Mollusc." It seems a pity that no

one thought of preparing a new version of a certain popular play under the title of "Peter Pan-Anglican."

Dr. WAETZOLD is of the opinion that neurosis, from which so many young girls suffer, is not infrequently caused by excessive piano-playing. This will possibly be a crumb of comfort to the myriads of involuntary listeners whose nerves have been shattered in the same way.

Previous to the introduction of the penny post, Members of Parliament had the privilege of free postage by signing in the corner of their envelopes," says *The Daily Mail*. "A collection of about 10,000 of these *freaks* has just been added to the library of the House of Commons."

Cash registers have been placed inside each entrance of a fashionable church at Worcester, Mass., for the receipt of contributions. The innovation is said to work satisfactorily, although one absent-minded worshipper is reported to have swooned upon the words "Trouser button" bobbing up after he had dropped in his contribution.

THE SPEECHMAKER.

LORD of War! what an age has passed
Since this writer addressed you last,
You that of old in your manly prime
Stopped the gaps of my starveling rhyme,
Furnishing copy, week by week,
Drawn from your fancy's latest freak.

I may have cooled my early zest
And given my WILLIAM a well-earned rest,
But *you* have the same unwearied rage
For bounding about the comic stage,
Staggering Europe's torpid brain
With a "*Hoch!*" and a "*Here we are again!*"

Rumour revives those brave old tags
Culled from your lips by local rags,—
Threats that you drop with your chin out-thrust,
In the course of unveiling a forbear's bust—
Hints for a mess or a guards' parade,
Like "*Let 'em all come!*" and "*Who's afraid?*"

These I explain, to a large extent,
By atmospheric environment—
The bellicose air of grandpa's bust,
The Marcobrunner's inspiring crust,—
Or perhaps your bluff is a pressman's fake
(This is the best excuse to make).

Besides, who blames a rhetorical flight
When the round world knows that your *heart* is
right?

Have you not sworn that your fleet's increase
Is due to a passionate lust for Peace?—
Meaning, "*Whatever the cost may be,*
By Heaven, I'll have, on earth and sea,
A Pax Germanica, run by Me!"

O. S.

A THREATENED INSTITUTION.

For years past it has been losing its hold on the affection of the people; its tyranny has provoked bitter protests from many who have suffered under it, while the majority regard it as, at best, an obsolete encumbrance.

No, I do *not* mean the House of Lords. The institution I refer to is of less antiquity but in far more imminent danger of abolition—the Tall, or Silk, Hat. And it is fully aware of it, too. At this very moment innumerable Tall Hats are trembling in their bandboxes at the prospect of solitary confinement for the rest of their natural existence. Observe your own some day, when it is off its guard. You will notice—unless it has grown too dull to be capable of any reflection at all—that it is brooding darkly over its neglect. You do not take it out so much as you did—you know you don't.

Yet, not a hundred years ago, the High Hat was Man's inseparable companion. I have met a very old White Beaver which had been through many a boat-race and cricket-match, and whose owner would never have dreamed of tramping over the stubble after partridges without it. There was nothing singular in that. All the High Hats went out rowing, cricketing, and shooting in those days. Now their participation in active sport is limited to hunting and coaching.

And, in many other respects, their opportunities of mixing in the world's affairs are becoming more and more restricted. They are not to be seen so frequently in the City as they used to be, though they are quite as businesslike as ever they were. In the House of Com-

mons, where they have done such service in retaining seats, there is a growing tendency to discuss the most important measures without their assistance—a severe deprivation to a class of hat so intimately connected with politics.

Even a greater grievance is that a Silk Hat is no longer allowed to attend Divine Service in the country. They must feel this denial of religious privileges the more deeply from its not being applied to the Round Hat. It can be scarcely conceivable to any Silk Hat that a truly devout churchgoer could ever, on first entering the building, breathe his customary invocation into so unorthodox a receptacle as a Bowler. It is impossible to exaggerate the haughty superiority with which the Tall Hat regards its lower orders. But I believe it detests the Bowler above all other rivals—possibly from a consciousness that it is the most formidable of them. Not that it is much fonder of the Straw or the pretentious Homburg, while no words can express its immeasurable contempt for the new green Tyrolese felt—a thing that wears its bow, or—more revolting still—a tuft of chamois beard at the back!

Nevertheless the Silk Hats are forced to recognise that such *parvenus* as these are gradually ousting them from their supremacy. In their pessimism they ascribe it to the degeneracy of an age that has grown too luxurious and self-indulgent to be willing or able to bear any longer the White Man's burden. Several of them have already emigrated to foreign climes, where they are still held in much esteem by the Heathen. Others are leaving shortly.

Are we to allow their departure without making an effort to retain them? Can we afford to lose the powerful moral influence exercised by a flawless Silk Hat? What man does not remember the subtle transformation that took place in him when, as a boy, he assumed his first toppler? The sudden sense of having put away childish things; the awakening of a new responsibility; the feeling that one had been brought into closer touch with the mysterious world of grown-ups; the intense pity for all less fortunate youths who were not accounted worthy of a Tall Hat. How one cherished it, shuddered if, by accident, one stroked it the wrong way, grieved when its sheen was blurred by a passing shower! True, there came a time when it was less lovingly tended, but something of its early grandeur always clung to it—even in decay. I think the man must be hardened indeed who does not preserve some kindly recollection of his first Tall Hat.

Then is it not a serious thought that, in the near future, all boys—even at Eton itself—may grow up without this invaluable stimulus to manliness and self-respect? I think so—and, what is more, I happen to know, from sources which I need not particularise, that all the more thoughtful Tall Hats are filled with profoundest apprehension at the mere possibility.

They have few social pleasures left to them now, an occasional race-meeting or garden-party—if they are very good hats—but little else. Very soon the only functions at which they will be allowed to be present will be weddings and funerals—a dismal prospect. At these even the poorest people feel that the Tall Hat is indispensable—indeed, I read only recently of a humble establishment from which it could be hired for such occasions at a shilling a day.

But can a Tall Hat be expected either to rejoice or mourn with any sincerity if it only attends as a hireling?

Till now the Silk Hat's most influential protectors have been the Frock and Morning Coat, both of which have shown a marked distaste for any meaner headgear.



“THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT.”

JOHN BULL (*suffering from emaciation due to famine in imported meat*). “BUTCHER, WHAT OF THE BEEF?”
BUTCHER (*in elegiac mood*). “‘THE LOWING HERD WINDS SLOWLY O’ER THE SEA.’”

But they may be forced to abandon it at any time. Two or three leaders of fashion have only to walk down Bond Street some afternoon in frock coats and straw hats, and the next day the Tall Hat would have fallen for ever!

I am acquainted with an elderly and rather neurotic Silk Hat, whose nap shivers with the conviction that this will inevitably happen within the next twelvemonth. Not that it need excite itself, as it will certainly be superannuated long before that. But, of course, it would be vain to attempt to soothe any Silk Hat by such consolations.

Happily, the horizon has suddenly brightened in the most unexpected quarter. Only this morning I read in *The Daily Chronicle* that a band of heroic men have resolved to make a gallant effort on behalf of the Tall Hat.

They are organizing a demonstration on the 4th of July in the grounds of the Franco-British Exhibition. There they will parade, each champion adorned with a Tall Hat "of the most perfect shape." I have forgotten to mention that the demonstrators will all be members of the Journeymen Silk Hatters' Trade Union—but that, after all, is such a detail.

It will be a magnificent—indeed, a sublime spectacle, that procession of dauntless men in perfect Top Hats. It can hardly fail to produce a tremendous impression. No crowd could witness it without an instant revulsion of feeling, a remorseful conversion to the beauty and utility of the hat which, in their blindness, they had discarded. I should not be surprised if they all burst into tears. They will certainly repent. They needs must love the highest when they see it. Yes, July the 4th is going to be a proud day for the Tall Hat.

It will serve to remind the nation of what it is in too great danger of forgetting—that in times like these, when none can say how soon or whence troubles and perils may threaten us, we should think twice—and even thrice—before lightly deciding to throw away our Tall Hats. For, as has been nobly said (I forget by whom—myself, perhaps), it is the Tall Hat that has made us Englishmen what we are.

F. A.

"Winning the toss, Lancashire began bathing with Hornby and Hartley in the presence of a good crowd."—*The Globe*.

According to the report, cool weather prevailed, and we are not surprised that HARTLEY came out very quickly.

"W. R. was smartly caught at two o'clock yesterday morning by Detective Heatherley removing about 400 cwt of iron."—*Lloyd's Weekly*.

"Well, however did it get there?" said the culprit in surprise, when captured, after a long chase, in possession of his plunder.

"Enjoying such equality as the Church alone can give, bishops and laymen, noblemen and clerics, with their wives and daughters, gathered together, and one could not tell one from the other."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The writer should make a start by trying to distinguish between the apron and gaiters of a bishop and the latest *Directoire* gown. Later on the more subtle differences between the collars of the curate and the nobleman will strike him.

The Rigour of the Game.

"The girl is 5 ft. 7 in., and has a fresh complexion, light brown hair; Roman nose, disfigured at bridge."

Probably she revoked at a critical moment. Do not let us blame her partner until we are in full possession of the facts.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR THEODORE MARTIN approaches his august theme, *Queen Victoria as I Knew Her* (BLACKWOOD) with awed manner suggestive of walking in a cathedral aisle while service is in progress. When one grows accustomed to this mannerism, one has to acknowledge that he adds much to common information about the true and simple nature of the late QUEEN. She was above all things womanly, alike in her greatness and her defects. Sir THEODORE describes her in a sentence: "No marble statue, but human to the core, craving the homely sympathies of simple, healthy human life." Inevitably the little volume covers some of the ground appropriated by the massive work recently published by Mr. MURRAY. Had it come first, its value would have been more highly appraised. As it stands it is excellent. Sir THEODORE's appreciation of his personal connection with royalty is touching. He was personally introduced to the QUEEN on the 14th November, 1866, and notes that "the night before was memorable for the marvellous transit of shooting stars (the Leonids) across the heavens." Thus is Nature apt to usher in momentous events.

Good Suffragists of every hue—

It's immaterial of what age—

Go buy, and read it through and through,
The Mystery of Myrtle Cottage.

Hetty and Jane, a lovely pair

Of sisters in pursuit of riches,

Knowing the world to be unfair

To women, went and donned the breeches.

Of all their flowing locks bereft

They came as brothers up to London,

Swaggered and smoked a bit, and left

Their bottom waistcoat button undone.

A "rising journalist" was John

(These journalists are *always* rising);

Harry, a painter, lighted on

A style the critics found surprising.

Honour and wealth pursued the twain,

But more particularly Harry . . .

Which shows that Woman has a brain

And doesn't just exist to marry.

CHAPMAN has published this (with HALL);

The author (if I must get him in)

Is OSWALD CRAWFORD. Now then, all,

Loud and together—"Votes for Women!"

The ideal pattern of all romance is the Quest (over a stiffish country) of a genuine Princess, with dragons to be killed or converted on the way. Mr. YOXALL's Princess in *Château Royal* (SMITH, ELDER) either is or is believed by her papa to be the direct descendant of *Louis le Soleil*; and *Dick Stewart* of Lincoln's Inn follows the gleam on foot, after abandoning his motor-car in the Limousin highlands. Since a Quest must have a plot, his path is crossed by *Joseph Leroux*, the great detective, in the guise of a *chemineau*, and by Mr. Shott (late of the Metropolitan Constabulary), one of the nicest members of the force I have ever met in print. As for *Château Royal*, it is delightful: you must enter it, explore it, take a turn in the *charmille*, feed the peacocks, and kiss the hand of *M. de Grandemaison* himself. For this



EXHIBITION NOTES.—DISAGREEABLE INCIDENT ON THE "FLIP-FLAP."

Mrs. Henry Hawkins. "WON'T 'E TIKE A SANGWIDGE, 'ENRY? TRY 'IM WIV A NUT."

is the goal of the Quest. It is here that the legitimate Bourbons are enshrined in a house that was built by HENRI IV., here that *Dick Stewart* meets *Consolata*, otherwise known as *Madame R.*, and, the dragons being successfully eliminated, wins her as his bride. Among the countless merits of Mr. YOXALL's book is his habit of beginning the next chapter just where the last left off (for who wants to be kept waiting in the middle of a Quest?), and my only complaint is that one does not see quite enough of the Princess. But, anyhow, this is Romance with an illuminated capital R.

SUFFRAGETYMOLOGY.

["Do not the very forms of our speech exhibit the arrogance of the sex which has usurped, etc.? But the day is even now dawning when all this will be changed."—*Extract from recent Speech on Woman's Rights*]

THE following fragment, in the new style, anticipates the dawn above alluded to:—

While the ejillulations of victory are still ringing in our ears, and the sex, triumphant over the country's ladtitude—the true source of the old masterchief—stands at the perishelioness of its glory, it is too soon to write the hertory of the countessy days when we were girlred up by only the vaguest hopes of ewomancipation. So widespread has now become the eweifications of the system that, etc., etc.

"Great North of Scotland, increase £130.
Highland Railway, decrease £171.
Accused were granted bail."—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

There's no pleasing some people.

ABOUT THOSE FLIES.

It is funny when you're very big what lots of things you find

Aren't the same as what you heard when you were small;

Just for instance, how they always told us that it wasn't kind

When we tried to squash the flies against the wall.

Now the papers say the Grown-ups want to start a dreadful war

On those very flies *we* knew we ought to kill;

And if only we had done it years and years and YEARS before,

There would never have been anybody ill!

All the whooping-cough and measles, mumps and scarlet fever too,

And the chicken-pox, they learn with great surprise, Would have never found their way to little children as they do

If they'd only let the Baby kill the flies.

But whenever dumpy fingers wandered up or down the pane,

Just where a lovely fly was on the crawl, Someone cried out: "Baby! Baby! You are doing it again!"

But the baby was the wisest, after all!

"SUFFRAGETTES' DARING MOVE.
MR. TAFT ADOPTED."

"Daily News" Poster.

DISCURSIONS.

LIFE AT ICHANG.

SOME years ago the late Lord SALISBURY amused the public by explaining that work on the Uganda Railway had been seriously impeded by an embarrassing development of taste amongst the lions of the district. It appeared that in general these lions were harmless animals not without some reputation as family pets amongst the native population. The building of the railway had interested them at first in a mild way. Closer investigation, however, had convinced them that the men who were building the line and working the trains had peculiar and irresistible attractions as cheap food. So long as you remained a mere native or a white spectator nothing happened to you, but as soon as you began work on the railway you were seized and masticated by a lion. I don't know how the struggle ended. Probably—since I understand that the line is practically finished and in working order—civilisation triumphed as usual, and the lions were eventually forced to abstain from their two-footed meals.

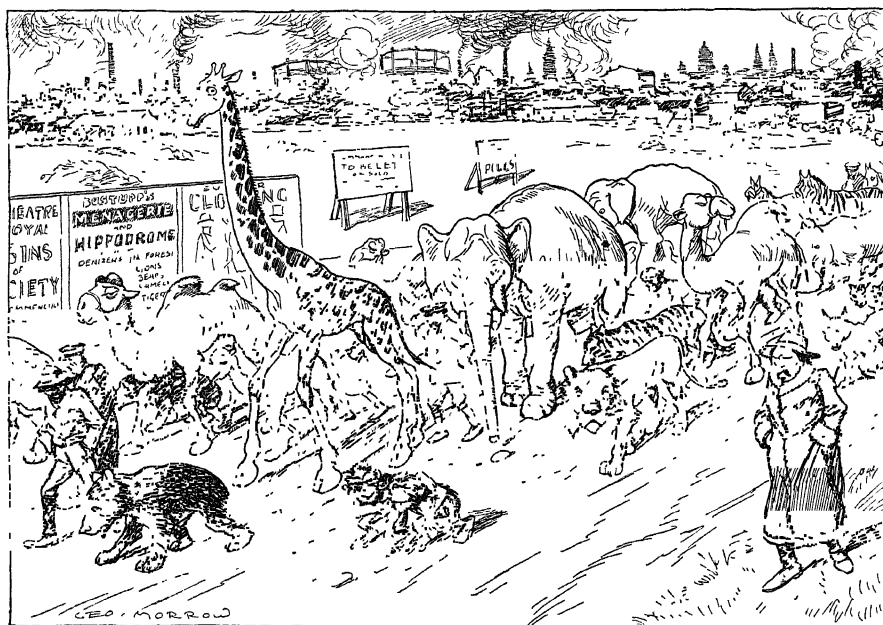
I am reminded of this incident by a passage in the "First Report from the Committee of Public Accounts" recently presented to Parliament. The Committee is an eagle-eyed, thoroughly unsentimental body appointed to detect errors in the accounts of the public departments and to visit with a cold and merciless censure all superfluous expenditure. They investigate the sums spent on Royal Palaces, on Parks, on Art and Science Buildings, on Law Charges and Criminal Prosecutions, and so forth. Amongst other items submitted to them were the charges for "Gaol, etc., at Ichang." I am not quite sure that I know where Ichang is, but it has a Chinese sound, and the inference that might naturally be drawn from this is confirmed by what follows in the Report.

With regard to this gaol, then, the Committee deliver themselves in the following terms:—"An excess of £120," they say, "is explained as due to the cost of superintendence being greater than had been anticipated. In order to prevent bad workmanship, European Clerks of Works have to be employed to supervise the Chinese workmen. There is some difficulty in finding these superintendents, as 'the Chinese persist in poisoning them.'" I pause here to condole with the super-

intendents and to marvel at the sad vicissitudes to which an Imperial race is compelled to submit.

To supervise Chinese workmen is in itself bad enough, but to be poisoned by them for doing your duty seems to be an excess of punishment. Even under ordinary circumstances life at Ichang cannot be too attractive. Golf there may be and tennis of a sort, and there must be a club since there are Englishmen in the place; but this exiguous list probably exhausts the amenities. Nobody can want the varieties of existence increased by the dreadful suspicion of poison in his daily food. And I wonder, by the way, what the ordinary unpoisoned diet of a resident in Ichang consists of. I guess the luxuries are not too many. Strychnine, arsenic, anti-mony, prussic acid, and the rest, may be pleasant enough in their proper places, but there are obvious disadvantages that should exclude them from breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner.

What is the conclusion of the Committee? A ray of humanity seems suddenly to break through the severe official censoriousness which generally characterises their reports. "Your Committee," they say, "consider that this contingency was not unnaturally overlooked in framing the Estimate, and do not think the remuneration extravagant." It will be observed that they express themselves in what I may call terms of expen-



THE RETREAT.

TRAGEDY OF A TOURING COMPANY THAT "FAILED TO ATTRACT."

diture. Their feelings have been obviously touched, but duty compels them to confine themselves to the business committed to them. It is not for them to describe the sufferings or to deplore the fate of the supervisors; nor do they weigh heavily on the infernal persistence of the Chinese workmen in the habit of poisoning. The words, "not unnaturally," so artfully introduced into their Report, are, however, a sufficient indication that real sympathy may be found even in the breasts of a Committee of Public Accounts.

The Senior Wranglers.

SELIG BRODETSKY.

"Among his prizes are twenty-eight Cambridge open scholarships, the Lebus and Members' prizes, several firsts in the natural science tripos, and a number of wranglerships extending over many years"

Manchester Guardian.

A. W. IBBOTSON.

"He was a member of the Pembroke rowing fifteen."—*Daily Mail.*

"Fourteen, you're late," as they say on the Cam.

SIXPENNY VOICES.

(The Stenographer at the Sussex and Middlesex Match.)

Who's next?
RANJI, I think.
RANJI's next on the card.
Good old RANJI.
Jolly lucky Sussex winning the toss or we shouldn't have seen RANJI.

Here he comes.
Is that RANJI?
Yes, that's RANJI right enough.
Good old RANJI.
Is that RANJI? Doesn't look quite like him to me.

That's not RANJI.
Not RANJI? Who is it, then?
SIMMS.
SIMMS? I thought it was RANJI.
Number 5. H. L. SIMMS. I told you so.

He's just like RANJI used to be, anyway.

(Mr. SIMMS survives an over or so and is then clean bowled by MIGNON.)

There, he's out.
Got him.
I thought he wouldn't last long.
Who's next?

RANJI.
RANJI's next.
RANJI's coming now.
I see they call him H.H. the JAM SAHIB.

Is it JAM or JARM?
JAM's good enough for me.
(The JAM descends the Pavilion steps amid applause.)

Here he is.
Good old RANJI.
Same old walk. Are you sure that's RANJI?

Looks fatter than he did.
Good old RANJI.
No mistake about RANJI this time.
He's been putting on weight.
Takes guard carefully, don't he?
No hurry about him.

Look at him looking round. Artful beggar. Wants to see who's on the leg.

(MIGNON bowls an express ball, which the JAM contemptuously repudiates with a quivering blade.)

Same old style.
Best bat in England still.
What an eye.
Yes, and what a wrist.
Getting fat, though.
Yes, I read in the paper he's been putting on weight.
Makes him very slow between the wickets.

Used to be as quick as a deer and as graceful too.



THE BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES AT ASCOT.

Mrs. B.-B. "I DESPAIR OF YOU, JOSEPH. THINK OF YOUR REFUSING TO BACK THE DUKE'S HORSE, AND TELLING THE DEAR DUCHESS THAT YOU'D PUT YOUR MONEY ON A HORRID OUTSIDER OWNED BY ANOTHER OUTSIDER!"

Mr. B.-B. "SORRY, MY DEAR. BUT I 'AD A TIP FROM A PAL IN THE KNOW, AND, AFTER ALL, I WON MY MONEY."

Mrs. B.-B. "THAT'S NO USE TO US. FAR BETTER HAVE LOST IN GOOD COMPANY."

There, they might have run two easily.

Never mind, he's short of breath. He's been putting on weight, you know.

Do you see what old RANJI's trying to do? He's trying to hit only fours or ones, so that he needn't run. Artful beggar.

Yes, but he's been putting on weight.

Not the slim fellow he used to be, is he?

No; he's been putting on weight, that's what it is.

Ought to have got three for that. All very well; but he's been putting on weight.

(Newcomers arrive.)

Has RANJI been in?

Is that RANJI?

No, it can't be.

He's in now.

Which end?

At the Pavilion end.

RANJI's in at the Pavilion end.

That's not RANJI.

Yes, it is; he's been putting on weight.

He used to look so graceful—just like a panther.

That's why he runs so slowly, I suppose?

Yes, it's his weight. He's been putting on weight.

There, they might have had that one easily.

(An hour later.)

RANJI's got twenty. Not like his old form, is it?

Ah, RANJI's not so thin as he was. He's been putting on weight.

(An hour later.)

VINE's got fifty. He's only been in two hours and a half.

Didn't he touch that?

I thought he did.

So did I.

No, it was a bye.

How do you know?

The scorer hasn't given it to VINE.

I thought he touched it.

I could have sworn he touched it.

Didn't he touch it, then?

Well, I thought he touched it.

(Three or four hours later the 200 goes up.)

Two hundred.

Why are they cheering so? It wasn't much of a hit.

It's the two hundred.

They've got two hundred.

RANJI will begin to hit now.

Hulloa, a new ball.

There's the new ball. They have it with the second hundred now.

A new ball.

They've got a new ball.

The umpire threw them a new ball.

(Newcomers arrive.)

Has RANJI been in?

He's in now.

That's old RANJI.

That! He's been putting on weight.

Yes, he's been putting on weight.

Good old RANJI, that's why he didn't run that, I suppose.

Yes, he's been putting on weight.

(And so on, until one prays for ear-flaps.)

A Remarkable Coincidence.

"To-day is the birthday anniversary of the Earl of Durham, born June 19, 1855; and also that of his twin brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, born June 19, 1855."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Not only the same day, but the same year!

"The Religion of the Future has unfortunately miscarried in the post."—*The Mystic*.

We think that Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON ought to be told about this.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN I looked at the programme of *The Flag Lieutenant* (by Major W. P. DRURY and LEO TREVOR) and read "Richard Lascelles . . . Mr. Cyril Maude," I knew at once what the play would be about. For *Dicks* in fiction and drama (and probably, by this time, in real life) are always the same; gay, gallant, and misunderstood; particularly where the other sex is concerned. The course of true love never did run smooth with anybody called *Dick*. In this case, however, *Lady Hermione* was a real sportsman, and promised to



Mr. Cyril Maude (*Lascelles*) to Mr. Aubrey Smith (*Thesiger*). "I say, old man, don't you stretch those clothes more than you can help. Remember, I've got to wear 'em."

stick to him; though I doubt if they would have been married had not the truth come out in the end. . .

In the British camp in Crete, surrounded by howling Bashi-Bazouks, are *Dick Lascelles*, flag-lieutenant, and *Bill Thesiger*, major of marines. The ammunition is giving out, and unless a message can be got through to the Fleet the play is doomed. *Bill* conceives the idea of dressing up as a Bashi, and making his way to the telegraph office, whence a wireless message can be sent asking for assistance. Just as he is starting, a spent bullet knocks him over, so *Dick* takes his place, and carries out the plan successfully. When he gets back (and he really does it very quickly—in about even time, I should

think) *Bill* is up and conscious, but has completely lost his memory. Whereupon *Dick* decides—can you guess? yes, that's right—to pretend that it was *Bill* who did the gallant deed. You see, *Bill* had been awfully good to him some years before (I can't explain now), and, after all, it was his idea; and he was in love with *Mrs. Cameron*, but would not speak so long as he was only a poor and undistinguished major; and it really was sickening luck to have been knocked over just when his chance had come. So the flag-lieutenant passes the honour and glory over to his friend, which, seeing that his name was *Dick*, was no more than I expected of him.

Of course, what everybody wanted to know was, where was *Dick Lascelles* when *Major Thesiger* was making his gallant effort? Hiding, probably, the coward; or asleep in—what's the word?—an embrasure. There was some talk of a court-martial, for *Dick* refused to give any explanation. Luckily for *Hermione* the truth leaked out, and so all ended happily—even for *Bill Thesiger*; because they decide never to let him find out that he wasn't the hero. (Only five people knew the secret, and two of them were women, so it was quite safe; especially if the Admiral tells *Violet* when he marries her, as he is certain to). But what a splendid *Dick* it was!

It is a great satisfaction to be able to congratulate Mr. MAUDE on a genuine success at last, particularly as it is with such a thoroughly British play. *The Flag Lieutenant* makes a most fascinating entertainment, full of thrills and laughs. The second Act, in the British camp at Candia, is the perfection of staging and playing. There is even a Bashi-Bazouk included. My knowledge of Bashi-Bazouks is limited to him, and I say unhesitatingly that he was the real thing. So, in fact, was everybody else. M.

MUSICAL NOTES.

ENCOURAGED by the resounding success of the concert recently given by Miss ALYS LORRAINE, at which the programme was exclusively drawn from the compositions of Royal musicians, Miss HUNTER TUFTE is organizing a *matinée*, at which the performers without exception will be drawn from the ranks of the aristocracy. The *clou* of the entertainment undoubtedly will be the appearance on the platform of the young Duchess of FAKENHAM, who, though absolutely unable to distinguish "God Save



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 5.

Extracts from the Diary of a beginner.—"JUST OFF TO COMMENCE TO TROLL FOR GREAT LAKE TROUT." (Later entry.) "HOTEL BOATMAN SUBSEQUENTLY ADMITTED THAT HE WAS THE CAR-DRIVER AND OCCASIONAL WAITER, AND HAD NEVER BEEN ON THE LOCH BEFORE!"

the King" from "Pop goes the Weasel," has most generously undertaken to play "Whistling Rufus" on the pianola. Another welcome contributor to the programme is Lady DAISY FLUDYER, who is unquestionably the best lady player on the penny-whistle in Arlington Street. Lord ALDEBURGH has kindly promised to play the "Chopsticks" waltz with the Marchioness of PERIVALE; the Earl of MATLASKE will give a banjo solo, and the Baroness BLOWITZ has generously undertaken to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to an accompaniment of three tambourines played by the Hon. ERMYNTRUDE, GLADYS and BETTY BLAKENEY, the charming daughters of Lord WINKLEMERE.

The generous interest taken in the Ballet by the PRIME MINISTER is, we learn on the best of authority, shared by several of his colleagues, with the result that the output of high-class dance music is going up by leaps and bounds. Mr. LULU HARCOURT, whose benevolent desire to provide for the culinary needs of Members of Parliament has so largely ministered to the popularity of the present Cabinet, has commissioned Mr.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK to write a new set of Kitchen Lancers; and Mr. ASQUITH has approached Sir EDWARD ELGAR with a view to his assisting the passage of the Licensing Bill by composing a grand Temperance waltz under the title of "Band of Hope and Glory." Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, desirous of celebrating the introduction of the penny post with America, has invited Mr. SOUSA to commemorate the event in a "Washington Post Office Two-Step."

The amenities of Tea on the Terrace, it is pleasant to hear, will be greatly enhanced by the establishment of a permanent *café chantant*, at which a Spotted Dalmatian Band will shortly make its *début*, together with a trained corps of Dervishes. The waitresses, when not engaged in handing or removing the teacups, will execute various suitable choreographic evolutions—pavanes, sarabands, demivoltes, semilunes, and caracoles—in which they are already being instructed by Miss BELLE CUNARD, the esteemed Terpsichorean of the Frivoli Music-Hall. Mr. HAROLD COX and Lord ROBERT CECIL vehemently opposed this humane innovation on the ground that it ill

consorted with the dignity of the Mother of Parliaments, but their objections have been overruled as the "futile protests of belated and isolated fanatics," to quote the noble and dignified phrase of the PREMIER.

Outside Covent Garden, the discouragement of British composers is happily a thing of the past. At the Empress Hall, Mr. JORIS BAMBERGER, perhaps the most brilliant of our native conductors, is to give a concert entirely devoted to the compositions of British musicians of the advanced school. The programme is not yet complete, but it will certainly include two symphonic poems, "Huitzilopochtli" and "Chilpancingo," from the patriotic pen of Mr. QUANTOCK DE BANVILLE; a suite entitled "Haroun-al-Raschid," introducing a set of variations on the Burmese National Anthem, by Mr. FRANZ JOSEF HOLLEBRUCK; "Konx Ompax," an Eleusinian Mystery, by Mr. KUNO MEYERSTEIN; and an elegiac ode, "The Death of Glumdalclitch," for bass solo, chorus and orchestra (reinforced by sixteen contra-bass tubas), by Mr. ALEXANDER CHIOS, the illustrious Anglo-Ægean from Shore-ditch.



THE DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL.

Enthusiastic Supporter. "AND THEN, YOU SEE, YOU PRETEND YOU'RE GETTING UP AT THE USUAL TIME, AND YOU'RE REALLY GETTING UP TWENTY MINUTES EARLIER."

Conscientious Objector. "OH, BUT WOULDN'T THAT BE RATHER DECEITFUL?"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

THE IDEAL LIFE.

INTERVIEWED by a representative of the *Eastminster Gazette*, Miss ZILLAH O'FLAHERTY, the famous actress, has been giving her opinions as to the best career for a nice girl.

"There are no two opinions," said the charming lady. "The only calling for a girl is the stage. As for its being overcrowded, that is absurd. It may be congested in London, but look at other parts of the world—Africa, Asia, Iceland, Nova Zembla. Wherever there is land there is the site for a theatre, and wherever there

is a theatre there is need for actresses."

"It is a healthy life?" I said tentatively.

"Healthy? I should think so," said the enthusiastic histrion. "What is more healthy than washing, and look how often an actress has to wash. She must spread grease-paint and other stuff on her face continually, it is true; but think, *she must also get it off.* There's hygiene for you!"

"Fresh air?" I suggested.

"Fresh air is an exploded idea," said Miss O'FLAHERTY. "The healthiest persons are those connected with theatres, who live perpetually amid gas and heat and

draughts. Who ever hears of an actress being ill?"

"But is it good to be always pretending you are someone else?" I asked.

"Good? It's splendid. Show me a woman with any personality of her own. You can't. The ordinary woman without a personality never gets one; the actress assumes a dozen every year. What a life! Continually depicting the emotions of other people. That's living, if you like. If I had twenty daughters they should all be on the stage—acting, acting, acting: making sham love to this mummer and sham hate to that, and covered in rouge and powder, hungering for applause. That is the perfect life for a young girl."

"When should they begin?"

"As early as possible. They should be brought up to mimic everyone. That is the first step. Later can come music and singing and so forth. I began at thirteen, and my probation lasted ten years. I wish I had begun at three; for childhood and girlhood, what are they? A mere waste of genuineness."

"And they meet delightful people, of course?"

"Delightful. There are no such men as actors and stage-door loafers. The perfect companionship for young girls. But you must excuse me now. I have to go to rehearsal. I have been rehearsing since ten and shall not be free till one in the morning. Good afternoon."

"The Automobile Club has hit on a novel method of permanently celebrating the understanding between the French nation and ourselves by the erection of 'Entente Cordiale' sign-posts on the roads leading from London to Dover and Folkestone. The posts are to be painted and lettered in the French national colours—red, white, and blue."

Manchester Courier.

Not to be outdone in courtesy our Gallic friends have decided to paint the sign-posts from Calais to Paris with the English national colours—red, white and blue.

"The rate of letter postage to the United States will be a penny per ounce instead of twopence-halfpenny as at present—a reduction of 150 per cent."

The Manchester Evening News.

This is one of those little homely touches that makes us bitterly regret the coming abolition of the Senior Wranglership.

"ALIBI DISBELIEVED."

"Evening News" Headline.

You can never trust these Egyptians.



THE MILITANT SEX.

MR. HALDANE (*thinking Territorially*). "AH! IF ONLY I COULD GET THE MEN TO COME FORWARD LIKE THAT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—After patient, not unfriendly, observation, the MEMBER FOR SARK has come to the conclusion that the sitting House of Commons is the dullest he has known in an experience of thirty-eight years. The more grateful, therefore, for flash of humour that to-day varied the dull grey surface.

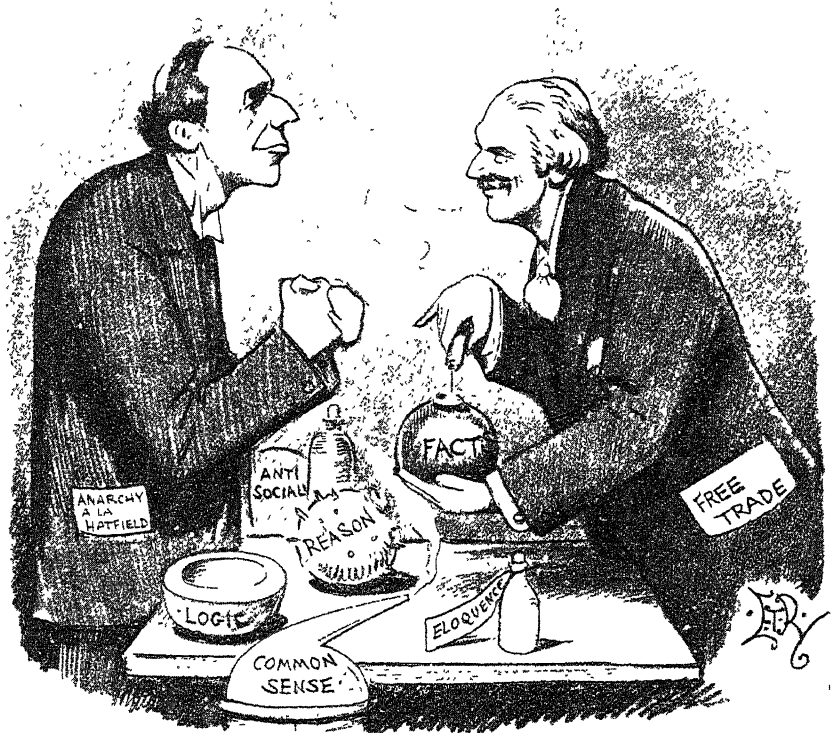
Second reading of Old Age Pension being moved, HAROLD COX submitted an amendment, and Lord ROBERT CECIL seconded it!

"The two anarchist leaders," LLOYD-GEORGE described them. Had positions been reversed, the implacable Tory aristocrat moving the amendment and the extreme Radical seconding it, situation would have been sufficiently piquant. As it stood it was exquisite.

During brief period that has elapsed since HAROLD COX descended from the Press Gallery and by favour of shrewd electors of Preston took his place on floor of House, he has by sheer merit established a foremost position amongst private Members. Has not had many competitors in the race. The new Parliament not fruitful of rising men. The Treasury Bench the only one that maintains the high level of debating power.

Unaided by wealth, family connections or personal interest, HAROLD COX, midway through his third session, has attained the enviable distinction of commanding attention in both political camps. True, he has formed the habit, attractive in debate, of frankly criticising the policy and practice of the Government under whose flag he is ranged. Such ebullitions certain to be applauded from benches opposite. It is the commonest device of political adventurers from the days of DIZZY downward. HAROLD COX enjoys the inestimable advantage of having convinced the House that when, as to-night, he differs from his esteemed leaders, he is actuated by purely conscientious motives, that truth and honesty compel him, at whatever sacrifice of personal predilection, to speak outright.

This a recommendation irresistible to House of Commons. Its price is above the rubies of eloquence or debating skill. COX adds to it evidence that, whether right or wrong in his deductions, he is thoroughly master of his subject, is able to present his argument in lucid form, here and there illumined by flashes of quiet humour.



"THE TWO ANARCHIST LEADERS" IN THEIR BOMB-FACTORY.

Lord R-b-rt C-c-l and Mr. H-r-ld C-x as seen by Mr. Lloyd-George during the debate on Old Age Pensions, which might almost have been described as "Cox et preterea Cecil."

Business done.—Second reading of Old Age Pensions moved.

Tuesday.—Amendment to Old Age Pensions Bill rejected by rattling majority of 388. Only 29 Members, Unionists all but one, followed "the anarchist leaders" into the Lobby. PRINCE ARTHUR at his best. Approved principle of the Bill; denounced the Government scheme; abstained from voting in the division. His sympathies, always broad, went out to LLOYD-GEORGE in the depressing circumstances of the hour. Having charge of a Budget he had not devised, here he was piloting a Bill for whose paternity he was not responsible.

"An embarrassed stepmother," PRINCE ARTHUR described him.

Laying aside political prejudices and partisan asperities, his generous heart expressed full sympathy with the hapless CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Slave to the stronger will of the PREMIER, he had this mistaken measure foisted upon him. He did not like it; was fully alive to its frailties and its imperfections; did not know where he was to get the money needed for administering the scheme it involved. Nor was he quite clear as to its precise amount.

Was it to be six million or seven million and a half?

On this point PRINCE ARTHUR earlier had his own tribulation. Earl PERCY, with the cocksureness that pertains to middle-age youth, revelled in a mass of figures. Pulled up by the practical-minded PREMIER, he hesitated.

"My impression is," he said, "that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announced that in view of the changes he proposed to make in the Bill we must be prepared for an immediate cost of at least seven and a half million."

"The exact contrary," said the PREMIER grimly.

What is "the exact contrary" of seven million and a half? PERCY in bewilderment turned to his nearest neighbour on Front Opposition Bench. It chanced to be PRINCE ARTHUR. Now if there is one thing he ungovernably hates it is to have to grapple with facts or figures, particularly figures. And what a problem this was to have suddenly sprung upon one!

"Seven million and a half," insisted PERCY.

"The exact contrary," said the PREMIER.

"What do you think?" asked

PERCY, turning in bewilderment on his Chief.

"Precisely," said PRINCE ARTHUR, nodding his head with air of conviction that carried the point.

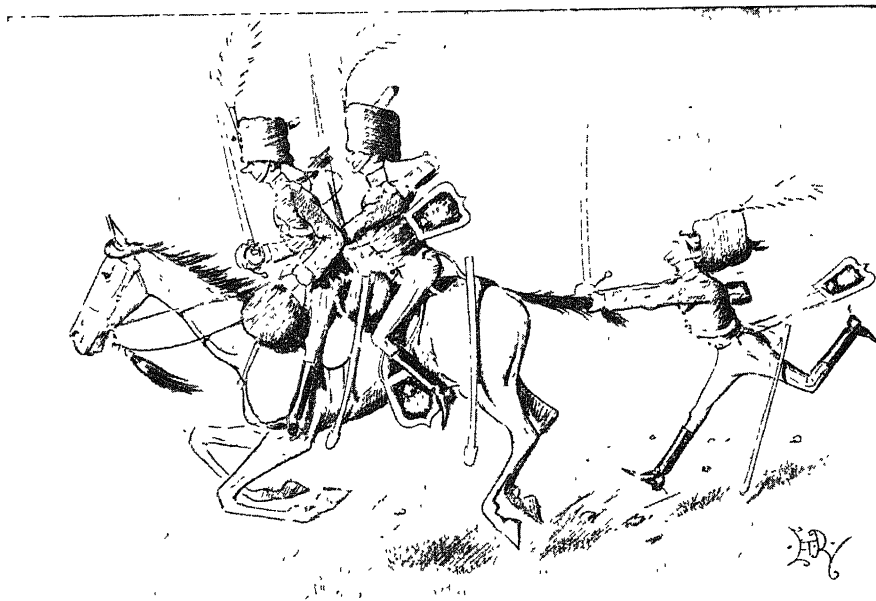
That happened two hours ago. Memory of the plight into which he had been inconsiderately plunged by the appeal of his colleague was still with him, and softened his heart towards the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Business done.—Second reading of Old Age Pensions Bill carried without a division.

House of Commons, Friday.—CATHCART WASON finds the advantages of six feet nine and three-quarter height, with breadth in proportion, have their drawbacks. For example, when he steps out into Palace Yard and looks about for a hansom, the drivers with one accord find engrossing attraction on the other side of the Square. As for a four-wheeler, since on Budget night two years ago he stuck in the doorway of No. 17,451, and withdrew only when assisted with crowbars, they are taboo. He finds most convenient way of taking fresh air is to hire a Road Car 'bus all to himself on Sunday afternoons and drive to Kew and back. Even then he is annoyed by the conductor, who, at various stages of the journey, absent-mindedly offers him blue tickets, price 2d., whereas the fare for a single person is a penny.



Mr. Th-d-re T-yl-r passes in front of Mr. W-s-n, without obstructing the vision of that Colossus.



HALDANE'S OWN (MORE OR LESS) MOUNTED "STRAPHANGERS."

"The overlapping of three men to one horse had a most serious effect . . ."
(Rt. Hon. George Wyndham's speech on the Territorial Cavalry.)

These things by the way. An incident happened just now which goes some way to redress the balance. Among unwritten laws of the House is one that forbids a Member to pass between an hon. gentleman on his legs and the SPEAKER whom he is addressing. CATHCART WASON, standing by corner seat below the gangway, was in this attitude when THEODORE TAYLOR strolled in. His mind engrossed with a statistical problem that he proposes to submit to Royal Society, of which he is a shining light, he passed between WASON and the Chair, as he made his way up the gangway towards his seat.

This an opportunity the House never neglects. From both sides there rose a roar of angry rebuke that could not have been fiercer had TAYLOR picked the Orkney Member's pocket as he passed. From his full height, drawn up to address the Chair, WASON was ignorant of what—or rather who—had passed. So Beachy Head fronting France does not see the fishing boats skimming the waves at its feet. What had he done or said to account for this storm of obloquy? He turned round with enquiring glance, reassured only when Member sitting near whispered explanation.

Meanwhile THEODORE TAYLOR, safe in his seat below gangway, took off his spectacles, breathed hard upon them a thanksgiving for escape, and polished them with his pocket-handkerchief.

Business done.—Group of small Government Bills advanced a stage.

RHAPSODY IN THREE FLATS.

SHE had a name; that name was BEE. I loved the girl and she loved me.

I put my bowler on my head And called upon her. "BEE," I said,

"Believe me when I briefly state My love for you is very great."

It is, moreover, quite sincere."

"Same," said the simple maiden "here."

"If that's the case," I said, "a man's

First duty is to book the banns."

"But stop," she cried, "you go too fast;

I promised JAMES on Monday last.

He said: 'I've liked you all my life; You'd better come and be my wife.

You'll find the living plain but good.'

I'm almost sure I said I would."

"Though I refuse to call him names, I'm very cross," said I, "with JAMES.

It shows what sort of man he is To go and carry on like thiz.

To come and interfere like this Proves what a tactless man he iss."

That's not the half of what I said, So BEATRICE married me instead.

"What course," you ask, "did JAMES pursue?"

What has that got to do with you?



"At last," said Mr. PUNCH, "I have the pleasure of meeting you. I know your name so well, but this is the first time I have been able to put a face to it." And he shook England's Dramatist warmly by the hand. "Let me see," he went on, "you have twenty-three plays running in London just now, I think?"

"Twenty-four," said the Dramatist modestly.

"You must be a man of many parts," hazarded Mr. PUNCH.

"Well, of course I——"

"There are one or two things about which I should like to talk to you. I have seen your name so often on programmes, hoardings, and—if you will forgive me for mentioning it—motor-omnibuses, that I feel I know you quite well."

"You are very kind," said England's Dramatist.

"A playwright," continued the Sage, "particularly a twenty-fourth playwright, must have a great knowledge of affairs. Also, by long practice, he must have achieved the art of projecting himself into the personality of others. Tell me, then, what do you think of the new fashion in women's dress?"

"Woman," said the Dramatist, "is cutting off her petticoats to increase her hats."

"Pardon me," said Mr. PUNCH gently, "but I was not for the moment addressing Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the brilliant epigrammatist, but one of his many heroines. I wish for an expert opinion."

"Then I may tell you in confidence that there is very little in it."

"So I rather gathered. As Father BERNARD MAUGHAM, then, it might be your duty to——"

"You misunderstand. I mean that there is little chance of the fashion being adopted to any extent. We pretend in the Press that it will, just as we pretend that everybody calls the Exhibition the White City. But nobody does call it that, of course."

"You are speaking now as ALFRED MAUGHAMSWORTH?" queried Mr. PUNCH.

"Rather as the Maugham in the Street. And I say that I do not do and think things just because my ha'penny paper tells me that I do."

"A very proper spirit. By the way, I must congratulate you on the advance the Exhibition has made since it first opened."

Mr. MAUGHAMRI KIRALFY bowed.

"Let us hope now that England will do herself justice in the Olympic Games. And that reminds me. What is your opinion of Australia's refusal to take part in the Triangular Test Matches?"

"Briefly," said the Maugham Sahib of NAWANAGAR, "that it is unsporting. We hear frequently that these matches help to keep the Empire together, and we have been told that you cannot have Empire without sacrifice; but Australia, all through, seems to keep her eye fixed firmly on the main chance."

"It is evident," said Mr. PUNCH severely, "that you are speaking now as a Radical Maughamber, and it is therefore my painful duty to call you a Little Englander."

"Why not tell me to stay at home and mind the baby?" asked England's Suffragist scornfully.

"My dear Maughdam," said Mr. PUNCH, raising his hat, "I should not tell you to do anything so ridiculous."

"Women are as good as men," suggested Lady HENRY SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

"You will never get me to admit," said the Sage, bowing gallantly, "that they are no better than men. Yet it is still possible to feel that they are not such good citizens, that they cannot take such a wide view of affairs, and that their logical sense is not quite so prominent. However, we shall do no good by arguing. Let me, instead, take the opinion of Miss MAUGHAM ALLAN on another question. At what precise moment does a Watch Committee decide to prohibit a performance? At the moment when it is shocked, or at the moment when it realises that it ought to be shocked?"

"The Manchester Watch Committee is quite right," said Mrs. MAUGHAMISTON CHANT firmly.

"Dear, dear," said Mr. PUNCH, "I beg your pardon. Shall we—er—leave the ladies for a moment? I think I feel more at home with your male characters."

"To tell the truth," said Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, "I am tired of them all."

"In that case I shall address you as yourself, and ask you, What do you think of the SHAKESPEARE Memaugham—Memorial?"

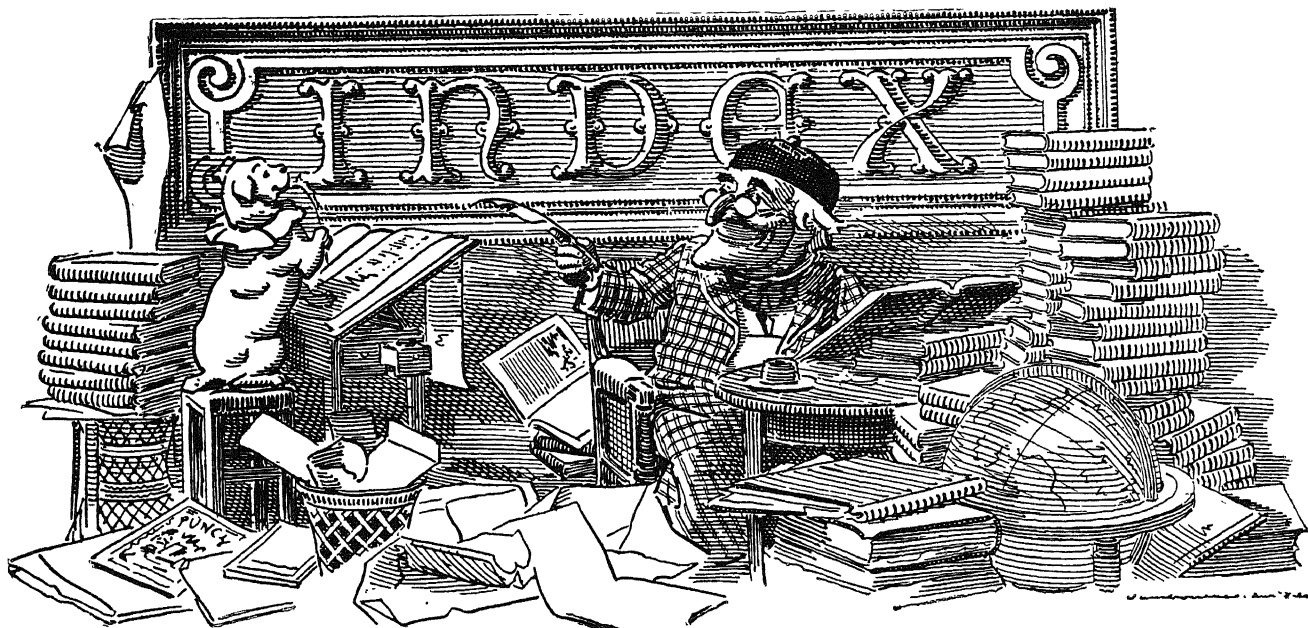
"You make it rather difficult for me," he said. "I—er—well . . . Well, it's like this. SHAKESPEARE has no plays on in London at the present time."

"I see," said Mr. PUNCH. "You think prolificacy rather than genius should be rewarded; and no doubt there is something to be said for that. But what if genius itself were prolific? I am thinking now of one whose total output is rapidly approaching a century-and-a-half of volumes, and whose wit, humour, geniality, kindliness and——" Here he said several things which modesty forbids him to say again. "Where, you ask, is such a man to be found? Where can the results of his genius be obtained? I will tell you. Nay, more, I will——"

"I don't mind if you do," said the Maugham in the Street. "Because I know quite well what's coming next. You're going to give me your jolly old

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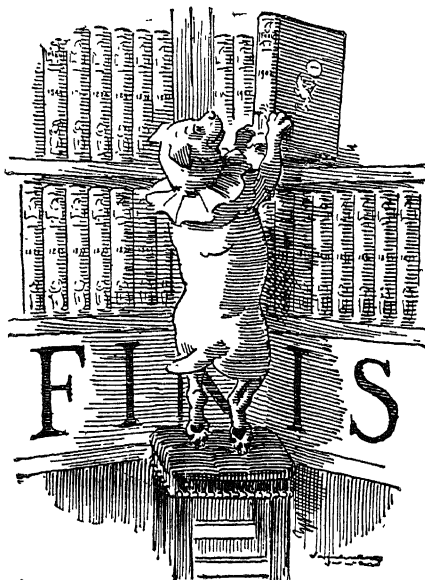
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